Christmas Number

December Harpers MAGAZINE

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Mistakes of Moralists . . . . . *Ralph W. Sockman, D.D.*
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The Literary Twilight of Our Middle Generation
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

MARK SULLIVAN brings his chronicle of major and minor events down to the Great War in *Pre-War America*, the third volume in the series called "Our Times." (Charles Scribner's Sons.) The first, issued several years ago, prompted many readers to recall the tunes they whistled and the political heresies they confessed at the turn of the century. Now Mr. Sullivan comes dangerously close to our own day. He permits us to take the innumerable facts that he has culled from the records and draw our own conclusions. We are impressed because not only the attire of our women has been changed, but the attitude we assumed toward important political and social questions has been reversed. For instance, in the era of Theodore Roosevelt no man who had served a corporation could hope to reach the presidency. At least, that is supposed to have been an obstacle to the candidacy of Elihu Root, whose corporate connections would be thought mild at the present day. Then railroads were considered offenders against the law, the age of rebates and free passes being still fresh in public memory. Students of economics may see in this the final attack of the country on the railroads, which possessed the power to build cities, move crops, develop farm lands. In minor fashion, smoking by women was still telegraphic news in 1908. At least, the manager of the Waldorf Astoria in New York City declared that perhaps once in six months an Englishwoman would light a cigarette in the corridors of that hotel, but when told that she was breaking the rules she would apologize at once. The age of the great personalities who dominated the social life of New York City closed with the death of Mrs. William Astor in 1908. It is hard to believe that she controlled society so completely that when she left her box at the opera, society left also; usually it was after an intermission. She carried a small parasol to circumvent photographers. In her last years she was cautious about going to the windows of her house because of her horror of "rubberneck" wagons. The alert and critical mind of Mark Sullivan has done more than merely select facts for his record. He has written a sharp estimate of Roosevelt's personality and an appraisal of his political methods and points of view that might stand by itself as the work of a critical historian.

"SWIFT" BY CARL VAN DOREN

Carl Van Doren's biographical study, *Swift*, is an admirable book which partakes somewhat of the forthright and vigorous character of Swift's prose. This man's writing can be explained not in terms of his age but of his own temperament, which led him to take arms against his own time and lay on with whatever weapons came to hand. The result was a prose that is still a model for powerful writing. The study by Mr. Van Doren is not a piecing together of all that is known about Swift, a detailed examination of manuscripts and letters, and a rehearsal of intimacies, but a chronicle of the man's literary life and the influences that shaped it. Touching on the men and women who entered the life of the dean of St. Patrick's, it does not attempt to follow them far afield. Thus Mr. Van Doren makes no attempt to

Among the New Books

solve further the vexed question of Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa; if we knew all it would not affect our estimate of his writing, in his opinion. Hence this *Swift* is as easy to read as a novel. One does not trip over footnotes or irrelevancies. The Viking Press publishes this work.

"THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE" ONCE MORE

Again and again readers wonder at the longevity of *The Story of San Michele*, by Dr. Axel Munthe. This book was published in July, 1929, and was rolling merrily along in its thirtieth edition in September, 1930. The publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., have just issued a new edition with a preface for American readers by Doctor Munthe, and the Christmas season bids fair to accelerate the demand anew. Doctor Munthe remarks that reviewers seem to have had difficulty in classifying the book. Readers as well have wondered how to account for its spell. Obviously its humanity is uppermost. Here is recognition of the good and bad in us all, and of the complete disinterestedness of nature in our puny affairs. Doctor Munthe wins the reader because he is not trying to justify himself by standards of conduct that are ideal but rarely achieved in life. The author is able constantly to admit his own limitations, and to sympathize with others who are not perfect. As all humankind hates preachers of perfection and welcomes a man who condones their faults, Doctor Munthe's unique position is clear. But above that his book is interesting on every page, packed with examples of human experience observed with a sympathetic eye. "Life is the same as it always was," writes Doctor Munthe, "unruffled by events, indifferent to the joys and sorrows of man, mute and incomprehensible as the sphinx. But the stage on which the everlasting tragedy is enacted changes constantly to avoid monotony." There is no monotony in Doctor Munthe's story, in which he plumbs the hearts of his fellow-men.

A. EDWARD NEWTON
Author of "A Tourist in Spite of Himself"

"FOUR CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS"

Prof. Wilbur L. Cross has put four essays on English novelists into his book, *Four Contemporary Novelists*. (Macmillan.) They are Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells—men who have had an important influence in shaping the English writing of the last thirty years. Conrad, the student of the devious ways of human behavior, is described as essentially an impressionist—"Perhaps he carried further than any other modern novelist except Henry James inferences from external behavior, down to the glance or the smile with, say, a grimness behind it." Bennett is a materialist dealing with material things, the most objective of the modern Englishmen. Galsworthy carries on the chronicle of that solid middle class which Dickens caricatured and Thackeray unmasked with a mild and tolerant pen. Wells has served to help educate readers, to bring progressive thinking home to an age ready for it. But his contemporaneity is possibly his greatest drawback to permanent fame. "It may well be," writes Professor Cross, "that the Wells who will live longest is the man who wrote most like the Victorians. Such is the irony of fate." We may call Professor Cross's book a literary epitaph. Many will be inclined to agree with him. His points of view are not radically new, but the comment is sound and clearly put.

This reminds me that surveys of literary movements and authors are common these days, for one reason because everyone recognizes that the coming of 1930 has brought more than a change in the decade with it. Even the radical writers are agreed that we have entered a period of integration, that wild experiment has gone as far as it can go for the present. Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee

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Among the New Books

considers it a good time to make a survey of the changes since 1890 and does so in a book called *The New American Literature*. (The Century Company.) This might be called the post-Victorian period, for the nineties were the first to revolt. His comment takes us through the naturalistic and impressionistic age and the poetic renaissance of 1912–1920, down to the literary criticism and essay writing of to-day. He seems to feel that the poetic upswing failed because it was a dilettant movement—it was not related to life, to the great issues before human beings. He puts a wreath on the bier of H. L. Mencken, declaring that for a decade he was the leading American critic, and that "despite his waning influence, perhaps he is the most arresting voice even now." Journalism has hurt him and others, says Doctor Pattee. The author gives estimates of a great many contemporary Americans.

MARGARET KENNEDY
Whose latest novel is "The Fool of the Family"

In this connection our readers should be reminded of the publication of another yearbook of the American short story, *The Best Short Stories of 1930*, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) I have always been interested in Mr. O'Brien's analysis of the short story. He looks for vitality and is not a traditionalist. At present he seems to be giving less attention to the standardized magazines than ever before. He finds the most important short stories in small literary magazines scarcely known to the general reader, among them *Midland*, the *Frontier*, and the *Prairie Schooner*, and he hazards the guess that the new literature will come once more out of the Middle West, and that perhaps Iowa City, Ia., will be the literary center of the continent. Examining the stories that Mr. O'Brien picks from these journals, we find him interested more in straightforward chronicles of human behavior than anything else. Often these are fairly objective; now and then, as in the case of stories by Dorothy Parker and Emily Hahn, taken from the *New Yorker*, they are ironic, with the irony visible only in the selective process of the writer. There is no reason whatever for quarreling with Mr. O'Brien on the ground that these stories are significant and distinctive, but "best" is one of those elusive terms which defies definition. It seems to be a matter of appetite. There is no doubt, though, that stories of behavior, set down chronologically with no endeavor to fashion a plot, are most affected by the younger writers.

"DISILLUSIONED INDIA"

Dhan Gopal Mukerji's book, *Disillusioned India*, is not an ardent partisan argument, but rather a quiet explanation of East Indian aims as well as handicaps. The author returns to India and interviews his countrymen on their desires and ambitions, discovering a passionate devotion to independence and reform on the part of the Gandhi adherents. But not all Indians are confident of success. There are some, represented by the cynical sitter-on-nails, who doubt that India will have the tenacity to stick to her program of non-co-operation. He feels that immeasurable harm is constantly being done by force. He emphasizes the spiritual grandeur of non-violence, which, he feels, must impress even the British who come with arms in their hands. Even those who believe in retaining the British power in India for the good of the East Indians hope that the difficulties will be ameliorated by kindness, that there may be no "crushing of the revolt" in the old sense of the word.

The book is moderate in tone, and its author is highly reverent when speaking of Gandhi, the leader who is on a pilgrimage, thinking only of the welfare of his people. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

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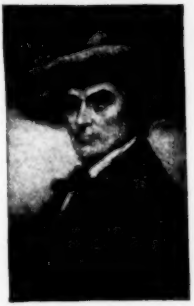

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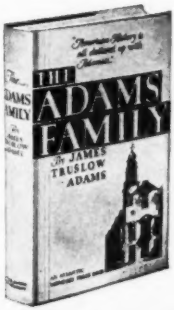

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THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BERNARD SHAW

The Collected Works of Bernard Shaw, which this author had in mind for many years, is now being issued to subscribers. The first two volumes contain a novel never before published called *Immaturity*, written fifty years ago, and provided with a biographical preface dated 1921; and *The Irrational Knot*, with its preface of 1905 unchanged. A great deal must be said for the fine typographical presentation of this edition. The publishers, Wm. H. Wise & Co., are issuing it in powder-blue boards with Irish linen backs, and title in gold on blue paper. The tops are gilt-edged. The format and typography were designed by Shaw; the title pages and bindings are by Carl Purington Rollins. There will be approximately thirty volumes when the edition is complete. The new preface is one of those spirited essays in which Shaw tells how he happened to be an outsider in society, a misfit, and a youngster without respect for his elders or reverence for established things. It describes Dublin as an intellectual sink hole, with nothing to offer its young men; his father as a drunkard who wept in his cups in remorse at his drinking; his mother as a quiet, long-suffering, and tolerant Victorian woman; the Shaws as "shabby genteel." And perhaps the most revealing passage in it deals with Shaw's analysis of his relation to public life.

IN PRAISE OF COSIMA

All the adulation ever showered on Cosima Wagner by her partisans is repeated anew in the first important biography to be published after her death: *Cosima Wagner* by Richard, Count du Moulin-Eckart. (Alfred A. Knopf; two volumes.) This is a fascinating work, profiting by the author's close association with the Wahnfried circle and his access to intimate diaries and letters. It carries also an introduction by Ernest Newman, in which this English critic supports the author's point of view and criticizes the Burrell attacks. That no middle ground is possible in the discussion of Cosima Wagner is proof enough of her capacities. She was able to make Bayreuth powerful in opera and to make Wagner preëminent among German composers for nearly thirty years. The author also tells, step by step, how she supported the master in his creative work, smoothed down his ruffled temper, ignored the quarrels and the acerbities, and built up

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his fame. Anyone who has read the preceding memoirs in the Wagner story, including the composer's own disputed autobiography, will enjoy this book despite its partisanship. It is noteworthy that a similar halo is placed upon the brow of Wagner, of whom Count du Moulin-Eckart writes: "The figure of Richard Wagner is too creative and sublime to be approached by anybody, though endowed with literary powers of the highest order." The author endeavors to retain an atmosphere of exalted love and idealism, and tries to show the effect of this love on creative art. When dealing with others he is not always so generous. The work goes back to the early life of Cosima, with enough about Franz Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult to portray the young woman's earliest influences; we see also the Treibschen group; Hans von Bülow and his family; the early days of Cosima's association with Wagner, and finally the long fight for recognition with Cosima as his good angel. The book closes with the master's death in Venice, described in detail, so that presumably the important chapters dealing with Cosima's career as "the lady of Bayreuth" remain to be written. It is the author's contention that no matter where Wagner may first have had the inspiration for his greatest operas, it was due to Cosima that he completed them, especially "The Ring" and "Parsifal."

OUR CHANGING MORALS

Two books that reflect changing points of view among women are *Morals for Moderns*, a book of short stories by Elmer Davis (Bobbs-Merrill), and *New Girls for Old*, a serious discussion of women and sex by Phyllis Blanchard and Carlyn Manasses (Macaulay Co.). Sometimes fiction is excellently adapted for mirroring actual conditions. For this reason I should recommend consideration first for the Davis book. The stories are admirably constructed; the author's observation is keen and sophisticated. He does not try for sensation, but apparently picks his incidents from common experience; and within the limits of modern contentment his endings are happy, or at least expedient. It appears from these stories that even girls who are practical, or independent of parental authority, or free in their sexual relations react emotionally very much as their grandmothers did, and are equally jealous, maternal, loving, and apprehensive. Emancipation may mean that they are more impervious to shock, and that they

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have revised their ideas of conduct sufficiently not to take liberty in love too seriously. But inevitably the possessive spirit is as marked among free women as among those tethered to ancient conventions. And *New Girls for Old*, based to some extent on clinical research, sets forth that girls are now more ready to express their emotions in petting and more accessible to the male, up to a certain point, but that on the whole a girl still wants a home, a husband, and children. The economic changes, which have made a girl partially independent so that she does not have to marry in order to be sure of having something to eat, have not affected her innate desire for companionship and love and, according to the observation of these authors, the modern girl will not let ambition, a career, or business stand in the way of their attainment. Both books indicate that the clarifying ideas of the last fifteen years have done a great deal of good and, far from unsettling or bewildering the girl, have made her more sure of herself. It is pertinent to add that some of the stories by Elmer Davis first appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

AMONG BOOKS OF FICTION

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The Fool of the Family by Margaret Kennedy is a sequel to *The Constant Nymph.* (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) It brings us back to the lighter style of that famous novel and to the Sanger family. Sanger is dead, but we are quickly introduced to his eldest son, Caryl Sanger, a pianist with a bee in his bonnet, not sufficiently talented to be a great artist, not sufficiently poised to be a practical man of business. Fenella, an English girl,

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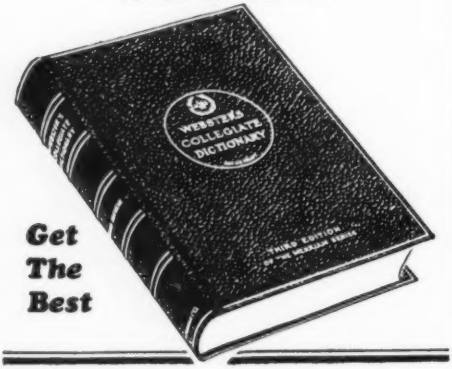

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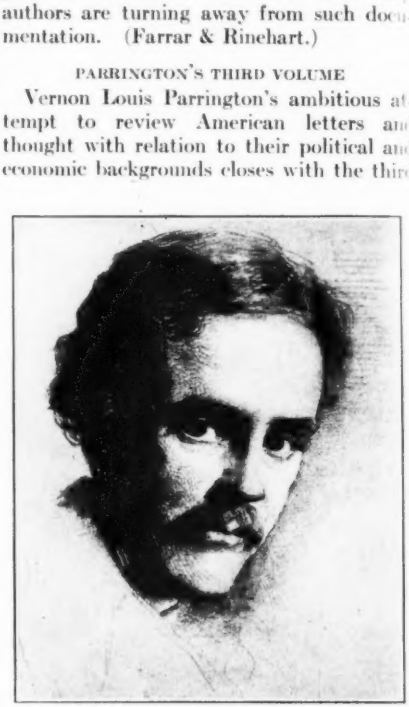

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volume of his series on "Main Currents," entitled *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America, 1860–1920.* This book has been compiled by the sympathetic hands of friends from the essays and notes that Professor Parrington had ready when he died in June, 1929. It is doubtful whether Parrington himself would have permitted its publication, for it stands in an inferior relationship to the first two volumes that made Parrington a serious force in American criticism. In this third book Parrington was following the changes from transcendentalism to realism and naturalism in American thought, as expressed in novels and critical writings, a change which he saw as part of the growing centralization which "dwarfs the individual

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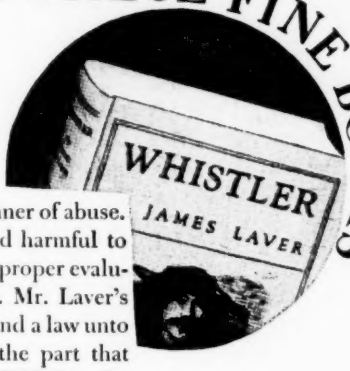

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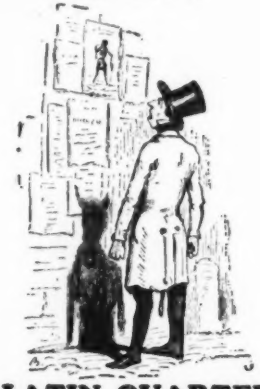

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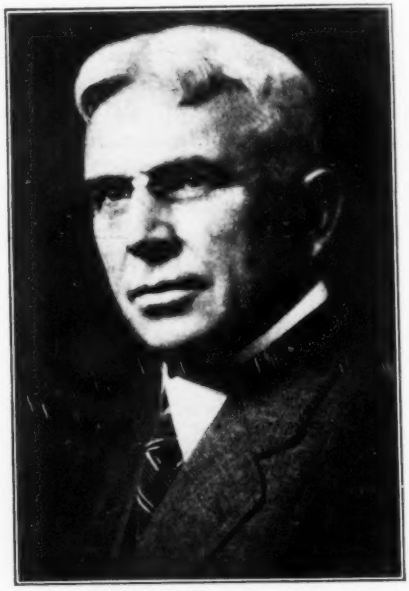

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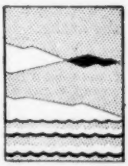

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Parrington is, as always, stimulating and his prose is vivid and suggestive. It is a pity that he did not have a chance to integrate all the ideas now spread out in fragmentary notes in the final pages of this volume. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

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count. William Stearns Davis, who wrote the charming book, *Life on a Medieval Barony*, has done so in a new work, *Life in Elizabethan Days*, which admirably brings to book what men did and said and how they lived their lives in the days of the Virgin Queen. Mr. Davis's method is ingenious; he reconstructs a typical English household in Hollydean Hall, and then describes the customs of hall and village, telling how men are born, how they die; how apprentices learn their trades and schoolboys their lessons; how maids are wooed and married; how actors perform, and what a playwright like Shakespeare earns; what the master does with his possessions and how he invests his capital; what demands are made upon him by queen

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and state; how food is prepared and how religion is served. All of these details, drawn from innumerable original sources, serve to build up a complete picture of Elizabethan life. Both the Davis books should be read by those who find it alluring to conjure up the past. It is not the past of story-books, but to me it is much more exciting, possibly because it seems human and real. Not so very many generations ago these Elizabethans held all there was of the English tradition.

ESSAYS ON MURDER

Edmund Pearson is one of the most eminent fanciers of crime and criminals in the United States. He has written a number of volumes dealing with some of the more sensational murder cases both here and abroad, and he has just brought out another volume, *Instigation of the Devil*, which he subtitles: "Being veracious accounts of twenty or thirty murders and other odd occurrences." He recapitulates the story of the murder of Mary Cecilia Rogers, comparing it with the story which Poe hewed out of that case, "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and concludes that Poe was not so great a detective-in-fiction as has been supposed. He is rather sardonic about the frequency with which women have poisoned and lived to poison another day, going so far as to draw up a list of rules for female murderers. He tells the stories of some of these eminent poisoners, such as Mrs. Lydia Sherman, who poisoned three husbands and eight children; Mrs. Sarah Jane Robinson, who disposed of six persons, two of them her own children; and Miss Jane Tappan, a nurse, the horror of whose crimes has not yet been reduced to numbers. Mr. Pearson is inclined to jest at the sentimentalists, denies that there is a criminal type, and is indisposed to grant the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti on the basis of their noble remarks. He considers the Hall-Mills case and laughs to scorn the testimony of the "pig woman" and the newspaper through whose enterprise Mrs. Hall and members of her family were brought to trial. (Scribner's.)

A CORRECTION

Last month the picture of Peter Odegard appeared in this book section. But the full title of the new book he has written was not given. It is *The American Public Mind* and it is published by the Columbia University Press.

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Make This a Book Christmas for the Youngsters

By Virginia Kirkus

THE holiday spirit is at war with hard times, and we are sure the victory will go to Father Christmas, at least so far as the junior members of the family are concerned. And there is an easy way out for all concerned. Gifts as welcome as any toys—gifts that are permanent and year-round in appeal—gifts that cost much less than fragile mechanical toys—*books*.

STORY-PICTURE BOOKS FOR THE FOUR TO EIGHTS

The Painted Pig. Enter Mexico! Mrs. Morrow has told the story, and René d'Harnoncourt has made the pictures, and the result is one of the most exciting books of the season. It is not wholly a picture book, not wholly a story book, but an altogether delightful combination, which takes one right into the heart and soul of that colorful country, so near a neighbor, so little known. The story grew out of Count René d'Harnoncourt's collection of Mexican toys, but it actually goes much farther back to the market place in Cuernavaca where just such painted pigs, such jumping jacks, and clowns in brilliant costumes, and bewildering birds of polished gourds, and straw horses are sold to just such Mexican children as Pita and Pedro. The spirit of childhood is in the tale, and children everywhere will love the book. (Knopf.)

Hansel the Gander. A delicately colored book is this and a charming story! Katharine Kuebler has created a very real German village, with her story of the pet gander, Hansel, leader of the village flock, and of his little mistress's search for him in the dark woods and strange highways and byways. The illustrations suggest the work done in foreign books, both in technic (the artist is Ilse Bischoff) and in reproduction. (Morrow.)

STORY BOOKS FOR THE NEXT OLDER CHILDREN

Emil and the Detectives. Emil is a flesh-and-blood boy. That in itself is a great contribution which Erich Kastner has made in this, the first of his stories to be made available for American children. The translator, May Massee, has succeeded in retaining the spirit of the original text, and at the same time giving a flavor of cosmopolitanism which makes this book of international interest. Emil comes alive in the pages. We liked his friends who joined him in his "detecting" exploits and we chuckled over their adventures in following the "man in the stiff hat" who had stolen Emil's money. And we thoroughly enjoyed the unique introductions which the artist, Walter Trier, made in the picture gallery in the front of the book. (Doubleday.)

The Five Children. Last year the omnibus volume of *The Bastable Children* was hailed with delight by the E. Nesbit fans, and this year some of us are feeling even more joyful over the new volume which will introduce that prime favorite among fairy folk, the Psammead, eccentric, lovable old rascal that he is. The fat volume contains three stories: "Five Children and It," "The Phoenix and the Carpet," and "The Story of the Amulet." (Coward-McCann.)

Moorland Mousie. A horse story is unfailingly popular, and ever since *Black Beauty* won the hearts of everyone, young and old, who cared for horses, writers have been striving to fit new stories into that pattern. This is one of the more successful. Here again the story is told from the pony's point of view, and here again there is a lesson of kindness to dumb animals. But it is far more than that. It is a rattling good yarn, dramatically told, without the sentimentality that mars too many animal stories. The author, "Golden Gorse," knows the moors whence Moorland Mousie derived his name. And the artist, Lionel Edwards, has contributed numerous delightful, etching-like drawings, which add tremendously to the beauty of the book. (Scribner.)

NON-FICTION OF VITAL INTEREST

Tales of the First Animals. Remember *The Jaw-Breaker's Alphabet* of last season? Well, here is the next older book for the child who enjoyed that. The story of the formation of this earth of ours and the animals that inhabit it holds all the drama and mystery

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How They Carried the Mail. We found this one of the most absorbing of all the intriguing books issued for the holiday juvenile trade. From the first story of the post runners of King Sargon to the tales of the air mail to-day, every page is full of interest. Adventure and romance is woven in and out, and every period in the development of the mail service of world history has its own tale of struggle and courageous fight

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From "Rama, the Hero of India." Illustrated by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire

have much that will appeal to boys and girls in the teens, whose interests have grown beyond the Arthurian legends and who begin to enjoy the undertones and nuances of philosophy and religion. The interesting decorative drawings by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire are a great addition to the text. (Dutton.)

FICTION FOR THE OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

The Blacksmith of Vilno. A new book from the pen of a winner of the Newbery Prize is always a matter of interest and a certain degree of dread. But this time, in our opinion, the second book is a finer piece of work than the first. Eric P. Kelly has sustained his reputation as a spinner of tales with a story that seems better motivated, more dramatic, more important, perhaps, and that has an equally glamorous background, an equally vivid picture of old Poland in the days of the revolution against the

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From "Lorna Doone." Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer

bought by Catiline to serve as one of his guard. In that household he learns of the plot against the state and goes with the plot to Cicero. Written in the style of the period, the story yet moves along rapidly and thrillingly, and a vivid picture of those perilous days is built up in the telling of the tale. (Appleton.)

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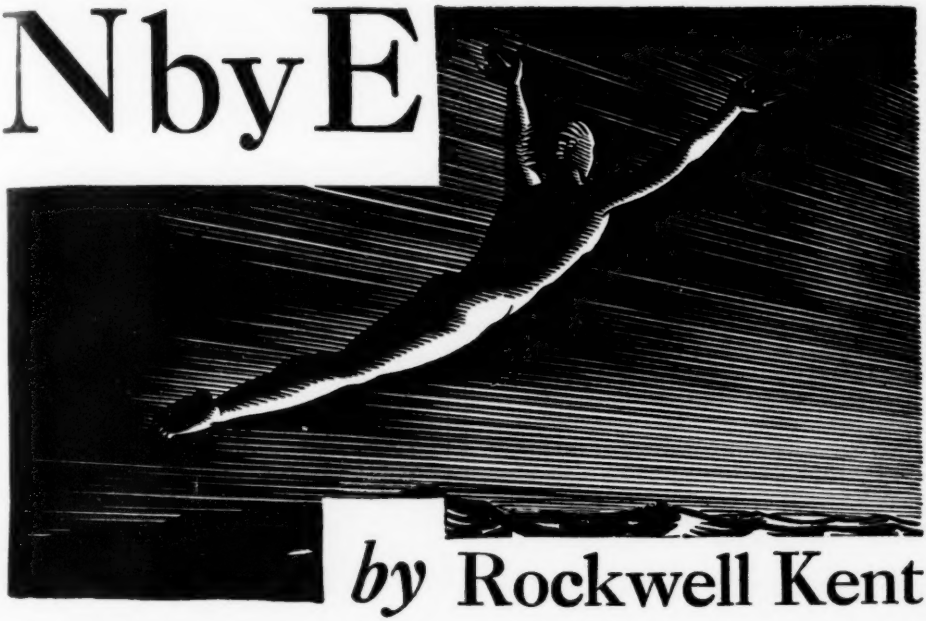

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Early Moon. Carl Sandburg has, in his poetry and prose, a strong appeal for the youth of America. Perhaps it is his ruggedness, perhaps his virility, perhaps his imaginative conceptions regarding things of every day and his ability to leave much to his readers' imaginations as well. This slim volume contains a very adroitly selected group of his poems, fairly representative of the best of his work, and keyed to the interests and appreciations of younger readers. The drawings by James Daugherty make one feel anew that Daugherty and Sandburg have a common ground of comprehension and appreciation, which makes their work mutually contributive. Daugherty, without losing the virility that characterizes his work, has a delicacy of touch in these decorative drawings that echoes the lighter tones of the poems. The introduction in which Sandburg discusses the impossibility of discussing poetry is perhaps the most important aspect of the book. (Harcourt, Brace.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Our first correspondent this month is interested in James Branch Cabell. There were three questions which A. R. Spitzer, Medina, Ohio, wished to have answered: one is the pronunciation of his name, one is how to say *Poictesme*, and the third is his life story. The answer to the first is that Cabell rhymes with babble as Mr. Cabell says it. The second is that *Poictesme* is said

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as if it were spelled *Pwa-tem'*. We have these answers on the authority of Mr. Cabell's publishers, McBride Co., 7 West 16th Street, New York City. For his life story the publishers will supply whatever they have about this author, and as additional material on the subject we suggest his reading *James Branch Cabell* by Guy Holt, $1.50, McBride Co. . . . All but one of the books on the Gardens of Rome which we found listed are, we are sorry to say, out of print. The one which is still published is *Old Gardens of Italy* by E. A. F. LeBlond, $2.00, Dodd, Mead Co., 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Others which are listed in old catalogues are: *Italian Gardens of the Renaissance* by J. M. Ady, a Scribner publication; *Gardens of Rome* by Gabriel Faure, published by Brentano, and *Italian Gardens* by L. Dami, also a Brentano book. Perhaps Mrs. C. C. Chase, St. Joseph, Mo., who asked for volumes on this subject, will be able to obtain copies if she writes to Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or to the Leary, Stuart Co., 9 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . We have written to our correspondent who resides in Maryland and wishes to remain anonymous that he can obtain the best answers to his question from The Old Corner Book Store on Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. . . . Mr. J. B. Duryea, San Francisco, Cal., who pays our column a very nice compliment, asks us for titles of books on psychology for salesmen and business men. The following books should be useful to start on: *Practical Psychology* by E. S. Robinson, $2.25, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City; *Our Changing Human Nature* by S. D. Schmulhausen, $3.50, Macaulay Co., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City; *Psychology of Achievement* by Walter B. Pitkin, $3.50, Simon & Schuster, 37 West 57th Street, New York City; *Understanding Human Nature* by Alfred Adler, $3.50, Greenberg Co., 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City; *About Ourselves* by H. A. Overstreet, $3.00, W. W. Norton Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City; and *Hows and Whys of Human Behavior* by George A. Dorsey, $3.50, a Harper publication. . . . Our next writer has a list of questions, one of which will have to wait until the next issue of the magazine for its answer, as we have not found it yet. The answers to her biographical questions are: *Charles Lamb* by A. Ainger, $1.25, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York

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SONNETS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I

MOON, that against the lintel of the west
Your forehead lean until the gate be swung,
Longing to leave the world and be at rest,
Being worn with faring and no longer young,
Do you recall at all the Carian hill
Where worn with loving, loving late you lay,
Halting the sun because you lingered still,
While wondering candles lit the Carian day?
Ah, if indeed this memory to your mind
Recall some sweet employment, pity me,
That with the dawn must leave my love behind,
That even now the dawn's dim herald see!
I charge you, goddess, in the name of one
You loved as well: endure, hold off the sun.

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II

This beast that rends me in the sight of all,
This love, this longing, this oblivious thing,
That has me under as the last leaves fall,
Will glut, will sicken, will be gone by spring.
The wound will heal, the fever will abate,
The knotted hurt will slacken in the breast;
I shall forget before the flickers mate
Your look that is to-day my east and west.
Unscathed, however, from a claw so deep
Though I should love again I shall not go;
Along my body, waking while I sleep,
Sharp to the kiss, cold to the hand as snow,
The scar of this encounter like a sword
Will lie between me and my troubled lord.

III

Time, that is pleased to lengthen out the day
For grieving lovers parted or denied,
And pleased to hurry the sweet hours away
From such as lie enchanted side by side,
Is not my kinsman; nay, my feudal foe
Is he that in my childhood was the thief
Of all my mother's beauty, and in woe
My father bowed, and brought our house to grief.
Hence, though he think to touch with hateful frost
Your treasured curls, and your clear forehead line,
And so persuade me from you, he has lost;
Never shall he inherit what was mine.
When Time and all his tricks have done their worst,
Still will I hold you dear, and him accurst.

IV

Now by the path I climbed I journey back.
The oaks have grown; I have been long away.
Taking with me your memory and your lack
I now descend into a milder day;
Stripped of your love, unburdened of my hope,
Descend the path I mounted from the plain;
Yet steeper than I fancied seems the slope
And stonier, now that I go down again.
Warm falls the dusk; the clanking of a bell
Faintly ascends upon this heavier air;
I do recall those grassy pastures well:
In early spring they drove the cattle there.
And close at hand should be a shelter, too,
From which the mountain peaks are not in view.

V

If in the years to come you should recall,
When faint at heart or fallen on hungry days,
Or full of griefs and little if at all
From them distracted by delights or praise;
When failing powers or good opinion lost
Have bowed your neck, should you recall to mind
How of all men I honoured you the most,
Holding you noblest among mortal-kind:
Might not my love—although the curving blade
From whose wide mowing none may hope to hide,
Me long ago below the frosts had laid—
Restore you somewhat to your former pride?
Indeed I think this memory, even then,
Must raise you high among the run of men.

MINIATURE GOLF TO THE RESCUE

BY ELMER DAVIS

CERTAIN hypothetical questions were raised in this magazine not so very long ago (see "If Hoover Fails" in HARPER'S for March, 1929), with the pious hope that the condition on which they depended would not be realized. That hope has been somewhat dimmed by now. It would perhaps be premature to speak at this time of Mr. Hoover's failure, but he does not seem to be getting on quite so fast with the abolition of poverty as his campaign speeches had led us to expect. Some of the questions asked at the time of his inauguration have already been answered, and in at least one case the answer has considerably astonished the inquirer.

Mr. Hoover himself had noted, in his campaign speech at Elizabethton, that while prosperity had given us leisure, it had brought "serious questions" as to what we were going to do with our spare time. This was the leisure of shorter hours in mechanized industry, of jobs abandoned because there was more profit in ticker-watching; and in general the American people consumed it by spending money. They drove in the car, they played golf; they listened to the radio, an ever newer and better radio, and made the neighbors listen to it too. How, it was asked, could we keep time from hanging heavy on our hands if we had to face the greater leisure of adversity—if a situation arose in which most of us had more leisure and less money?

That situation has arisen, and the republic still stands. The American people seems to spend its enforced leisure quite happily, and not too expensively, playing miniature golf.

To the foreigner this may be one more proof of our incurable frivolity. This present depression is world-wide; for a couple of years America was beating the big bass drum at the head of the prosperity parade, and when we fell down all the rest of them tripped over us. How do other nations respond to the disappointment of their hopes? Revolution sweeps South America; in Germany millions of voters turn to Hitlerite Fascism—the cult of the impossible in politics, not wholly to be laughed at by Americans who were lately devoted to the cult of the impossible in economics; in Poland Dictator Pilsudski confesses that he feels better after he has locked up everybody who disagrees with him; even in Canada the voters rise up and turn out the government, to install a new ministry which sets itself to build a tariff wall that matches ours.

But in the United States, where the laws of Nature had been solemnly repealed; the United States which was just on the point of abolishing poverty; the United States which had proclaimed a new economic order in which the whole was greater than the sum of its parts, and you could get more out of a thing than there was in it; the United States where Humpty-Dumpty had roosted higher than any of his foreign cousins—here where the disas-

ter might have been expected to have the worst repercussion, the citizens find solace for the vanishing of their millennial dreams by knocking a little ball across a surface of crushed cottonseed hulls and through a tin pipe. If we cannot find bread, we are satisfied with the circus.

Is this a dire reflection on our national sanity? I think not. Theoretically, we might have done something better with our unexpected and unwelcome leisure; in fact, we might easily have done something worse. King Cotton, lord of American economics a century ago, has been dethroned; but historians of the next generation may hold that in a moment of crisis his humble and neglected stepchild, the cottonseed hull, deserved well of the republic.

II

The rise of the miniature golf industry is a romance of American business in the old and grand manner—about the only success story that has lightened this year of gloom. Last winter it was still a toy; by midsummer it was big business, a social problem. In September the Department of Commerce estimated that there were almost thirty thousand courses in operation, representing an investment of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and some of them were earning three hundred per cent a month in a season when most businesses thought they were doing well to keep out of the red. Motion-picture theater owners and soft-drink dealers were worrying about this new competitor for the customer's half-dollar—worrying unreasonably, it may be suspected, since, properly handled, the miniature golf course can be more of a feeder to the movies and the soda fountain than a competitor. Optimists in Washington thought its demand for cottonseed hulls might rescue the depressed cotton industry—though that seems to have been a little visionary; city councils were already considering the possibility of license fees as a welcome reinforcement to tax receipts, and complaints that noisy young people playing at courses open all night were making sleep impossible for the neighbors had begun to raise a moral problem and talk of a curfew law.

When an industry has risen to the point where it can be taxed and where a demand has arisen that it be regulated by city ordinances it has arrived. Whether miniature golf will stay arrived is another matter; this year it was a fad, next year it will have to compete with other amusements on its merits. But this year, when we all needed something to take our minds off our troubles, miniature golf did it; this year when we all felt a craving to be able to see somebody, somewhere, who was making money, miniature golf met that need too.

The idea of a pocket-size golf course with trick obstacles is nothing new; such courses have existed here and there for years past, on the lawns of country estates or resort hotels, just as there have been putting courses on sand or clay in gymnasiums, or on the roofs of buildings in the business districts of the larger cities. But miniature golf as a money-maker—a revenue-producing property, not merely an amusement for your guests—seems to have been made possible by the surface of crushed cottonseed hulls, which was originally invented (and patented, to his immense profit) by a Mr. McCart of El Paso; and it also needed some hustling business men to push it. The men who put it over were John N. Ledbetter and Drake Delanoy of New York—afterward considerably assisted by Garnet Carter of Chattanooga, and others. But Ledbetter and Delanoy seem to have been the men who set the industry going; and with better luck than

always befalls industrial pioneers, they have got rich out of it. Yet it may be doubted if they would have got rich if all the rest of us had not suddenly become poor—but not too poor to be able to spend half a dollar, and then another, and then another, on a new and tricky game.

For the great boom in miniature golf began last spring. The season when open-air amusements always become profitable? Yes, but also the season when Americans began to realize, with a sudden dismay, that the stock-market collapse of October 1929 had been no isolated accident, but a symptom of the temporary breakdown of the business organism of a whole world. Ledbetter and Delanoy built their first course, on top of a skyscraper in downtown New York, in 1926; within a year they were not only building courses to operate for themselves but to sell to other people; it was last October when Carter of Chattanooga contracted for the Southern rights, and began to install miniature courses by the hundred all over Florida, in preparation for the winter tourist season. But it was the spring of the depression year that saw a nice little business suddenly mushrooming into a big business; that saw miniature courses laid out, it seemed to the bewildered observer, by every wayside garage and hot-dog stand, in every vacant lot of city and suburb.

Given the popular interest, a course could not help being a tremendous money-maker for its proprietor. A complete outfit, installed by the manufacturers, costs you $4,500. (This is the official and patented article; other manufacturers offer something like it for much less.) You can make it cost more by painting a landscape on the canvas walls around it, by adding a swimming pool and a smoking lounge and some of the other country-club adjuncts which ambitious operators have installed; but it does not need to cost you more than that, and there is virtually no upkeep. The courses need little attention; rare is the customer who can get away with the house's putter, even if he is base enough to try; and an item which might have mounted up—stolen balls—has been done away with entirely by the ingenious device that makes the last hole a bottomless pit from which the ball rolls back to the office.

A certain tennis-court proprietor in New York was an extremely reluctant customer,* when a super-saleswoman tried to persuade him to install a miniature golf course. His tennis courts were well located, he could charge high rates, and get them; he was making good enough money already and saw no reason why he should experiment with something new. Nevertheless, he eventually yielded to the saleswoman—possibly for the same reason as the unjust judge in Scripture; and shortly after that he wrote to the manufacturers that he had cleared fifteen hundred dollars—a third of the cost of his layout—the first week, and at that had had to turn away almost a hundred customers a night.

III

But all these profits—and thousands of operators of miniature golf courses could tell similar stories—depend on a general popular demand. What created that? Why do people take to miniature golf—or rather, why did they? since it remains to be seen whether indoor and Florida courses will continue to make the profit this winter that outdoor courses made last summer.

Well, hard times are traditionally good times for the cheaper amusements. Baseball has had a good year; the movies have in general had a good year, despite the worries of a good many theater owners over this new competitor. (Foresighted movie men

have installed miniature golf courses in the same building with the theater, or beside it, and sell double tickets that admit you to both.) Men out of work, tired of tramping the streets looking for work, want some place to go; and a good many Americans who consider themselves just now practically destitute are not too destitute to spend a dollar to see a ball game, or a quarter for the neighborhood movie, or fifty cents for a round of miniature golf.

The costlier amusements, of course, have suffered. Those inveterate optimists, the customers of prize fights, have learned that you can stay at home and hear about a foul over the radio instead of seeing it from a sixteen-dollar or twenty-seven-dollar ringside seat; the theater business has suffered, in those few cities where theaters survive, largely because of an antiquated and extortionate system of ticket sale, and because the odds were about four to one that what you saw in the theater would not be worth the stiff price your tickets would cost. You may see a stupid movie or a dull ball game, but at least you can console yourself with the thought that you didn't spend much money on it. But you don't spend twelve or fifteen dollars for a pair of theater seats in times like these unless you think you are pretty likely to get twelve or fifteen dollars' worth.

But why, when all cheap amusements prosper, has miniature golf prospered preëminently? First of all because it was a novelty. The New York *Herald-Tribune* observed last summer that the radio, which stayed with us, and mah jongg, which did not, both came to popularity after the slump of 1921; that the bicycle overspread the land after the great panic of 1893. These had partly a novelty attraction—and they all cost more than miniature golf. Novelty and cheapness together make an appeal hard to withstand.

Men in the business will give you other reasons, which seem plausible, for the sudden spread of the craze. For one thing, miniature golf is something men and women can both play—a good way to fill in a date on a summer evening; and the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, between them, seem to have given America a definite addiction to coeducational amusement. The old days when father spent his evenings at Cassidy's bar with the rest of the boys are gone, and probably gone forever; Cassidy may still be in business at the old stand, and father may still go down there of evenings, but since prohibition mother goes down with him.

But the speakeasy business has had a bad year, in so far as one can generalize from the almost unanimous complaints of scattered individuals. The drys are probably right in their contention that there is less drinking now than there ever has been in any previous period of hard times, except in 1920 and 1921 when people still thought that prohibition was going to prohibit. It did not prohibit, but it made liquor expensive. In the old days father would go down to Cassidy's and spend a nickel on a glass of beer, and then another; presently he bought a drink for some of the boys, and by the time the evening was over he might have spent a good deal of money. But it went easily because he spent it a nickel at a time.

When father and mother go down to Cassidy's now the first glass of beer costs them fifty cents apiece, and probably it is not very good beer at that. If they take a highball or a gin drink it costs seventy-five cents apiece, instead of the dime that grandfather paid for it in the hard times of '93. So their first drink is apt to be their last for the evening; whatever may be said for the speakeasy as against the old-time saloon, it certainly is not the poor man's club, or the poor woman's

club, either. And if father and mother prefer to do their drinking at home they are apt to think twice, in a time of depression, before they ask a crowd of friends in for a party that will probably use up most of a case of gin.

So the time was ripe for a new and cheap coeducational amusement, especially as the oldest coeducational amusement of all, which has been growing in popularity of late years, seems to have suffered like other pastimes from the business depression—if a curious piece of evidence which has lately come to my attention is worth anything. A gentleman who had never flattered himself that he had much sex appeal confessed to a lady with whom his relations were confidential, but entirely disinterested, that he had been amazed by his success in amour during the past year. The reason, he concluded, was that his business had not been much affected by the slump. (No, his business was not miniature golf.) Not only did he still have plenty of money for the dinners, the theater parties, the night clubs, the flowers that are the paraphernalia of courtship; but unlike most other men, he was not worried about his business—and a man who is worrying about business, he discovered, cannot make love satisfactorily.

Let that go for what it may be worth; there are other explanations of the golden shower that descended on the astonished manufacturers of miniature golf courses. Millions of Americans play golf; most of them play it badly; very few indeed play it so well as to feel they do not need more practice in putting. They can get it on a miniature course within a hundred yards of home, or the office, in any five minutes of spare time. But there are also, it appears, millions of Americans who would like to play golf but can't afford it. In the larger cities golf is an increasingly expensive game; country clubs cost money and it takes time to get to them, and if you try to play on the public links in a city park you probably spend half of Sunday afternoon standing around and waiting your turn. Thanks to the miniature courses, every man can say that he plays golf; when he drops a casual remark about going around in three under par, it may be that nobody will ask him whether he did it at the Crystal Brook Club or at Joe's place on the vacant lot down at the corner.

Add to these arguments, which men in the industry advance, some few more which occur to the non-partisan and possibly mistaken observer. I do not play golf and have never quite understood why other people do—at least, why they let it become an incurable disease. But addicts tell me that one powerful reason is that every time you finish a round you see where, and how, you could have done just a little better—or, it may be, a great deal better; so you want to start again as soon as possible and try to beat yourself. You can do that just as well at a miniature course, in much less time; and without some of the handicaps of the country-club golfer. I believe that on a regular golf course you are supposed, with rare exceptions, to play your ball from where it lies; but the man who plays a miniature course has no such scruples, unless his country club habits refuse to be shaken off. If he does not like the place where his ball lies he picks it up and puts it somewhere else.

Miniature golf, too, has something of the advantage of the old nickel glass of beer; it is quick and cheap, so that you may repeat it several times without feeling that you are spending much money, even if you put in a whole evening and spend about as much as the greens fee and caddy hire at a club. Add, finally, the tricky charm of something that depends on skill and luck,

not on strength—the same fascination that makes people keep working on a puzzle or a game of solitaire. A tricky and inexpensive novelty, that we all can play—and feel while playing that we are improving our golf game, or breaking in at last on that sport of the minor aristocracy—its appeal in a year of hard times was hard to resist.

And we needed something like that.

IV

For consider the situation in which we found ourselves at the beginning of last summer. It was that most distressing of situations in which, for the average man, there was nothing left to be done. Everything possible had already been done, with nothing to show for it; all the virtues had been exercised, without the anticipated reward.

The American people, in the main, had behaved admirably in the face of the great collapse in stocks in the fall of 1929. Some of us were wiped out, most of us had lost money; every one of us had suffered from the destruction of the national faith that nothing like that could ever happen again. The most respectable authorities had assured us that the business cycle had been abolished, that the abolition of poverty itself was just around the corner. The impossible happened, and the American people took it standing up; with rare exceptions, they laughed instead of whining. The good-humored sportsmanship that was generally displayed may have been rather adolescent in its motivation, but in itself it was highly creditable. It was the fashion to make a joke of disaster, to laugh at our wrecked hopes of unearned riches. Now we must all settle down, forget the nonsense, and acquire our riches by the old and tested method of working for them.

But that riches were still there for the taking if only we worked hard enough few people doubted, then. We laughed at disaster because we could not believe that it was really disastrous. Business, it is true, was slack, and steadily growing slacker; but that was only a reflection of the shock to security values. Earnings might be falling off, but everybody knew that the market value of a stock was determined by its hypothetical future earnings, not its actual earnings of the present. Nothing was really the matter; there was no reason why the stock market should not go shooting skyward once more. So stock prices rose, the hopes of the nation rose with them—and then the clouds returned after the rain.

It was the collapse of May, not the collapse of October, that really broke the great heart of the world, and unloosed a hysterical defeatism that was almost as unreasonable as the hysterical optimism of the year before. October had seen a stock panic, a readjustment of security values which everyone could see (afterward) had been absurdly high. But May registered the realization that Humpty-Dumpty had actually tumbled off the wall—and that we did not know how to put him together again.

American prosperity had traditionally been attributed by respectable opinion to three agencies—God, hard work, and Republican policies. We still had the Republican policies, executed by an Engineer of Human Happiness; presumably we still enjoyed the divine favor; and now that we had realized the folly of supposing that we could all get rich by selling stocks to one another we were going to settle down to hard work once more. Uncle Sam was sobering up after a week-end drunk on paper profits; but he never doubted that the job would still be there when he went back to the office on Monday morning or that the pay

check would come along as usual on Saturday night.

But something went wrong. Men who wanted to go back to work found, all too often, that there was no work to go back to; men who had work, who were producing something, found no place to sell it. Wheat, copper, rubber, oil came pouring into a sodden market that could absorb no more; "every family a two-car family" was no longer a magic formula when most people were beginning to wonder how long they could meet the installments on one car. As for the deity who was supposed to reward hard work, right thinking, and patriotic faith in America—and who might have done so, for instance, by causing the failure of the Russian wheat crop—either He was talking, or He was pursuing, or He was in a journey; or peradventure He slept, and could not be awaked. It began to look as if we could never pull out unless intelligence were mixed with our work, and perhaps even with Republican policies.

The Engineer of Human Happiness himself had cheerfully predicted that "with continued effort we shall rapidly recover," and his pronouncement was answered the very next morning by a thunderous collapse of security values. This meant, no doubt, a loss of faith in Santa Claus; but it meant something else, considerably more disquieting. It meant that people were beginning to realize that work, in and by itself, could not be counted on to produce anything but fatigue. Work and faith had been the traditional remedies for hard times; we could fight our way out of a slump by making and selling what the world wanted. But the basic cause of the slump of 1930 lay in the fact that we and the whole world can make more than we can use.

We had tried to force consumption up to the level of possible production by intensive salesmanship and the installment plan; but that only meant that we were selling this year what would be used, and ultimately paid for, next year. Very good, so far; but where could we sell next year's output? Next year has come and the answer with it; we are not selling it at all. There has been no great amount of defaulting on installment paper; but that means that people are still paying for the car they bought, the car somebody else made and sold, back in boom days, instead of buying the car somebody would like to make and sell now.

The car he would like to make, not the car he has made; our business men, taught by the sad experience of 1920, no longer produce much more than there is a visible demand for. But as Mr. Alexander Dana Noyes lately told the American Bankers' Association, there is no great difference between producing more than the market demands and producing to meet the demands of a market artificially inflated by installment buying. The difference is temporal, not economic; the 1920 method failed a little more promptly, but not less completely.

So the old formulas no longer brought results. Work may still be an indispensable ingredient in the recipe for prosperity, but you must mix something else with it if you want a prosperity that will stick. Something, perhaps, that we have not yet discovered.

V

Hence the gloom which enveloped business circles in America and Europe last summer; hence the eccentricity of a stock market which sagged whenever anybody said "boo," or even spread a totally unfounded rumor that somebody else had said "boo"; hence the wild fears of what Communist competition might do to a capitalist society that only a year before we had regarded as the peak of human achieve-

ment. A man or a nation need never despair so long as hard work and courage offer a way out. Granted the free-will philosophy on which we all act, whether or not we believe it in theory, industry and courage are qualities which a man can put into himself by his own volition. But he cannot give himself brains merely by resolving to have brains; in a situation where thought rather than mere brute effort is needed he is helpless unless he has something to think with. People began to remember that, as Mr. James Truslow Adams lately observed, "over and over again in the past the problems of government" (and, he might have added, of business) "have become so complicated that no one was able to solve them." The Roman Empire, for example, broke down because it grew so large and complex that the Romans did not know how to make it work. Men have wondered, lately, if our own economic and political machine has not similarly outstripped the grasp of the human mind.

That is defeatism, and probably unwarranted defeatism. In the first place, this depression—in its material effects—is apparently by no means the worst in our history. I speak by the book; I cannot clearly remember even 1893. But every business depression until the establishment of the Federal Reserve system left a long trail of ruined banks behind it; this year people who are lucky enough to have any money in the bank do not worry about its safety. The administration has managed to obfuscate the unemployment figures pretty successfully, so it is hard to compare the situation with that of 1921; but certainly there was much more wage-cutting then than now; this year a man who is lucky enough to have a job at all is probably getting pretty fair pay for it. (Whether it is better for society to have many jobs at low wages or few jobs at high wages is a question for the experts, who are by no means of one mind about it.) And the far-famed American standard of living, while it has its serious drawbacks, has its advantages too; we may have fallen a long way, but we started from higher up than we had ever climbed before. We may be wearing out our old clothes, we may be drinking less and eating less; but we still tune in on the radio, and we still have last year's car even if we cannot afford a new one.

For most of us it was not the material but the spiritual shock that hurt; not that such a terrible thing happened to us, but that anything happened to us at all after our leaders had solemnly promised that nothing could ever happen to us again. The United States has recovered from every previous slump, and recovered rapidly; so has the world at large, at least in modern times. As I write this in October, the scouts who are scanning the horizon, as the newspapers put it, for signs of a trade revival are able to make no more encouraging report than that famous and truthful watchman on Mount Seir: the morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye—ye know as much about it as I do. But by the time you read this in December things may be visibly picking up again.

But one factor which has aided our recovery in the past cannot be counted on now. After 1837, after 1857, after 1873—even after 1893, when the frontier had technically disappeared—Americans who despaired of getting on their feet at home could go West and grow up with the country. A virgin continent was waiting to be developed; a hungry world was waiting for the cereals and minerals it might produce. Europe, too, recovered more rapidly from its depressions in the nineteenth century because America offered a home for Europe's overflow population, a continually growing market for Europe's

goods. Now the West has been opened up; and a good deal of it has been shut down again because it cannot be operated at a profit.

The optimists point out the vast areas of the earth that are still awaiting development, potential markets for our surplus of production. But it will take some time to spread the gospel of consumer acceptance among the tribes of the Congo and the Amazon, the nomads of Mongolia and Tibet. "Civilize 'em with a Krag" is another formula that is losing its efficacy; economic imperialism is beginning to feel the workings of the law of diminishing returns. We got around that for a time; having gone as far as we could in three-dimensional expansion of business, we made possible the last great burst of what was called prosperity by the fourth-dimensional expedient of the installment plan. We sold our surplus not only to the foreigner but to the future. But the future, for the moment, has bitten off about all it can chew.

So the good-humored resolution with which the American people recovered from the stock-market collapse went largely to waste because there was nothing we could be usefully resolute about; the recovered willingness of millions of people to work for a living went largely to waste because no matter how hard you worked there was no assurance that it would get you anywhere. In this predicament, what could we do?

Well, a dwindling band of die-hards went on shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." All we need is a little more protection, a little more prohibition, a little more faith in the Grand Old Party that freed the slaves and saved the Union. Another band of traditionalists insisted that our troubles could be cured by electing Democrats instead of Republicans to office; but that can have only a negative value until the Democrats have a philosophy and a program, neither of which is in sight as yet.

Meanwhile men with brains, the world over, have been trying to think their way out; trying to devise some method not only of reviving business—it is certain to revive, eventually—but of making sure that when it has been revived, it will not run headlong into the same old business cycle. What can you and I do to help these great men? Not much. We can give them three cheers; we can try to use such brains as Nature gave us, and not always to believe that what is comfortable must necessarily be true; but we cannot think usefully about the extremely intricate problems of modern business and government unless we have a certain special and uncommon type of brain to think with.

It seems to me a mark of great good sense that the average man, and the average woman, in the United States seems to have decided that the best thing to do was to have as good a time as possible, as cheaply as possible, till things took a turn for the better.

VI

Other nations have done that, in a similar predicament. You will find the first recorded instance in Herodotus; and it may be worth while to reproduce the passage (Book I, Chapter 94) despite the fact that there may be a touch of the legendary about it. "The Lydians say," Herodotus tells us, "that in the reign of Atys the son of Manes there was a terrible famine throughout their country. For a while they stood it as well as they could" (no doubt telling one another that it was merely a necessary readjustment of technically unsound market conditions) "but when things got no better they sought for remedies, and all sorts of men thought up all sorts of schemes."

Their trouble, of course, was under-

production rather than overproduction, so perhaps no Lydian statesman had the happy thought that occurred to some of our wheat-belt Senators last summer, that hard times would soon be over if only the government would buy everybody's unsalable surplus. "Then it was," Herodotus goes on, "that they invented dice, and knuckle bones, and ball games, and all other kinds of sport except checkers. And having invented these diversions, they behaved in this manner during the depression—every other day they would play games all day long, so as not to have to hunt for something to eat; and on the intervening days they played no games but ate instead. Thus they managed to get along for eighteen years."

The Lydians, you note, were a resourceful and a philosophic people. In later times they passed for effeminate and light-minded, but certainly they seem to have behaved sensibly in this particular emergency. Why didn't they work? you ask. No doubt they did. I surmise that before the first year of the depression was over King Atys had assured them that "with continued effort we shall rapidly recover." But agriculture was the basic industry in those days, and an eighteen-year famine implies a protracted spell of bad weather that brought the hardest work to nothing. Only when they saw that work was getting them nowhere did they turn to something else; and they showed rare good judgment in finding harmless occupations that would enable them to forget their troubles till business began to pick up again.

True, when the famine still endured at the end of eighteen years, the Lydians solved their problem by the emigration of half the people—a solution so common in the ancient world, bedeviled by underproduction and overpopulation, that it does not greatly matter whether this particular story is true or not. We could not do that, having no place to which we could migrate; even if we had a place we might refuse to go there, just as the British unemployed would rather keep half-alive on the dole at home than go out to the Dominions. But emigration has always been the obvious and easy remedy; now that it is virtually out of the question, I am optimist enough to believe that the best minds may be able to think up some method by which we can all make an adequate living at home—even if we cannot all get rich, as we once expected, out of a rising stock market.

But the men who have to do the thinking can think better if they are left alone and undisturbed; and the remedies they may be expected to devise will probably be as non-political as the hand-to-mouth buying which was the useful legacy of the depression of 1921. We have learned that we cannot guarantee prosperity by electing a Republican administration; it would be almost equally foolish to suppose that defeating a Republican administration would be a sufficient remedy.

The Congressional elections will have been held before you read this; if we had the Canadian system of government they might have been held already and the government turned out, as happened in Canada. In South America, where the inhabitants have a different tradition and turn of mind, they did not wait for elections, but turned the governments out by force. Quite possibly some of the factors that explain, if not the popularity of miniature golf, at least the prosperity of baseball last season, were factors in the South American revolutionary movements as well. In nations where revolution was till lately the national sport a good many people must have turned to it as naturally when they lost their jobs as North Americans turn to the ball park.

For, to date, none of the South American revolutions of 1930 has been very destructive. What is happening in Brazil at this writing looks as if both sides mean business; but the Argentine revolution, for instance, was a model which ought to be held up to intending revolutionaries forever after. Only a few people were killed, and these more or less by accident; the revolution was held in the main streets and principal square of the capital, and everybody heard about it in time to go out and get a good ringside seat; and no hard feelings seem to have been entertained on either side. Just good clean sport in which the better team won, and the losers took their loss like gentlemen.

I would not seem to be deriding an important event in the history of an important nation. The point is that it combined in a single event, taking place in a couple of days, all the spectacular and sporting features which in this country are spread out over a presidential election, a Shriners' convention, the reception of a transatlantic flyer, and a Notre Dame-Southern California football game; and with no more casualties than are caused by reckless automobile drivers in the neighborhood of any large city on a Sunday afternoon. Quite aside from its political consequences, a great deal can be said for it as a national sport.

But it is not our style. Revolution in this country is unthinkable because it would mean that people would have to get on a train and go to Washington; and nobody wants to do that if it can be helped. Also, in the ritual of South American revolution there are two traditional opening gestures—demonstrations by the university students and manifestoes in the provincial cities against the Federal government. Our students demonstrate every Saturday in the fall, but they have to carry goal posts before they can get up much enthusiasm; and a casual observer of their doings and reader of some of their publications suspects that few of them know who is President, or care. Our provincial cities issue manifestoes against the Federal government; but the object of their high-spirited resentment is the Census Bureau, which failed to include the suburbs in its count of the city's population. No, revolution in the Argentine manner is hopelessly beyond our national capacities; as an amusement for hard times it must be counted out.

But in the great hard times of 1893–4 there was rioting and disorder at many places in the United States; the central government had to proclaim something like what the Latins call a state of siege in so important a provincial city as Chicago. We might have had a good deal of trouble if the President had not been Grover Cleveland, who never pretended to be an engineer of human happiness, but was merely in there trying to do his job as well as he could; and doing it, on the whole, better than anybody has done it since. Of the conditions that made trouble in 1893 few are present now; but it may be just as well that the American people employed their surplus energy this summer in knocking a little ball over a surface of crushed cottonseed hulls and through a water pipe. It is easier to kick over the apple cart than to pick up the apples.

So perhaps miniature golf did its part, and a large part, in carrying us past a crisis. Perhaps the business revival would have come sooner if the President, and the Cabinet, and Congress had become miniature-golf addicts too.

THE SHOWMAN

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

LUNCH was long over in the Billiards Club; even the desultory teacups of such as took tea stood with tepid brown pools in them, and the warmth of the fire seemed now the principal need in the bleak winter evening. Three members sat on the sofa before the fire, Jorkens was deep in an armchair by the side of it, and others were dotted about in comfortable chairs. That is how I saw them as I came in.

Jorkens had a warm corner. It was often his habit to rest after lunch, and he seemed to be still doing so. Talk on the sofa was livelier, perhaps because there they got the most stimulus from the fire: certainly it was a very cold day. And on the sofa was a man telling a story of Africa, of Morocco a long time ago.

The story was of no interest; I merely mention it because of its effect on Jorkens. I really thought he was asleep; but the moment a certain point in the story was reached Jorkens was wide awake and listening alertly. That point was the question of rescuing a certain prisoner in one of those barbarous prisons which they had long ago in Morocco, a question which the teller of the story had decided against. He could have quite easily done it; the commander of the guard had of his own volition offered to sell him his sword, and with a little negotiation would certainly have sold the guard. A prisoner had appealed to him, and he supposed that he could have done it but was held back merely by respect for laws the whole system of which he despised. That was what they were talking about on the sofa: whether he should have rescued a man from barbarous laws or respected the laws merely because they were the laws of that country. Incidentally, the prisoner was confined without food and for a long sentence. He made basketwork out of rushes and if he could sell his baskets to casual sightseers he could buy food and live.

They were not discussing the point with any intensity when suddenly Jorkens rushed into the discussion. It was a curious discussion from then on, Jorkens by every suggestion and argument trying to prove that the man was perfectly right to do nothing whatever against the laws, or even the customs, of any country at all, however barbarous, whose hospitality he might have taken by invitation or otherwise. At first I thought Jorkens wanted to tell a story of his own. But I soon found that he was not arguing against the speaker upon the sofa, but most eagerly for him. And presently I saw that Jorkens had something on his mind, that some old sore on his conscience had been touched. And here he was waking up from his seat by the fire to prove that under no circumstances should you help any man

against the customs of the country which was oppressing him, and obviously knowing, all the time, he was wrong.

It made a curious argument, and when everyone had agreed that the teller of that story had acted rightly and that Jorkens' championship of the customs of any country was just, it seemed to me that the only interesting residue which remained was the experience that, probably years and years ago, had seared that sore place upon the conscience of Jorkens.

So I said, "I suppose you never had any such experience yourself?"

"Well, in a way, yes," said Jorkens. "It depends on what you call laws. But if you define them as any organized acts arising out of the deep convictions or feelings of any community, well then, of course, I have. And I maintain once more that that view of the case is perfectly just."

Well, we were all agreed about that, and I saw that Jorkens, for all he said, really felt the exact opposite, so there seemed nothing more to argue about. But I wanted the story.

"When was that?" I asked.

"Oh, a while ago," replied Jorkens.

"Waiter!" I said.

He knew what I wanted; and presently Jorkens, as wide awake as I've seen him, was sitting up in his chair, telling this story.

"I was in a small town in France, down in the Midi, and a traveling show had arrived the night before, a bit of a circus and rows of cages on wheels. And I idled in during the afternoon to take a look at their zoo, for it was quite a zoo that they had in their cages—a lion, several apes, and all sorts of things."

"What were you doing in the Midi, Jorkens?" said someone from an armchair; and a reminiscent look settled deep upon Jorkens' eyes, and it took me some while to get him back to the story I wanted to hear. And when I did get him back he was telling us how he stood in front of one of the cages, trying to make friends with an ape, an animal with brown eyes, friendly and intelligent as a dog and yet almost sulking. "Not sulking exactly either," Jorkens went on. "Rather like a very good-natured person with some perfectly obvious grievance. I tried to hand him a nut, and he would not take it at first. When I scolded him about it he reached out a hand lazily as much as to say, 'Oh, very well.' But all the time, by his attitude, his gestures, the look in his eyes, he seemed to be expressing one thing, which if he had had the power of speech would have been something like, 'If you really *must* shut us up like this.'

"A man had walked up to the cage and stood beside me without my knowing he was there, till all of a sudden he spoke to me. 'Fine ape that,' he said.

"When I looked round I saw beside me a man in a frock coat and tall hat, stoutish, ruddy-complexioned, fairly tall, and with a large, slightly grizzled mustache rather carefully waved; he had a gold watch-chain, a bright red tie with white spots, and was obviously incomplete without a cigar, but smoking was not allowed in the long tent in which the cages were, and he had a gold cigar-case in his left hand. I said 'Yes' rather grudgingly to his remark about the poor ape. And he replied, 'You won't see a finer one of its kind in any show.'

"From that we got to arguing. Of course I saw that he was the showman. But all the more on account of that I expressed the view which I saw so clearly in that ape's eyes. There were so many of these apes shut up in those cages, and I thought it was rather a shame. That was my side of the argument. His was, first that he was a showman, and the public wanted apes;

and, second, that if you wanted to look at it from their point of view they were perfectly content: they got regular food and dry shelter without the trouble of having to look for such things; they were safe where nothing could leap on them or chase them or kill them, and they ought to be grateful for it.

"I said something about their liberty; and he asked what good it was to them.

"I said that when they were free they could go where they liked; and he said that they saw much more of the world going about as they did with him. For it seemed that he had had a shipment of them at Marseilles and had gone down there with his show from England to meet them and was showing his way back across France.

"I said something about their home, and he said that animals like that didn't have those sorts of feelings. One place, to them, was just as good as another.

"Of course the more he said things like that the more I argued, and the more he argued in return. But it wasn't any good my arguing because he never really thought about the apes at all; he thought only of the public. He had the showman's point of view, and nothing else in life mattered to him. Wherever he had appeared some waiting crowd had risen to greater intensity. He and his show were the stimulants that made eyes shine and pulses beat quicker: it was for this that he lived. So that to suggest that apes should not be shown to the crowds which he loved was every bit as bad to him as it would be to a dean if one casually suggested that he should shut up his cathedral. You see how I got my point of view, looking at that poor ape with the injured look in his eyes, and you see why he disagreed with me. Of course at the time my point of view and his each seemed to the other quite crazy. But, for all that, we saw a good deal of each other for the next day or two, till his show moved on. You see, my argument didn't seriously annoy him, because, outrageous though it appeared to him, he couldn't believe that my point of view was a real one. The show was real; human beings enjoying themselves were his normal standard; anything opposed to that was merely fantastic. So he invited me into his circus and introduced me to his little troupe. And I must say that if I'd lived long in that atmosphere I, too, after a year or so should have found myself placing the show before everything and forgetting the lost liberty of the elephant and the apes. In and out of that circus and zoo for a day and a half, with nothing else to do, I at last began to see how he came by the views he held. But I was not long enough there to agree with them. And that was what the whole trouble was about."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Fromer," he said. "It was a long time ago, and will probably convey nothing to you." Which was perfectly true. But I do not doubt Jorkens' story on that account; his sincerity was too unmistakable. He was turning over old facts in his mind, speaking aloud as he did it, trying to reconcile himself with what he had done, trying to make it all right and knowing, as he had known for years, that it was all wrong.

"But what a personality he was. As I sat at tea with his troupe of five in their tent at the back of the circus-tent, he would walk in; and everyone was aware of his presence at once. Whatever we spoke of was dropped when Fromer stood in the tent, with his tall hat on as always and his cigar in his mouth, motionless and silent, yet the immediate center of interest. And after some moments' thought he would say, 'Well, boys.' Then he would probably say, 'Well, girls.' There was nothing much in his words; he couldn't

be called a deep thinker; and yet he was one of those dominant characters that is the greatest man in the room wherever he is. I don't know how it's done.

"Well, that's the sort of man he was, anyway. With human beings, that is. But he never got that sort of hold over the apes. Perhaps it was really because the audiences knew that he loved them and would do anything for them. I don't know what the apes knew.

"Well, his show left Orignan one bright morning, and it wasn't the same place at all without him. And I didn't see him again for years.

"And then one day there came to me in London, quite suddenly, walking down Mungle Street, a craving for the South and the sun, for lands where there is no pavement and where there are very few paths. And when that feeling comes on one I find it isn't a question of whether one can afford it, or if one can spare the time, or anything else: Africa's calling, and off one goes. Well, I went. And in Lolo Molo, the very first day I arrived, I got unmistakable news of Fromer. A man in a tall hat had gone through Lolo Molo with fifty cages on wheels only a few weeks earlier. There was no doubt it was Fromer. You see fifty cages on wheels would attract some attention anywhere, but a tall hat in that part of Africa was simply marvellous, and hundreds had flocked to see it. So I was easily able to identify Fromer: if one man couldn't remember his red tie with white spots another could; another remembered his watch-chain, another his frock coat, and all remembered his cigar. He was after apes. Fifty of them he wanted to get. And they told me in Lolo Molo all about his cages, though of course they were more interested in his hat and his clothes. Each cage was simply a trap: the whole front lifted up, and when the ape walked in to get the fruit that would be put there Fromer merely let it down with a string, and each end fell into a sort of padlock and locked. There was a locksmith in Lolo Molo who told me all about it, because one of the padlocks had got out of order and he had made one to replace it. Then he chanced to tell me that they all locked with the same key, or unlocked rather, for they locked themselves when they fell, just like the hasp of a padlock. And I remembered that later when we were talking at the club which they have there. Everyone was against Fromer, and they were all saying that he was taking too many apes out of Africa.

"Well, after a drink or two with these people, coffee-planters mostly, and hearing them all say the same thing for an hour, I decided, rightly or wrongly, that I would go after Fromer and rescue one poor brute from his cage. If I was wrong at all, that was the beginning of it, the first step, driven on by these men's arguments, and perhaps a glass or two, and by a feeling I had very strongly that the next time I saw an ape in a cage and it looked reproachfully at me, as the one at Orignan had done, I could look back at it unashamed. It was that as much as anything that made me go again to the locksmith and ask him if he hadn't got a key to fit the lock that he had made for Fromer. And, seeing that opinion in Lolo Molo was so pro-ape, I told him straight out why I wanted it. And he gave it me like a shot, for a couple of pounds.

"Then I got twenty natives to carry my tent and kit and their little canvas shelters, and away I went after Fromer, who with his tall hat and his cigar and his fifty cages was a good deal more easily traced than a herd of elephants. Well, we came up, in three days, with his camp, and I sent a native into it to find out what was going on. And the report was that all the cages except one were in the camp and were

empty, but that the Bwana with the magical hat, as his men called him, combining something of the strangeness of his hat with his forceful personality, had gone with one cage into the forest and had been away a long time. So I took one of my men who was a tracker and we followed that cage, where two of Fromer's men had pushed it into the forest and left it with Fromer.

"It was a great place for apes. We saw them suddenly, in the sun on a hillside. And never did I see anything that so changed the look of a landscape as a herd of these creatures can; they give a curious touch of nightmare to it. All the apes looked at me together and then went slowly away, as though they had some secret in the forest that I knew nothing about.

"Then we entered the dark of the forest, following the wheel-tracks, but presently I got a view from a small cliff, with all the trees stretched out for miles before me, bright green with blue shadows; and in a small clearing a mile away was the cage. With my glasses I made out the name of Fromer clearly, in white capitals on the roof. I sent the tracker back to the camp then and went on alone: I didn't want any witness to the freeing of Fromer's ape; one never quite knows the law unless one's a lawyer, and it might be theft for all I knew. I sent the man away, and never did I miss anyone's companionship so much. For there seemed something odd about the forest. I couldn't get over the curious way that those apes had looked at me and gone away to the trees. It was so strangely unlike any expression I'd seen on the poor beast in the show at Orignan. It was exactly as if they had something in the forest that they knew I knew nothing about. Of course in a country like Africa one gets strange fancies sometimes, especially if you happen to take a drink or two on top of a bout of malaria—which is when you think you most want it. But I had no malaria on me that day, and I had had nothing to drink barring absolute necessities, and yet that odd feeling I had when I saw the apes was as strong as any idea I've ever felt.

"I put it away from me as well as I could and went on, but I couldn't help noticing that the little monkeys were watching me then, and in a rather impudent way, as though they were losing their fear of man. They came altogether too close and—well, I couldn't make out what had happened in that forest, for everything seemed different, and in much more subtle ways than I am able to tell you; but at any rate it is sufficient to say that there could be no mistake whatever that those gray monkeys thought they were quite my equals. I'd read that in time of great fires or abnormal drought all kinds of animals crowd together; but what could account for this contemptuous equality with man I never got anywhere near with my wildest guesses. And in the end it was quite simple.

"Well, I went on through that unnatural scene, with all the monkeys looking curiously at me, until I got near the cage and saw that the great apes were about. I didn't expect them to come for me, and yet their attitude seemed so curious and sinister that I would not trust them, and kept out of their sight and went stalking round to Fromer's cage through covert.

"The first thing I saw was that the front of the cage was not sticking up over the top, which was what I thought I'd made out with my glasses already, when I saw Fromer's name on the roof; now it was unmistakably down. 'He's caught some poor brute,' I thought. Then I began to scout round to see where Fromer was. It was a curious scouting, for I didn't want either side to see me. But I couldn't find Fromer.

"The apes were awfully close to the cage, and I didn't at all like the looks of

them, so my progress was very slow. After half an hour of crawling through papyoona scrub . . ."

"Through what?" said Morden.

"Papyoona," said Jorkens. "After going for half an hour through it I suddenly looked through a branch of pendulous leaves right into the cage. There were apes between me and it, walking by and looking at it, and I was looking over their shoulders straight at Fromer. Yes, he was in the cage smoking a pipe, a thing I had never seen him do before. And I knew by that that he must have been there some time and that his cigars had given out. I hid again till the apes in front had gone by, and then I put up my head and whistled to Fromer. 'Don't say a word,' he said. And I didn't, and all the talking was done by him. He didn't look straight at me, and the apes never made out whom he was talking to. He was in his tall hat and his frock coat and red tie with white spots, everything as usual except the cigar; but somehow he hadn't impressed the apes as he had always impressed human audiences, for they had caught him, possibly pulling the string by accident while Fromer was putting in finishing touches. He never told me exactly how it happened; but once they had got him they knew what they were about and were feeding him on bananas. They even got water for him when he passed out a small tray sideways, and they slopped it into a larger trough, he and the ape between them; and sometimes, of course, it rained."

And then Jorkens told us all the things that Fromer said about the apes. But what may sound all right in a tale at a club doesn't look so well in print. It was absurdly exaggerated in any case, even when one has made all allowances for a man caught like that in a cage; even when one has understood that it must be especially annoying to a showman. It does no good to repeat it. One thing he said a great deal about was their looks. "And attacks like that," as Jorkens rightly said, "are merely vulgar. But after a while we got back to our old argument, so far as one can call it an argument when only one man is talking, and the other can only shake his head or occasionally point a finger; and that was all that I was able to do, for fear that the apes would hear me. And if they had I hardly know what would have happened. I had a rifle—one doesn't walk in those forests without one—and then there was Fromer's rifle lying close to the cage; but two rifles would have been of no use to me; there were crowds of those apes. And they all came and gazed again and again at Fromer. It made Fromer furious, but it was perfectly obvious that there was some sort of holiday among them; he must have seen the same thing thousands of times at his show. But of course I couldn't explain that to him without being able to speak, and with the mood he was in I doubt if he'd have understood if I had.

"Well, he began by assuming that I was going back at once to collect a lot of men with rifles to shoot the apes, and then to let him out with his key which he had in his pocket but with which it was impossible for him to get at the locks. They were much too far down on each side of the front of the cage. Then he began abusing the apes again and restarting that very argument that had annoyed me in Orignan much more than I appear to have annoyed him. He said that of course one must have apes in cages. That statistics showed that they lived longer there than in forests. That they were quite as happy living in cages; that they merely got more of it by living longer. More happiness because more time for it. One point I made upon my side: I pointed at him in his cage. I pointed so violently that he understood me.

Of course he was furious. Putting a man in a cage was a mere piece of apish freakishness, an utterly useless absurdity, a thing no sane man in his senses, and so on. But apes in a cage served a zoölogical purpose, instructed the young, furthered the cause of science, gave innocent enjoyment on holidays. It was then that I tried to point out that the apes were having their holiday, but I couldn't make that point by signs, and in any case he was too blind with fury to see it. And so the argument went on, he having it all his own way, because I couldn't speak. Well, when he'd finished arguing with me he gave me my orders. I was to get enough men to shoot every ape in that part of the forest, and then he was going on to fill his fifty cages elsewhere. But before anything else happened he wanted to look like a showman again. He must meet his rescuers, and show himself to the apes for the last time, with a cigar and a fresher tie and a clean collar. 'I'll do that for you,' I said by nods. I wonder if he guessed anything from that.

"I promised to do that for him and I kept my promise. I went back to Lolo Molo and bought him ten dozen white collars and a few bright red ties with spots on them and three or four thousand cigars, and got back to the show that he so involuntarily gave as quick as ever I could. The apes were still about, though a little way off, and from the punyabi leaves where I hid I was able to throw them on to the top of his cage, and the cigars fell easily through."

"I thought you said it was papyoona scrub," said Morden.

"It's practically the same plant," said Jorkens. "The cigars fell through and so did the ends of the ties, but the collars were the difficulty, and he had to jump for them and get hold of an end and pull. Collars are often a nuisance anywhere, England or Africa. He couldn't understand why I brought him so many cigars. But I had worked it all out. It was the winning point in the argument—the argument that was taught me at Orignan by that poor ape with its brown eyes. I tried to think of the very least time in that cage that could possibly satisfy justice. Here we were in the apes' country, and they had shut this man up, and with ample, ample reason. Was I to interfere and overturn their act of justice? Well, I decided to, but not for five years. They fed him, and I got him cigars enough to keep him going for all that time, and white collars and ties, which he set so much store by. Two dozen collars a year may not seem very much, but Africa's not England, and you have different standards of smartness.

"Of course Fromer was utterly furious. But did he think I never meant a word that I said, from the time I first met him in Orignan? I had given him warning enough. He knew which side I was on in this matter of cages, or only the blindest vanity could have caused him to fail to know.

"There is not much more to tell. His men had scattered when he didn't return to his camp. His forty-nine cages are, I believe, there to this day, though of course all buried in greenery. And in five years to the day I sent news of him to more than one authority in Lolo Molo. But they couldn't find him then. What happened I never knew. Perhaps the apes took him farther into the forest. And if they did they may have in their keeping still a man who will never in life depart from the one idea that it is his mission to show on holidays great numbers of apes in cages.

"Well, well, we all make mistakes."

And I think Jorkens included his own with the showman's. I think he knew, as is so often the case in an argument, that they were both of them wrong.

WHAT IS THIS COMMUNISM?

BY LILLIAN SYMES

NOWHERE in the world perhaps has radical or revolutionary activity met with so much alternate indifference and apprehension, such general confusion of thought, as in the United States; and at no time has this confusion been more apparent than during the past year since the Communists have become the subject of newspaper headlines and Congressional investigation.

The public hysteria which marked the post-war anti-red raids under A. Mitchell Palmer, when bearded Bolsheviks with knife and bomb served to distract public attention from the more painful aspects of post-war deflation, has scarcely been revived on a grand scale in 1930—except in that romantic region known as the Deep South and in a few far western outposts. For during a decade of prosperity we grew largely indifferent to alarums and came to look upon revolution with indulgent cynicism. The heightened Communist activity during the past year of industrial depression has bewildered the general public as usual but has scarcely frightened it as of yore. Such panic as exists is confined largely to official and semi-official circles where a lack of fundamental information upon a given subject in no way precludes ponderous proclamations in relation to it. In Europe, where as Mr. Max Eastman has recently pointed out, the average person of intellectual pretensions has some understanding of revolutionary theories, our dramatic *exposés* of facts which the Communists themselves have been shouting from the housetops for the past ten years have probably been a source of keen amusement.

The American citizen whose source of information is the newspapers may be pardoned his bewilderment, for newspaper comment, even on the rare occasions when it is enlightened, is necessarily confined to the passing news aspects of the subject. When it is unenlightened we get such contradictory and altogether ridiculous stories as have, for example, accompanied the recent revolutionary disturbances in China. On the other hand, the Communists themselves are partially responsible for much of the public's confusion. Communist practice becomes increasingly complicated as its members split and re-split among themselves and right-about-face again and again in their tactical methods. Nor does the Communist vocabulary aid understanding. Their highly specialized phraseology is as meaningless to the man in the street as so much Greek, as are the acrimonious differences between the various radical groups. The background, the history, and the significance of the movement at this particular moment in world history are lost to the average intelligent citizen, even while the growing publicity it is getting arouses his curiosity. As a result everyone is talking about Communism with only the haziest idea of what it is all about.

Any brief outline of its history and

philosophy must necessarily be an elementary one. To the party Communist nothing less than a pæan of praise would constitute a fair summary of his philosophy, and to disagree with him in any degree is to place oneself on the side of the enemy. To the standpatter, on the other hand, any attempt to be decently fair to Communism is in itself a sign of social subversion which places the writer beyond the pale of serious consideration. And yet probably nothing in the whole world of international affairs is so important at this time as an objective approach to the Communist movement and an intelligent attitude toward the problems it presents.

II

In the year 1930 one can no more answer the question of "What Is This Communism?" by a mere dictionary definition to the effect that it is a system of social organization in which the means of production and distribution are owned in common than one can adequately define Roman Catholicism by merely calling it a Christian religion. Communal ownership of property has been practiced by most primitive peoples, and as a corrective to the evils of poverty and injustice has had its advocates in every generation since Plato. Nor is it now the exclusive possession of any organized movement.

But the Communism with which we are concerned is not that of the early Christians, of John Ball, St. Francis, Sir Thomas More, or the nineteenth-century utopians. Social philosophies become whatever their advocates make of them, and Communism to-day is that body of doctrine in which the organized Communists believe. Its ultimate ideal of a communal society in which the necessity for a compulsive state has gradually ceased to exist does not differ greatly from the dreams of the utopians of all ages and is shared by practically all brands of social revolutionaries. But even in the minds of its most enthusiastic believers that ideal state is a matter of the somewhat distant future. Russia itself, the first conquered territory, is merely in the midst of that period of transition between Capitalism and Communism known as the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," or more realistically, as the dictatorship of the Communist Party which considers itself "the conscious will of the proletariat." The ultimate ideal, while taken for granted, occupies small space in Communist literature. For Communism to-day is both a means and an end —and temporarily at least, much more a means than an end. It is as a method of revolutionary practice rather than as an ideal of human society that it is challenging the interest and arousing the apprehension of the world. These methods of transforming one state of society into another have grown out of the application by Lenin and his followers of the Marxian theories of social change to the practical necessities of the Russian situation. Both in and out of Russia they are increasingly referred to as Leninism. Not Marxism but Leninism is the orthodoxy of the modern Communist, be he Russian, French, Armenian, or American, as is evidenced by the fact that in all internal disputes it is to the words of Lenin, rather than of his master, Marx, that all sides of the controversy appeal.

It is altogether impossible to understand the activities of the Communists, in the United States or in any other country, to know why they do the apparently irrelevant and fantastic things they do without some appreciation of this philosophic background. The Communists who demonstrated in Union Square, New York, last March did not do so for the express purposes of thumbing their noses at the Police Commissioner and getting their heads cracked. The demonstration was part

of a world-wide scheme for arousing interest in and possibly attaining leadership in an *international* unemployment situation. The movement was part of tactics based upon a complicated but definite economic philosophy and was arranged in every detail by the international Communist office, as the Communists frankly stated in advance.

In spite of the fact that post-war Communism in every country is based so largely on the experience of the Russian revolutionary movement, like all present-day radicalism, it has its roots in the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century and its theoretical background in Marx's social philosophy. An adequate outline of that philosophy would leave no space for a consideration of current Communism, but a brief statement of its fundamental tenet, at least, is necessary. As summed up in the preface of the famous *Communist Manifesto* written by Marx and Engels, in 1847, it is this: " . . . that in every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange . . . form the basis upon which is built up and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind, since the dissolution of primitive tribal society, has been the history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes." This conflict, it continues, has now reached the stage where to-day's proletariat, which is "the special and essential product" of the industrial revolution, cannot attain its own emancipation without at the same time emancipating society at large from all exploitation and class struggles. In other words, it is the historic mission of the workers to destroy the present social order with its poverty, wars, crimes, and injustices and to substitute for it a classless, communal society.

This "materialist conception of history" which sees in the laws, religions, politics, morality, and social outlook of a given period merely the reflection of its methods of production has been accepted by a number of economists, historians, and modern biographers who are not revolutionary. Marx believed that it "was destined to do for history what Darwin's theory has done for biology." It is the theoretical foundation of "scientific" communist and socialist thought.

If Marx thus supplied a philosophic basis for present-day Communism, he also provided a precedent for its international organization. The First International was organized by Marx and other radical leaders in London in 1864. It was probably the most remarkable and colorful collection of reformist and revolutionary elements that has ever gathered together under one roof, varying from republican idealists like Mazzini to violent communist-anarchists like the Russian Bakunin; from simple English trades unionists to French syndicalists. Various manifestations of revolt against the misery produced by the introduction of the factory system had preceded it, but they had lacked a scientific appreciation of the forces with which they dealt and a common direction. It was these that Marx supplied. In the words of Professor Harold J. Laski, "He found Communism a chaos and left it a movement." But the struggle for supremacy in the International between Marx and Bakunin (some of whose theories of organization bear striking resemblance to the "secret nuclei" method of permeation used by modern Communists) finally wrecked the alliance. Rather than that it should become an organ of anarchist conspiracy, Marx signed its death warrant by moving its headquarters to New York where, as he foresaw, it soon expired.

The Second, or Amsterdam International, came into existence in 1889. Since the death of the First, the Marxians had organized socialist or labor parties of varying degrees of radicalism throughout Europe and in America. The Second International was for these a loose federation which represented an agreement on general policies but which had no right to impose a specific line of tactics upon any affiliated group. The German Social Democrats were its strongest single element. With the declaration of war in 1914, the Second International practically fell to pieces, some of the parties supporting their governments, and others, notably the Italian and American, opposing theirs. After the War and the disillusionment that followed, the Second International was revived and exists to-day as the central bureau of the socialist as opposed to the communist parties.

The Third International, organized in Moscow in 1919, was a product of the Russian revolution. Its organization marked the final division of the international working class movement into two warring camps. This division did not, as is popularly supposed, occur simply between those socialists who supported the War and those who remained internationalists. Several active leaders of European Communism are men who turned "social patriots" in 1914. The differences between the two groups were much more fundamental and were the product of tendencies which had been present in the movement for many years. No brief generalizations could possibly do justice to any side of the long and complicated controversy, and space forbids detail. Out of two years of internal dissension, the Third International arose as the representative of those Left Wing elements in the revolutionary movement to whom the theories and practices which led to the Russian success seemed universally applicable. It is interesting to recall here that the split which later resulted among the Italian Socialists, when the movement there was rapidly assuming revolutionary proportions, and when the red flag already flew its warning over certain towns and industrial plants, probably altered the course of European history by making possible the triumph of Fascism in 1922.

III

The war for democracy found Europe with two absolutist governments. It left it with six complete or partial dictatorships, one of which is internationalist and revolutionary in its implications, the others nationalist and conservative in theirs. All represent that disillusionment with or disbelief in the processes of democracy, that reliance upon force, that contempt for "individual rights" which four years of wartime propaganda did so much to encourage and which twelve years of peacetime experience have done little to assuage. But while the dictatorships of Mussolini, Horthy, or Pilsudski have aroused little antagonism and no interference from the outside world, the Communist Party dictatorship in Russia has been the object not only of armed intervention but of continuous verbal attack and frequent misrepresentation. The reason for such a difference in attitude is obvious. Communist control in Russia represents a challenge to the prevailing social order at a time when, especially in Europe, it can least afford to be challenged. Its success in Russia would demonstrate the practicability of what has always been considered a utopian dream; for while Russia in transition is anything but utopian, Russia in the complete realization of its final aims might present a disagreeable example of industrial democracy to the workers of the world. Also, Communism is an inter-

national movement, aiming at an international social revolution which will dispossess the present ruling classes. It will use dictatorship as a means to that end, rather than as a defense of the status quo as in Italy, Hungary, Poland, Spain, and Roumania. It has devoted bands of adherents in every land animated by the same philosophy, adhering to the same methods of attack—methods which frequently bear witness to their courage rather than to their good sense. Furthermore, the control of a single nation by social revolutionaries is a source of strength, inspiration, and aid to their followers in every country; for while the stories of the great quantities of Russian gold poured into the Communist coffers of the world are grossly exaggerated, the Third International—like the central bureau of any other international organization—quite naturally assists its member parties whenever such aid is possible and necessary. In England, where the Communist Party is too small and weak to support a paper, a Communist daily has been established and maintained by Moscow—largely, it would seem, for the purpose of attacking the Labor Party. And in spite of the fact that this endowment was publicly announced in the Moscow papers, the event was unaccompanied by any startling *exposé* of the fact in the British press.

Similar aid is undoubtedly extended to the official Communist Parties in other lands, including the United States—not by Russia as a nation, but by the central office of Communism in Moscow whose funds are gathered from its world-wide membership, the bulk of whom are, of course, in Russia. There is nothing new or particularly startling about this state of affairs. Funds for the support of the General Strike in England—which conservative Britons considered equivalent to revolution—were collected by conservative trades unionists in America a few years ago, and a member of the British parliament toured this country for that purpose. The various socialist parties have for fifty years been lending one another financial assistance for specific struggles. Such international mutual aid is common to all working-class organizations. The Third International's aid, moral and financial, is extended, of course, only to that particular faction in each country which is affiliated with it and accepts its authority; and there can be only one of these in each nation. This explains why the various groups which are continuously splitting away from the dominant faction for various reasons are usually so powerless. They have left behind them both the prestige and support of the International. They may be, as they claim, the only true Leninists and theirs the only correct revolutionary line. This is the case, for example, with the two principal dissenting groups in the United States, the Lovestone group (calling itself the Communist Party of the U. S. A.) and the Cannon group or Trotskyites (calling itself the Communist League). Three years ago Lovestone was the pope of American Communism. To-day, since his withdrawal after discipline by the Comintern, both his faction and the Trotskyites are powerless in comparison with the official party—the Communist Party—led by William Z. Foster, because they have no standing in the international Communist family. This situation is even more complicated in other nations, notably Germany and Holland, where factionalism is even more rampant.

The Third International or Comintern is, then, the parent body to which the orthodox communists of the world are bound by the closest ties of loyalty and discipline. Between meetings of the yearly Congress, the Executive, aided by the reports of its advisory

staff of research workers, has power of *party* life or death over its members. Representation at the yearly Congresses is based upon the numerical strength of each group; and as Russia in 1929 had 1,529,000 members, or two thirds of the party membership of the world, it is obvious that even without their revolutionary prestige, the Russian Communists should dominate the thought of the Congresses and the choice of the Executive. Since the Congress is too large a body to do much more than receive reports and pass resolutions, the Executive is the real governing group of the International. Appeals may be taken from its decision to the Congress, and the defendant or accuser given every opportunity to state his case, but its strategic position and influence make it a formidable opponent to any dissenting individual or group.

The highly centralized character of all Communist organization, whether it be the Comintern itself or a Brooklyn "nucleus," is the inevitable result of the fact that Communist theory is so largely the child of Russian revolutionary experience. In his *Conditions for Admission to the Third International*, Lenin writes: "During the present epoch of intense civil war, the Communist Party can accomplish its task only on condition that it is highly centralized, that it is dominated by an iron discipline which is quasi-military in its severity, that it is guided by a group of comrades at the center enjoying the confidence of the rank and file members, endowed with authority and possessing wide executive powers."

These words were written by one who was attempting to forge a weapon for an imminent and violent world-wide conflict. It is in relation to communist organization in Kansas or the Bronx that they take on a somewhat humorous aspect.

The advantages of such a highly centralized organization as an instrument of warfare are obvious. "Theirs not to reason why" is a necessary formula in the midst of battle. The Third International could, for example, act quickly and effectively in the event of another world war—as the Second could not. Its obvious drawbacks are a lack of flexibility in the face of conflicting and complicated situations inevitable in such a world-wide movement (and this inflexibility has been particularly noticeable in the United States) and in the continuous loss by regular "party purgings," or voluntary withdrawal of those men and women whose sincerity will not permit them to pretend acceptance of tactics whose advisability they doubt. This does not mean that all of those who have been expelled or who have withdrawn from the ranks were motivated by a high degree of personal integrity. Some, at least, have been demagogues and careerists. This may have been the case with the mysterious Hungarian, "John Pepper," who for so many years dominated Communist policy in the United States while acting as the Comintern's official observer, and whose appearance anywhere was the signal for immediate internal dissension—usually the infallible mark of the *agent provocateur*. But on the whole, the careerist best serves his own interests by "yesing" the decisions of the Executive. Once frowned upon by this group, his chances for party power are slim indeed, unless a complete revolution in party policy occurs.

Many of the activities of the various Communist Parties of the world, but particularly in the United States, may seem to the outsider the height of social romanticism unless they are viewed in the light of basic Communist premises. It is the failure to view them thus which accounts for the incredible stupidity with which the subject has been discussed in official circles. For however frequently the Communist changes his

tactics or the dogma of yesterday becomes the heresy of to-day (and this may occur with the arrival of each new "thesis" or analysis of the party position from the Comintern), his basic premises remain intact.

To the Communist, as to the anarchist, the organized State, whatever its form, is the embodiment of force. But the Communist, unlike the anarchist, believes that the worker must gain control of and use this form of force to achieve his final emancipation. The Capitalist state, in all countries, as described by Bukharin, a leading Comintern theorist, "is merely the union of the master class. . . . Everywhere we find that ministers, high officials, members of parliament are either capitalists, landowners, and financial magnates, or else the faithful and well-paid servants of these—lawyers, bank managers, professors, army officers, or bishops, who serve the capitalists, not from fear but from conviction."

This state exists, says the Communist, to protect the interest of the ruling class and to secure for it, at the expense of the owning classes of other countries, a larger share of the world's markets. The workers, naturally, have no interest in this state which exists to legalize and enforce their exploitation. The workers are rapidly beginning to realize this fact, as in its final stage of imperialism, which Lenin has described at length, Capitalism becomes more unstable and develops wars, industrial crises, and unemployment on an increasingly larger scale. This, it is claimed, has been illustrated by the events of the past twelve years. In other words, the Communist believes that the inevitable breakdown of Capitalism, due to its inability to meet the changing conditions of international production and distribution, is now taking place. This leads us to the mainspring of Communist activity, the tenet which covers all Communist thinking and makes them "behave the way they do" here and abroad.

This is the conception that we are, even now, in a state of acute civil war in which an increasingly militant working class is coming to grips with a decaying but still ruthless owning class, which will, of course, fight for its control to the last ditch; that the revolutionary situation which presented itself in Russia may occur even here, at any time, probably as a result of some new international conflict. The imminence of this conflict rests heavily on all Communist thought. The workers, the Communist argues, having both numbers and the logic of history on their side are bound to be eventually victorious. This does not mean that the workers are, as a whole, fast becoming class-conscious communists. It is not necessary that, as a whole, they should have any preconceived notion of the goal. It is sufficient that another world war, a prolonged and serious industrial depression, or a great strike—all of which they consider inevitable under the present order of mass production—should light the fires of instinctive rebellion. When this moment of disillusionment or revolt arrives, it will be the function of the Communists, acting as a disciplined, united, and highly conscious group, drilled in the technic of revolution, understanding the forces with which they are dealing and the inevitable goal toward which society is moving, to assume leadership, wrest control of the state from the political puppets of the exploiters, bring order out of chaos, and institute the worker's dictatorship. This dictatorship will be the temporary but altogether necessary instrument for ushering in the final Communist State. This is what happened in Russia, and no one who has studied the history of revolution can doubt that, given the proper circumstances, it can happen anywhere.

This does not mean of course that the

Communists will patiently wait for the mechanism of history to accomplish its inevitable task. Constant agitation is necessary to bring as many workers as possible into the ranks before the crisis arrives. It is especially necessary to disillusion them in regard to their conservative labor leaders and such "betrayers" of the cause as the socialists, lest in time of strife they turn to these for guidance. Official Communists have a genius for invective, and most of it is poured out upon the heads of their erstwhile comrades, even those who split away but a week before.

There have, of course, been differences in the ranks as to just how soon this capitalist *débâcle* is likely to take place, especially in the United States where the workers show so few signs of exhausted patience. There have been those who have thought the present system much more elastic than the Leninists give it credit for being. But those guilty of such a "right deviation" from the official "party line" have been labeled "defeatists" and, if too vocal in their pessimism, have been the object of discipline or dismissal. For the Party requires not only strict adherence to the "party line" once that line has been established, but also every sign of enthusiasm in pursuing it.

If this were a critique rather than a mere statement of the Communist position, it would be easy to point out the over-simplification of the whole problem in which the Communist indulges, even granting the correctness of his basic analysis. The Communist, like all dogmatic theorists, is usually more eager to make the facts fit his theories than his theories fit the facts. Russia in 1917 presented to him the perfect "revolutionary situation." He is naturally eager to believe that such a situation will be approximately duplicated throughout the world. His state of mind is based upon the conception of a society facing a cataclysm, and he cannot afford to relax his vigilance, lest he be unprepared for the strategic moment when it arrives. In the meantime in every strike or disturbance, in every struggle within the unions for control, in every encounter with the police he is fighting the preliminary skirmishes of the social revolution, and to these he must bring as much enthusiasm and energy as he would to the final battle itself. He does not expect or offer "fair play." He expects the policeman to club him and—theoretically, at least—would be disappointed if he did not; for are not the police, like the army, the obedient minions of the ruling class? This theory, by the way, the police seem all too eager to prove for him. When arrested and accused of crime under such circumstances as those prevailing in Gastonia, and later in Georgia and California, he is not surprised. Such trials become an opportunity for proving to the workers what he has always claimed of "capitalist justice"—that the courts exist to protect the interests of the ruling class. To be sure, his newspapers will denounce the courts and the police for thus performing "their essential function"—as witness *The Daily Worker* during the Gastonia affair—usually in such language as to endanger any chance of acquittal the accused might otherwise have. But this is for propaganda purposes. The Communist knows what to expect—and in this expectation he is usually right. The red-baiters are his most effective, though unconscious, witnesses.

IV

The Communist, in America as elsewhere, does not believe that the ruling class will dispossess itself without a struggle, even though the aroused workers do muster a constitutional majority. He goes through the motion of a political campaign (though he

is already beginning to abandon this gesture) but declares frankly that eventually the struggle will be a forceful one. "A revolutionary class," said Trotsky, while still in good party standing, "which has conquered power with guns in its hands, is bound to and will . . . suppress all attempts to tear power from its hands." And in commenting on the "prattle" about the sacredness of human life, "To make the individual sacred, we must destroy the social order which crucifies him, and this problem can only be solved with blood and iron." This does not mean for a moment, as Congressional investigators have been so eager to prove, that the Communist advocates individual violence or crime. Lenin was the unsparing critic of the Russian terrorist groups, and any Communist who attempted an act of individual violence would immediately find himself outside a party which prides itself upon the discipline of its membership and whose dogma is "mass action." To the Communist the final struggle will be, within one national boundary, akin to that of our own Civil War, except that in the class war the line of demarcation will be horizontal, rather than perpendicular, and it will be the short-sightedness and greed of the exploiters, not the desire of the workers, that will make such a struggle inevitable.

Every non-communist writer on the subject has compared the dominating spirit and form of organization of the Communists to that of the Society of Jesus, for the analogy is too obvious to be avoided. Nor does the intelligent Communist deny it. "Of course we are Jesuitical," a Communist leader remarked to me recently. "The wiping out of poverty, war, and insecurity are great enough ends to justify any means." He continued to point out that Christian had destroyed Christian from 1914 to 1918 for international profits. Why condemn the workers who may be forced to use violence in order to recover the goods of which they have been robbed?

In other words, Communist method springs from the fact that the Communist is motivated always by a "wartime psychology." On his shoulders rests the responsibility for rebuilding the world. Communism is not only his social and political philosophy. It is also his emotional substitute for religion, and disagreement with him becomes, therefore, his substitute for sin. His attitude toward his opponent is essentially that of the religionist's attitude toward the sinner, especially if his opponent be another radical. To the active Communist tolerance, fair-mindedness, the desire to see all around a subject are weaknesses in which the liberal can afford to indulge himself but which to the soldier of the revolution spell confusion and defeat. Granted the need for a revolutionary change (and the average intelligent human being these days will grant the need of very far-reaching ones), it is undoubtedly true that it is the single-tracked thinkers rather than the broad-minded ones who make history. The Communist makes not the slightest pretense to broad-mindedness. This makes him a difficult companion for the non-believer.

This is, at least, the official position. I have Communist friends who in their unofficial moments permit both their sense of humor and a warm, generous sense of humanity to triumph over "the party line." But should I criticize their co-members or their party press for misrepresentation—or simple foolishness—they will spring to the defense with passion, even though convinced themselves of the validity of the charge. To another Communist they might admit its validity. To me, as an outsider, they must maintain a united front.

That the courage of the Communist in the face of dangerous opposition is no

less intense than his loyalty in the face of criticism has been demonstrated both in Russia, when the Bolsheviks and their followers defended their state against the combined intervention of the European Allies, while fighting pestilence and starvation at their rear, and in America where they have gone into territory as dangerously intolerant of innovation as our Southern States to organize workers so long neglected by the official American labor movement. Perhaps the single debt which the American workers owe so far to ten years of Communist agitation is this focusing of public attention—and organized labor's interest—upon the plight of such underpaid and miserably conditioned groups of unorganized workers as the textile mill hands. Communist-led strikes in these industries have been dramatic, violent, and productive of unlimited news space, even though they have resulted in no victories and no permanent organization. The slow, plodding work of building up effective unions in these fields may be accomplished by less impatient and colorful leaders. But the Communists have acted as gadflies both to the public generally and to a lethargic union officialdom. As was the case with the old I. W. W., this may be the function of the Communists in the present stage of industrial and political affairs in America.

Because of its single-mindedness which expresses itself both in intolerance of opposition and in devotion to its aims, no other movement in the world perhaps so lends itself to ridicule as does the Communist movement. This is especially true in America, where the alarmist psychology with its daily "crisis," the ponderous phraseology, the disciplinary methods more fitted to the barricades than to the propaganda exigencies of a small revolutionary group are so out of keeping with the economic naïveté of American working-class sentiment. The entire Communist membership of America has been placed by Moscow as 16,000, and by Mr. Jay Lovestone as 6,000. The truth may lie anywhere between these two figures, though nearer perhaps to the first, as Mr. Lovestone, being a dissenter at the moment, is eager to minimize the official strength. At the last mayoralty election in New York the Communist candidate polled something over 5,000 votes. In the light of these figures and of American working class apathy to even the mildest of reforms, the panic of public officials, as well as the pomposity of the Communist press, with its screaming vituperation, its constant whipping up of "war dangers" to Soviet Russia, and its painfully esoteric analyses of the latest Comintern thesis—analyses which to the average worker must be as devoid of sense as they are frequently devoid of verbs—all take on the aspects of *opera bouffe*. I am inclined to think that the Communist press of the United States would be as acute a source of pain as the Fish Committee to the brilliant and scientifically minded Lenin, were he alive to-day. To write of the *Daily Worker* without resort to satire requires considerable self-restraint, even on the part of one not wholly out of sympathy with its general aims. I am told that Karl Radek, the witty Comintern leader, has created at least one Russian wise-crack per day at the expense of Communist dogma. A Radek is the crying need of American Communism.

One would be foolish, nevertheless, because of the childish quality of certain local propaganda, to underestimate the validity of much of the Communist indictment or of its unquestioned appeal to the desperate and hungry worker who has at last realized that he has no stake in the present social order. If the Communists were as good psychologists as they are econo-

mists, if they indulged in more actual adaptation to American working-class realities and less wishful-thinking in terms of Russian reality, their membership would undoubtedly be many times its present number and Communism a force to reckon with in a period of general depression and insecurity.

However weak numerically the Communists may be in America, their prestige and effectiveness are augmented by each wave of persecution, each unjust charge against them, each attempt to suppress their constitutional rights. Because all of these bring to their temporary support all those liberal and radical groups which under ordinary circumstances abhor their methods and disbelieve in their principles. Even the Socialists, who are the objects of more Communist vituperation than any group of capitalists in America, must, when the Communists are assaulted by the common enemy, protest to officials, collect money for their defense, help organize relief committees to feed and clothe their strikers, and defend the Communist cause generally. This has been true of even such pacifist but conservative groups as the Quakers. When human rights are outraged, all those who believe in them will spring to their defense, even though the injured may be such disbelievers in "human" rights as the Communists. Communism in America has created a stir out of all proportion to its size and influence thanks to the hearty co-operation of such organizations as the D. A. R., the Civic Federation, certain branches of the American Legion, and to the excitement of a few prominent individuals.

V

International Communism to-day is on the horns of a dilemma. The points of those horns might, by over-simplification, be labeled Stalin and Trotsky, although Trotsky's personality has little to do with the situation or his expulsion with its solution. Communism is a philosophy of international revolution, and that revolution, according to Marx, should have occurred first in that country in which production was most highly developed and centralized. Instead, it made its appearance in an agrarian and almost feudal state. Nor was it followed by similar happenings elsewhere. Russia has remained a Communist island in a sea of Capitalism. In order that it should maintain itself in the face of international aggression, it was necessary to stabilize the state, transform it into a modern nation that can actually give to the workers and peasants a better life than they had under Tzarism, develop the country's natural resources and an acute national consciousness among its people. It was also necessary that it remain on sufficiently friendly terms with other nations to buy from them that machinery which it could not supply itself and at the same time avoid international complications which might result in war. This was the task of Soviet Russia and, according to disinterested evidence, its accomplishment in the face of the odds against it has been nothing short of miraculous.

But Soviet Russia is not only a nation in the process of industrial transformation; it is also, as one writer has called it, "the revolutionary fatherland." In spite of its technical separation from the Third International, the radical workers of the world expect from Russia direction and assistance in their struggles. Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution—"It is inconceivable that Soviet Russia should continue to exist side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately one or the other must conquer"—is accepted as a valid formula by all Communists, but its application is postponed until the future. Russia cannot build up her national security if she foments

revolutions abroad, nor can she long exist as a Communist state unless the revolutionary movement spreads and eventually comes to her support. Russian foreign policy and the Comintern's revolutionary policy are based on the need of adjustment to this conflicting situation. If the Five Year Plan is completed before a capitalist attack or boycott takes place, Russia will be in a state of comparative self-sufficiency. In the meantime the Third International seeks to weaken the hold of international capitalism by upsetting its economic stability. Great Britain, as the outstanding example of capitalist imperialism, is at the moment the chief object of attack. This accounts for Communist interest in such nationalist struggles as the one taking place in India. The Communist is uninterested in nationalism, but he is eager to upset British economy by cutting off this rich source of revenue. There is also the possibility that in the turmoil of revolution, a small, disciplined Communist group may be able to swing into control of the situation. While making no effort to hide such Machiavellian intentions, the Communists in such situations frequently unite in a temporary "united front" organization with liberal and radical groups interested in the nationalist struggle. There is a tendency, however, among such groups to become increasingly suspicious of this "united front" tactic of the Communists whom they suspect of using them as "window dressing" while striking at them from behind. Indeed, Lenin readily admitted the basis for such suspicion.

VI

We have said that Communism is both an ideal of society and a method of revolution. In the past few years it has become a cultural outlook as well. Russia's extreme necessity and the desperate conditions of her survival tended to build up a utilitarian and impersonal attitude toward the arts that was the expression of revolutionary need even though it had no organic relationship to communist philosophy. With an entirely different motivation, this attitude is akin to that of our own "hard-boiled" industrialists—a glorification of mechanical development and the machine. With it went a contempt for the expression of more human and intimate motives and of individual problems. Russia in war, in pestilence, in rehabilitation had no time or patience for the lyrical or personally tragic. The Communist artist must celebrate mass movement and the machine which is to be Russia's salvation, not love, death, personal joy or sorrow. The social intensity out of which this attitude grew is somewhat relaxed, but the attitude itself has crystallized into a definite world-wide Communist culture which rejects the personal problem for the social one. It is an outlook which may easily become an escape from individual inadequacy, a withdrawing from one's personal difficulties to drown onese'f in the communal need. It is the Communist artist's answer to what he considers a bourgeois *Weltschmerz*, to individualism, to the hated thing called introspection. There are already signs of a reaction to this excessive communization of emotion, but these are as yet too indefinite to outline.

It is trite to say that the future of Communism in America as elsewhere hinges upon the elasticity with which the present order can accommodate itself to inevitable changes. It should be obvious, however, that wherever the workers are haunted by the dread of insecurity some such system as Communism begins to look attractive. And in spite of Presidential optimism, the specter of involuntary unemployment is still with us.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND INTERNATIONAL SPORT

REFLECTIONS AFTER THE POLO MATCHES AND THE YACHT RACES

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

ROUGHLY speaking—and I expect to speak very roughly in this article—there are what may be described as "off years" and "on years" in international competitive sport. Every summer our best golf and tennis players journey abroad to meet the English in their native land; almost every year or two our college athletes have various contests with undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge; but only at intervals of every three years do we have the polo contests for the International Challenge Cup, and still more infrequently the yacht races for the America's Cup. Last summer both took place within the month of September; 1930 for that reason was indeed a remarkable sporting year.

Was it, however, a good year? Looking back over the contests held last summer and the aftermath of half-suppressed irritation they produced across the water, one is inclined to believe that it was by no means as successful as it should have been. Obviously the main purpose of international athletic contests is not to win a match or a race or a game, but to foster friendly relations between individuals and nations, of which there appear to be none too many anywhere in the world at present. Was mutual understanding, was a respect for the ability and the sportsmanship of our rivals, were the bonds of comradeship strengthened by the sporting events of the past six months? Unquestionably no. Said Mr. Edwin C. Hill, an able and experienced newspaper reporter writing in the New York *Sun* shortly after the races at Newport: "Underneath all the social froth and chatter and mutual expressions of good will is the British notion that there has been a bit of sharp practice."

This belief was noticeable in the London press following the yacht race and the polo games. The sporting columns and, to a certain extent, the editorial columns of the big British dailies were full of criticism of the two contests and the manner in which they had been conducted, leaving Englishmen generally with the feeling that they had been more or less cheated out of victory by clever Yankee tricks. Certainly the suspicion which has been prevalent in England for some time, to the effect that American sportsmanship is often sadly deficient, was confirmed last September.

Was 1930 an altogether exceptional year? Were the rumblings in the British press and the attitude of their sporting public altogether unusual? Not at all. Go over the accounts of these contests in 1924 and again in 1927 and you will discover almost precisely

the same reaction: grumblings abroad and an amazing amount of ill will and bad feeling generated on both sides of the Atlantic. What has happened before happened on schedule this year, and now many followers of sport are asking themselves the inevitable question: do these contests, which cost enormously in time and money, really serve any useful purpose? Do they actually contribute anything to international understanding and, if so, why all the hard words and hard feelings? Of these there were enough and to spare last autumn on both sides of Sir Thomas Lipton's ocean.

II

Some of the things that I shall say in this article will probably be taken to indicate a violent anti-British prejudice, an attitude totally out of sympathy with the English and their attitude toward athletics. But it is difficult for anyone who really knows England and its people not to be impressed by their feeling for and love of games.

Over a long period of years it has been my good fortune to have enjoyed many happy days of sport in the English countryside. One such, last summer, will remain forever in my memory. It was a perfect summer afternoon in June, warm, serene, one of those days which alone can make Great Britain's poisonous climate worth enduring. Tucked away in the hollow of the Downs, secluded by a high hedge from the country lane, stood a low, two-story Georgian house, its red brick contrasting vividly with the wide expanse of lawn which stretched away before the French windows of the drawing-room. Beside the house to the right was a garden, masses of flowers abloom, chunks of color; at the end of the lawn was a long pool filled with water lilies and tawny, iridescent fish. A row of canvas chairs, cushions on the ground, and a table or two under a striped umbrella bordered the pool. On the other side were two tennis courts. Very old, it is, this turf. Recently it was necessary to re-surface the courts, and six inches below the top the gardeners dug up a *dupondius*, a coin of the Emperor Vespasian.

The family who live here have lived here for generations and take all these surroundings for granted. They are indeed a sporting household; the father is M. F. H. of the local hunt, one of the boys is on the cricket eleven of a famous public school, an uncle was one of the gallant men who struggled up the last slopes of Mount Everest. Sport is ingrained in their blood. Even the visitor in their midst unconsciously absorbs that principle of the game for the game's sake which is the heritage of this "decent and dauntless people."

The guests arrive. Young boys and girls from school, their fathers and mothers, elderly ladies who must be grandparents, all carrying racquets. There are ex-army colonels wearing monocles and adorned with ferocious mustachios, bronzed civil servants home on leave from the East, young men down from the 'varsity for the long vacation. Surely, you ask yourself, those elderly ladies who look as if they might break in two are not going to play? Certainly. Why not?

"Will you please make a four with Colonel Thunderer and Mrs. Nutcombe Quick?" Out you go and play, discovering to your surprise that the grandmammas are still able to scamper about and hold their end up, and that the colonel with the monocle is a nasty customer at the net whenever he gets his bat to the ball. You observe also that all these people play; everyone is there to take part, not to watch. No one, be it noted, is exceptionally good; but also no one is very bad. There is a four playing upon the adjoining court, and when you have finished one set,

another party immediately takes your place. You play and you sit out a few minutes and then you play again. One set at a time, never with the same partner, never against the same opponents.

Now it is time for tea. Everyone tramps into the dining room and sits at the long table covered with food: watercress sandwiches and brown bread and butter and loaf cakes and cakes of all kinds. Tea finished, everyone piles across the lawn to the courts, and the games are resumed. Games, that is what they are—games not contests. They are sport; there is exquisite pleasure in making a stroke not with the idea of winning the point but for the sheer perfection of movement entailed; there is delight in hitting a ball, in playing this game in this deep sunshine upon this perfect turf.

Whereas most of the English friends of my host that afternoon came on foot across the fields, on bicycles, or in tiny motor cars of an ancient vintage, the environs of the Country Club back in the United States, that same day, suggested the sales room of a metropolitan motor agency. Line upon line, in serried rank, were stationed the new straight eights, the 1931 sixes, burnished and shining in the summer sun, the latest, the most expensive, the most luxurious models.

The large room as you entered the Country Club door was filled with a dozen tables of ladies playing bridge. The sunshine outside did not attract them; they sat grimly concentrated upon their bids, smoking feverishly. The porch was well lined with stoutish gentlemen and their spouses in rocking chairs. Four figures on the rolling slopes in the distance were just leaving the seventeenth green. Sportsman No. 1, picking up his ball with an annoyed gesture, remarked:

"Tell you what, Jim, ten dollars I take you for a ride on this last hole."

There was a time when we played the game for the fun of it. Nowadays the average American's conception of sport is to travel three hours in a closed car on a vivid autumn afternoon and sit upon a concrete bench while twenty-two figures chuck lateral passes down below. To top this off, the American must read carefully the details in the Sunday newspapers the next morning in order to find out what it was all about and who recovered the fumble which led up to the forward pass which was followed by the spinner play which gave the team a chance to shake No. 26 loose—who was No. 26?—for the winning score.

As different as their accents, their food, or their climate, are the English and American attitudes toward sport. The American adores crowds; where the crowds are there would he be. Thus he will travel all day to an intercollegiate football game, to an international polo match or a World's Series contest, and endure endless discomforts, to see a sport about which he often has only the faintest knowledge and at heart not much real enthusiasm.

The Englishman, on the other hand, would rather play than watch. He blunders along, not a specialist in any one sport, but deft and dexterous in many. He is an excellent hockey player, a mountain climber, fair at tennis, and pretty useful at rugger. He refuses to train, to concentrate, to break records, and so whenever an international sporting contest rolls around he is sure to lose. To the Englishman sport is fun and he insists on treating it as such. To my English friends an afternoon's walk on the crest of the Downs with two dogs, when the wind blows in from the Channel in the distance and fleecy clouds fleck the horizon, is sport. To an American it is insanity. Walk

eight miles in one day! Good Heavens, what's the matter with the car? Must think I'm crazy.

My English friend watching an American football squad go through its early season routine on a hot afternoon in September, running between automobile tires placed in echelon upon the ground, charging with their heads a large canvas sheet with a hole in the middle that is supported by two posts, imagines us to be a nation of sporting madmen. When the American learns that the New York University band, one hundred and sixty-five more or less musical undergraduates, went into training quarters at Farmingdale, Long Island, in preparation for the football season, he thinks it a wonderful exhibition of college spirit. The Englishman considers it an exhibition of lunacy.

The English and American conceptions of sport are as far apart as the poles. The American concentrates upon whatever game he plays, tries to do his best to improve, wishes intensely to win, and often succeeds in doing so. As Mr. E. V. Knox puts it, "Specialization in any form of athletic prowess is the breath of life to our cousins overseas. Whenever a child in a cradle is seen to hold his rattle with an overlapping grip, he is singled from his fellows, trained, boosted, encouraged, press-agented, dieted, and photographed, until at the age of five or six he is playing around the Big Moose Course in Wyoming steadily under mommer, if not indeed under par." Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, as Coach Knute Rockne of Notre Dame once remarked. Or was it former Coach Ralph Waldo Emerson of Harvard? Never mind. System, practice, diligent application, concentrated training, all this makes winners. Winners make record breakers, record breakers insure victory all along the line. And there you are. Or rather there we are, at the top of the sporting heap.

As between the American idea, which turns athletics into big business and treats sport with more seriousness than politics or religion, and the English idea of sport, that it is something to take as amusement, I am in complete agreement with the latter.

III

The English are thoroughly sensible, it seems to me, when they regard the victory of Mr. Cyril James Harold Tolley in the amateur golf championships at Sandwich as of less importance than a world war, and do not consider it necessary to organize a parade in his honor and greet him with the keys of the City of London when he returns to the old home town. Their attitude toward sport is essentially sane and right. It should, therefore, produce the best sportsmen in the world. But does it? I am not so sure.

In fact, I am exceedingly doubtful that it does, and becoming more so as the years roll along and the English are thrown more and more into competition with the outer world. Let me confess that over a period of time my belief in British sportsmanship and my faith in their ability to take a licking without complaint have received a good many setbacks. Meeting the English in competition on several occasions within the past ten years, I admit with reluctance that I have not always found them acting with a high personal sense of sportsmanship. Moreover, it has become increasingly plain to me that, while they were formerly the best of sportsmen and the most charming and delightful of opponents when vanquished, they are rapidly forfeiting their claim to that honor.

The facts—and I am dealing with facts—are that from the days of the famous Halswelle-Carpenter incident

in the Olympic Games of 1908 at Shepherd's Bush in London down to the present day English athletic authorities have been unable to take a defeat in the great-hearted spirit which everyone likes to associate with the British sportsman. As long ago as the early days of the present century, when the first Oxford and Cambridge track teams were visiting this country, we were told that their defeat was due to the fact that it was obviously impossible for a team to cross the ocean, train under unfamiliar conditions, and then be at its best; although shortly afterward our college teams did the same thing and were victorious. When Mr. Maurice McLoughlin, the originator of the so-called cannon ball service, introduced this delivery to an English gallery at Wimbledon, it was spoken of as ungentlemanly and even unfair. After the international polo matches of 1927, won by the Americans two matches to nothing, British opinion was severe in criticism of our conduct of the games, and Captain Percy Creed, writing shortly afterward in the English *Polo Monthly*, took us severely to task for the umpiring, especially in the second game. When we win we can do nothing right.

But this season a series of international sporting events resulted in a culmination of English protests and lamentations that were, to put it mildly, rather a disappointment to those of us who believe the British idea of sport to be somewhat better balanced than our own. There were, first of all, the yawpings which arose over the loss of the Test Match to Australia, yawpings which assumed such proportions that Mr. Neville Cardus, the cricket authority of the *Manchester Guardian*, was led to suggest afterward in print, "Frankly, we have not lost the rubber philosophically. In certain responsible places, at any rate, old heads have become temporarily unbalanced, and generosity has received a check. The Australians may well feel like asking themselves what has happened for a while to the traditional British chivalry."

Whether or not this Englishman's stricture upon English sportsmanship was justified I shall not attempt to say; let us go on to the next great international athletic event of the year, the polo matches at Meadow Brook, Long Island.

Now for some time the English press had led us to believe that so far as mounts were concerned the British team of 1930 would hold its own with its rivals; indeed, as early as December, 1929, the polo correspondent of the London *Observer* was writing: "The Americans are not likely to have any advantage over our team in the matter of ponies. . . . Hurlingham is paying particular attention to this side of the venture and, as I have already stated in a previous article, they have already purchased thirty of the finest pairs in this country." After reading comments of this sort during most of the spring and summer in London periodicals, it was amazing after the matches in September to find the same gentlemen placing the blame for the defeat upon the ponies in this fashion: "It would appear that either our men or our ponies could not stand the pace as well as their opponents, and it cannot be denied that of the two it must have been the ponies who cracked or rather were not the equals of those of the Americans. It is, of course, well known that all our best ponies go over to the United States, as they obtain much higher prices than they do here. And so long as the Americans have longer purses than we have—which seems likely to be a very long time indeed—they will be able to mount their international teams on the best ponies in the world, which is a pity, but apparently unavoidable."

Directly under this comment, which came out in the *Observer* of September 14th, appeared a despatch from New York stating that the British ponies were sold at auction for a total of £36,680, or about $183,400. And in an adjoining column of the same paper was an account of the yearling sales at Doncaster, England, held on the same afternoon, which amounted to 183,715 guineas, or about $918,575. One colt alone was sold for 7,500 guineas, or $37,500—$22,000 more than the high price at Meadow Brook, that paid by Mr. Stephen Sanford for Captain Roark's brown mare, White Slave. Other prices at Doncaster were in line: they ranged from 480 guineas ($2,400) for Diolite up to 12,500 guineas ($62,500) for Singapore, the St. Ledger winner. These figures, as the racing correspondent of the *Observer* pointed out, were the smallest in years, considerably under the usual average at Doncaster. These large sums were paid, to be sure, for race horses, not for polo ponies; do they not, however, suggest that there is money in England to buy the best ponies just as there is money in the United States—possibly not as much, but certainly enough? If rich horsemen like Lord Woolavington and Lord Glanely and Sir Charles Hyde and Sir Harold Wernher, to name several English moneyed sportsmen, prefer to increase the value of their own stables and assure their own personal success in the field of racing rather than to finance the polo team which bears their country's name, as rich American horsemen have done, that is their business and not ours. But let us take this talk of American dollars being an insuperable element in the victory for just what it is worth —nothing at all.

In the same week of the polo matches the yacht races for the America's Cup were sailed; sailed and won by the *Enterprise* in three straight races. Once again the money element did it, according to the British; the *Manchester Guardian* remarked with resignation, "We may as well realize that the truth about the Americans in the yachting business is that they have the ships, they have the men, and they have the money, too." The American victory was also due, so some British observers claimed, to the number of mechanical devices which enabled the defender to shift sail and otherwise maneuver in such a way that the challenger was placed at a disadvantage. "We don't say there was anything illegal about *Enterprise's* metal mast, her unusual boom, or her machinery for hauling sail," said Mr. John Westwood, who for thirty years has been Sir Thomas Lipton's private secretary. "All these devices seem to be permissible under the rules. But they are devices which cannot be anticipated or met by a challenger. They represent the extremes to which you Americans very cleverly resort. Mind you, we are not complaining; but there it is."

No, we are not complaining, but—The fact is the British were beaten and went home good and sore, saying, as Mr. Hill explained, " . . . what they have carefully refrained from saying to their American hosts, that they don't think they have got a square deal in the straight-out, simon pure sense of amateur yacht racing." Perhaps they did not, although many of us nonnautical folks were led to believe before the contests that the races were not only to test seamanship but also the art of design. And if so, what earthly objection can there be to improvements in design which do not alter the fact that the boat is still propelled by the wind alone?

Among other contentions put forward by the British as a reason for losing was that in at least one race the *Shamrock* did not know when the start was actually signaled and was caught

unprepared when the *Enterprise* crossed the line. If it was, this speaks well for the amateur skipper of the American boat, Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, and not so well for the professional skipper of the British boat. Here was certainly one occasion when the dollars of American millionaires did not bring us victory. Oh, yes they did, say the British. Your syndicates and your expensive mechanical gadgets were the things that turned the trick. They forget to mention that some of the mechanical gadgets of which they complain, notably the duralumin mast, were tried on early British challengers and abandoned as unsatisfactory. But having been so constructed as to be made workable by the Americans, they are immediately considered unfair and their use looked upon as sharp practice! Moreover, Mr. F. B. R. Brown, an Englishman writing to the London *Times*, pointed out that the unusual boom of the *Enterprise* is not a new discovery at all. "It was known and used," he said, "before the day of Montgolfier's hot air balloon. . . . Loose-footed gaffmainsails are to be seen in 17th century Dutch pictures, and it is therefore safe to say that the principle of the *Enterprise* boom was known and used before the America's Cup was thought of."

Shortly after this Bobby Jones, who had earlier in the year won the British open and amateur golf championships, ended the season by winning the American open and amateur titles also. The London newspapers were full of appreciation of this feat, and the *News-Chronicle* remarked, "Jones' personal charm and his modesty in triumph are assets which make him an invaluable traveling advertisement of the finer and rarer qualities of the American race." Notice the word "rarer." We may win championships now and then, but only Bobby Jones can be a gentleman when he does it.

IV

Great Britain may be considered the nursery of games like golf and tennis; there they originated and were developed; and if an Englishman brought polo home from India, at least it was popularized at Hurlingham. Fifty years ago, thirty years ago even, the English were supreme in all these sports which at present we practice in common. They were first in those days, and there was no one else. "Time's winged chariot passes." Let us trace for a moment the gradual decline of English athletic superiority since the beginning of joint athletic competition between our two nations.

The first international polo series was held in 1886 and won by the British, two matches to nothing. Nor did the Americans win a single contest in the next meeting in 1900. In fact it was not until 1902, sixteen years after the first clash, that our team was able to win a game! From then on English superiority declined slowly but unmistakably; and after winning the series of 1914 the older nation has not been successful in taking a single game in the series of 1921, 1924, 1927, and 1930. We have won eight straight games, an eloquent testimony to our preëminence in what used to be exclusively an English sport.

Nor is the swing of the pendulum less marked in golf. In 1904 when Walter J. Travis won the British amateur title he was the first foreigner to capture any English golfing championship. Armand Massy took the open title across to France in 1907, and of late years the British golfing events at Sandwich, Hoylake, Prestwick, and St. Andrews have given little comfort to the home players. In 1926 Jess Sweetser won their amateur title; this past summer Bobby Jones was victorious. In 1922 Walter Hagen won their open, and since 1923

no native golfer has held it. Hagen won in 1924, Barnes in 1925, Jones in 1926 and 1927, Hagen in 1928 and 1929, and Jones in 1930. Only the British women's title has escaped American hands, and this also has been taken from the natives; first in 1927 when it was won by Madame René Lacoste (then Mademoiselle Simone de la Chaume), and again in 1928 by her sister-in-law, Madame Thion de la Chaume (then Mademoiselle Manette Le Blan).

In lawn tennis the changes in sporting leadership are still more apparent. From the first Wimbledon tournament held in 1877 until 1907, thirty years later, no one except a native had even reached the finals at this historic tournament. That year the title was won by Mr. Norman E. Brookes of Australia, and he set a fashion that has since become a habit. Since Mr. Arthur W. Gore was victorious in 1909, no Englishman has been near the title. In fact since 1926 when Mrs. Leslie Godfree (then Miss Kitty McKane) defeated Mrs. Frederick Moody (then Miss Helen Wills) to win the women's singles championships, no English player has held a title at Wimbledon except in ladies' doubles! Since the War the winners in the men's singles have been Mr. G. L. Patterson of Australia in 1919, Mr. W. T. Tilden of the United States in 1920 and 1921, Mr. G. L. Patterson of Australia in 1922, Mr. W. M. Johnston of the United States in 1923, Mr. J. Borotra of France in 1924, Mr. R. Lacoste of France in 1925, Mr. Borotra of France in 1926, Mr. H. Cochet of France in 1927, Mr. Lacoste of France in 1928, Mr. Cochet of France in 1929, Mr. Tilden of the United States in 1930.

Explain if you can this gradual loss of leadership in sport. Has British skill fallen off? Possibly, although I am not so sure of it. Is it not more likely that younger nations have taken the challenge seriously, that we, for instance, have applied ourselves to the weighty problem of winning championships all over the earth with our customary efficiency, the results being commensurate with the efforts expended? The slapdash athletic methods of the last century, which were sufficient to enable the English to win titles when all the world was new at games, are not good enough to-day. Is it more than a coincidence that the English decline in sports is exactly paralleled by the decline in trade throughout the British Isles? Competition in the one instance has done precisely what it has accomplished in the other.

Now I may be wrong; but it seems to me that the English are very naturally beginning to feel this continued lack of success in athletics, and that of late they have been taking their defeats with anything but the good grace and the sportsmanship we have come to expect from this great sporting race, the race which has produced sportsmen like Captain Scott, Colonel Norton, and Sir Thomas Lipton. Even to-day most English—and a few Americans also—believe that the feverish intensity which is necessary to nurture and equip a breed of super-champions is entirely out of keeping with the real spirit of games as they should be played; that the attitude of mind which forces a twenty-year-old boy to travel about playing tennis for seven months of the year, even for the sake of a grail as holy as the Davis Cup, is the acme of imbecility. But impressed with our example and our world-wide successes, many British leaders of sport are being bitten by the American victory bug. Somewhat disturbed perhaps by their string of athletic failures in recent years, they are trying to adopt newer, snappier, more modern sporting methods. They are sending cricket and tennis teams on tours across the earth; their Mr. Tolley

condescends to cross an ocean to have a whack at our amateur golf championship. But their efforts have not yet been attended with much success because a system or conception of values which works excellently for one nation and one people is apt to fail when attempted by men of a different temperament. The English have not had much luck at imitating our methods; and, continuing to lose, they have become—to put it plainly—just a little peevish.

Should we in their places be as good-humored losers as the English after thirty years of concentrated lickings? I doubt it; if they are peevish, I am confident that in a similar situation we should be simply unbearable. Nor is there anything in the manner in which our business world has taken the setbacks of the recent depression to make one believe the contrary. But as I have already attempted to point out, the British sporting philosophy being what it is, one hopes for and expects much from this sporting people. And one is all the more disappointed when they act like spoiled children over what after all is merely a race between two boats belonging to a couple of millionaires.

What we are witnessing in the last analysis is an extremely interesting conflict between two sporting philosophies. One of them says in effect: A game is a game. If I cannot win without benefit of trainers, helpers, rubbers, masseurs, dietitians, head coaches, assistant head coaches, publicity men, graduate managers, undergraduate managers, and all the rest of the rumble-dumble which accompanies sporting life in the United States, I will lose. The other sporting philosophy concentrates upon victory and believes that nothing within the rules which helps toward that end should be neglected. And as the English and those who rule athletics abroad have tended to diverge from their former attitude, from their feeling of sport for the sake of the game, and have tried more and more to compete with the young and virile nation of traveling salesmen of athletics, the faster they have gone down to defeat. And what, alas, is worse, they have gone down protesting, objecting to the final decision.

It is not a happy spectacle to contemplate.

V

An English friend of mine who has competed in various sports in this country, in Europe, and in India with athletes of almost every land on the globe, once listed the nations in the order of their sportsmanship. He placed the Japanese first, the Dutch next, then the Germans, Americans, English, French, Italians, Czechs, and so on.

I shall not attempt to pass judgment upon this order, but it has come increasingly to my attention in the past few years that the English are excessively anxious to win the big international sporting events of the season, and anything but exhilarated over their failures. Let an American or an American team win such a contest, and the air is immediately filled with pleas and excuses from the British press, and to a certain extent from the British sporting public. "Oh, those chaps, they train all the time. What can you expect, my dear fellow?" I am often met by English friends with the argument that, after all, they could do the same thing if only they would stoop so low. Your Mr. Tilden, they say, is nothing but a professional, he plays the year round, he professes tennis. With this indictment I concur, although I might point to Mr. Austin, the stockbroker, and one or two others who ape Mr. Tilden in London with little success. But let us pass over that. The next step taken by my English friends is to say in effect: Of course this sort of

thing is unfair, it is unsportsmanlike. We could win if we really cared to descend to tactics of that kind.

But could they? I doubt it. And while it may seem silly for a man to devote his entire life to tennis or any other sport, after all that is his business. Nor do I see why it is unfair if he chooses to do so and others with more brains do not choose to follow suit. Unfortunate as an example, yes; unfair, no. Suppose the English did cast aside their basic sporting philosophy and attempt to play the year through, would they then be champions? Never; Mr. Austin and one or two other young Englishmen I could name are the proof thereof. That splendid all-round sportswoman, Señorita Elvia de Alvarez, once pointed out to me that the English women tennis stars often used this argument, but that no one played the game as much as they did; on the Riviera all winter, in England in the spring and early summer, in the United States in the late summer and fall. And still they were unable to defeat Mrs. Moody and Miss Helen Jacobs, our two ranking players, both of whom play extremely little competitive tennis.

Here, then, is the crux of the problem. The English, for years the best athletes in the world, have for a quarter of a century been outdistanced. Now they are beginning to wish they could exchange their philosophy of sports for one that will bring *results*. But such an idea is at variance with their inherently sensible belief about games; wherefore they continue to plug along, playing all games fairly usefully and no game extremely well. Meanwhile a long series of defeats has begun to make them testy and petulant whenever another triumph sends yet another English sporting title across the sea.

"It's curious," said Mr. Hill, commenting on the yacht races off Block Island last fall, "how much bad feeling and misunderstanding the yacht races have created in the long sweep of contests over the past seventy-nine years. It's a distinct question whether any form of international competition in sports makes for improved comity; but nobody can deny that rancor has followed in the wake of the contesting yachts."

These words of a veteran observer of men and manners simply bear out the experience of every sporting reporter, of everyone who has ever had anything to do with international sporting contests between the United States and England, in any sport. Our Mr. Tilden is a professional because he plays all year round as no gentleman should do, and our polo contests are won with money that buys the best ponies, and our yachts are victorious because of mechanical gadgets that no really nice person would use, and even our Mr. Jones is looked on as much too decent to be really an American. Naturally there has been trouble this year after these international sporting events; the only difference this year has been that the differences have been more manifest, and the English comments slightly more acidulous.

Now in common with many other citizens of both countries I believe that the peace of the world is best served by a close understanding between the peoples of the United States and Great Britain. There are many worthy agencies like the English Speaking Union devoting time, energy, and vast sums of money to promoting this understanding. Parenthetically, let me suggest that if you are scornful of the good accomplished by such organizations, you step some summer day into Dartmouth House, the headquarters of the E. S. U. on Charles Street in London, and observe the quiet and useful work performed by it in acquainting American travelers, and especially American college students, with English life and

institutions. But I honestly believe that one international sporting contest such as that for the America's Cup, with its disturbing aftermath—which left the English public with the conviction that we are a nation of athletic gangsters only too ready to do any sort of *truc* in order to win, and the American public with the opinion that as usual the English were going home whining about their licking—can in a week nullify a year's work of a dozen such agencies as the E. S. U. It can do more: it can leave scars upon the public mind which seriously affect the security and happiness of the two greatest sporting nations of the world.

English sportsmen are beginning to feel much the same way about the thing. Thus Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart, an athlete of twenty-five years' experience, says in the London *Standard*, "The competitive spirit in international sport is one of the greatest potential factors of international discord. . . . Let us abandon the Walker Cup, the America's Cup, the Westchester Cup, the Olympic Games, the degrading football matches with Continental nations, and all the senseless expenditure which these international contests entail. . . . Above all let us abandon this foolish talk about the brotherhood of international sport. Games in their own place are a healthy recreation. International contests are an unhealthy excitement."

Trouble there has been, trouble there always will be whenever the English and Americans meet in any sport. For the simple reason that two sporting ideals, ideals as far apart as Newport, Rhode Island, and Newport, Monmouthshire, are in collision. The one that produces results is bound to succeed. What, then, is the answer? Well, the answer is simple enough, although it will take a man or a body of men of great intellectual integrity, of great force of character, men able to disassociate themselves from the sporting catchwords of the age, to set it forth. And once having done so, to hold fast in the face of opposition from those financially interested in their conception of what is right.

The answer is to say quite plainly to the English: Look here, this thing is not good enough. You have your philosophy of sport, we have ours. We do not see eye to eye with you on the question of athletics. Whether we are right or you are right is absolutely immaterial. The important thing is that these great international contests, far from serving the purposes for which they were instituted, are doing exactly the opposite, Mr. John Galsworthy and the sporting platitudinarians to the contrary notwithstanding. The more we meet upon the common ground of sport the less respect we have for each other. It is distressing, but it is a fact. Let us not blink facts, let us face them. And the facts are that the fundamental purposes of sport about which we all agree are being defeated, not furthered, by international contests. Let us have done with them. Let us shake hands like sportsmen and say good-by.

HOW COME CHRISTMAS

A MODERN MORALITY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

SCENE: *Corner in rural negro church by the stove. The stove is old, and the pipe is held approximately erect by guywires, but a cheerful fire is evident through cracks in the stove, and the woodbox is well filled. Six children sit on a bench which has been shifted to face the stove, and the Reverend stands between them and the stove. A hatrack on the wall supports sprigs of holly and one "plug" hat. A window is festooned with holly, long strips of red paper, and strings of popcorn. A small Christmas bell and a tiny American flag are the only "store bought" decorations.*

REVEREND—Well, hyar we is, chilluns, and hyar hit is Christmas. Now we all knows we's hyar cause hit's Christmas, don't we? But what I want to know is, who gonter tell me how come hit's Christmas?

WILLIE—Cause old Sandy Claus come around about dis time er de year, clawin' all de good chilluns wid presents.

CHRISTINE—Dat ain't right, is hit, Revund? Hit's Christmas cause de Poor Little Jesus was bawned on Christmas, ain't hit, Revund?

REVEREND—Well, bofe er dem is mighty good answers. Old Sandy Claus do happen around about dis time er de year wid presents, and de Poor Little Jesus sho' was bawned on Christmas Day. Now, de question is, did old Sandy Claus start clawin' chillun wid presents before de Poor Little Jesus got bawned, or did de Little Jesus git bawned before old Sandy Claus started gittin' around?

WILLIE—I bet old Sandy Claus was clawin' chilluns before de Poor Little Jesus started studdin' about gittin' bawned.

CHRISTINE—Naw, suh. De Little Jesus comed first, didn't he, Revund?

WILLIE—Old Sandy Claus is de oldest. I seed his pitchers and I seed Jesus' pitchers and old Sandy Claus is a heap de oldest. His whiskers mighty nigh tetch de ground.

DELIA—Dat ain't right. Old Methuselah is de oldest, ain't he, Revund? Cause de Bible say

Methuselah was de oldest man of his time.
He lived nine hund'ed and sixty-nine.
And he died and went to heaven in due time.

REVEREND—Methuselah was powerful old, all right.

WILLIE—He wa'n't no older den old Sandy Claus, I bet. Old Sandy Claus got a heap er whiskers.

CHRISTINE—But de Poor Little Jesus come first. He was hyar before old man Methuselah, wa'n't he, Revund?

REVEREND—He been hyar a powerful long time, all right.

WILLIE—So has old Sandy Claus. He got powerful long whiskers.

DELIA—Moses got a heap er whiskers too.

REVEREND—Yeah, Moses was a mighty old man, too, but de p'int is, how come Christmas git started bein' Christmas?

Now who gonter tell me? Cause hyar hit is Christmas Day, wid ev'ybody happy and rejoicin' about, and hyar is us, settin' by de stove in de wa'm churchhouse, tawkin' about hit. But ain't nobody got no idee how come hit start bein' Christmas?

WILLIE—You can't fool old Sandy Claus about Christmas. He know, don't he, Revund? He jest lay around and watch and see how de chilluns mind dey maw, and den de fust thing you know he got his mind make up about who been good and who been bad, and den he just hauls off and has hisse'f a Christmas.

CHRISTINE—Yeah, but how come he know hit's time to haul off and have hisse'f a Christmas?

WILLIE—Cause any time old Sandy Claus make up his mind to have Christmas, well, who gonter stop him?

CHRISTINE—Den how come he don't never make up his mind ontwell de middle er winter? How come he don't make up his mind on de Fou'th er July? Ev'ybody git good around de Fou'th er July, jest like Christmas, so's dey kin go to de picnic. But Sandy Claus ain't payin' no mind to dat cause hit ain't time for Christmas, is hit, Revund?

WILLIE—Cou'se he don't have Christmas on de Fou'th er July. Cause hit ain't no p'int in Sandy Claus clawin' ev'body when ev'body's goin' to de picnic, anyhow. Sandy Claus b'lieve in scatterin' de good stuff out, don't he, Revund? He say, "Well, hit ain't no p'int in me clawin' fo'ks when dey already havin' a good time goin' to de picnic. Maybe I better wait to de dead er winter when hit's too cold for de picnic." Ain't dat right, Revund?

REVEREND—Sandy Claus do b'lieve in scatterin' de good stuff about de seasons, Willie, and hit sho' ain't no p'int in havin' Christmas on de Fou'th er July. Cause de Fou'th er July is got hit's own p'int. And who gonter tell me what de p'int er de Fou'th er July is?

CHORUS—

Old Gawge Wash'n'ton whupped de kaing,
And de eagle squalled, Let Freedom raing.

REVEREND—Dat's right. And dat was in de summertime, so ev'ybody went out and had a picnic cause dey was so glad dat Gawge Wash'n'ton whupped dat kaing. Now what's de p'int er Christmas?

WILLIE—Old Sandy Claus . . .

CHRISTINE—De Poor Little Jesus . . .

REVEREND—Well, hit seem like old Sandy Claus and de Poor Little Jesus bofe is mixed up in dis thing, f'm de way y'all chilluns looks at hit. And I reckon y'all is just about zackly right too. Cause dat's how hit is. Bofe of 'em is so mixed up in hit to I can't tell which is which, hardly.

DELIA—Was dat before de Fou'th er July?

CHRISTINE—Cou'se hit was. Don't Christmas always come before de Fou'th er July?

WILLIE—Naw, suh. Hit's de Fou'th er July fust, and den hit's Christmas. Ain't dat right, Revund?

REVEREND—I b'lieve Christine got you dat time, Willie. Christmas do come before de Fou'th er July. Cause you see hit was at Christmas when old Gawge Wash'n'ton got mad at de kaing cause de kaing was gonter kill de Poor Little Jesus. And him and de kaing fit f'm Christmas to de Fou'th er July before old Gawge Wash'n'ton finally done dat kaing up.

WILLIE—And Gawge Wash'n'ton whupped dat kaing, didn't he?

REVEREND—He whupped de stuffin' outn him. He whupped him f'm Balmoral to Belial and den back again. He jest done dat kaing up so bad dat he jest natchally put kaingin' outn style, and ev'y since den, hit ain't been no more kaings to 'mount to much.

You see, kaings was bad fo'ks. Dey

was mean. Dey'd druther kill you den leave you alone. You see a kaing wawkin' down de road, and you better light out across de field, cause de kaing would wawk up and chop yo' haid off. And de law couldn't tetch him, cause he was de kaing.

So all de fo'ks got skeered er de kaing, cause dey didn't know how to do nothin' about hit. So ev'ybody went around, tryin' to stay on de good side of him. And all er dat is how come de Poor Little Jesus and old Sandy Claus got mixed up wid gittin' Christmas goin'.

You see, one time hit was a little baby bawned name' de Poor Little Jesus, but didn't nobody know dat was his name yit. Dey knew he was a powerful smart and powerful purty little baby, but dey didn't know his name was de Poor Little Jesus. So, cause he was so smart and so purty, ev'ybody thought he was gonter grow up and be de kaing. So quick as dat news got spread around, ev'ybody jest about bust to git on de good side er de baby, cause dey figure efn dey start soon enough he'd grow up likin' 'em and not chop dey heads off.

So old Moses went over and give him a hund'ed dollars in gold. And old Methuselah went over and give him a diamond ring. And old Peter give him a fine white silk robe. And ev'ybody was runnin' in wid fine presents so de Poor Little Jesus wouldn't grow up and chop dey heads off.

Ev'ybody but old Sandy Claus. Old Sandy Claus was kind er old and didn't git around much, and he didn't hyar de news dat de Poor Little Jesus was gonter grow up and be de kaing. So him and de old lady was settin' back by de fire one night, toastin' dey shins and tawkin' about dis and dat, when old Miz Sandy Claus up and remark, she say, "Sandy, I hyars Miss Mary got a brand new baby over at her house."

"Is dat a fack?" say Sandy Claus. "Well, well, hit's a mighty cold night to do anything like dat, ain't hit? But on de yuther hand, he'll be a heap er pleasure and fun for her next summer I reckon."

So de tawk went on, and finally old Sandy Claus remark dat hit was powerful lonesome around de house since all er de chilluns growed up and married off.

"Dey all married well," say Miz Sandy Claus, "and so I say, 'Good ruddance.' You ain't never had to git up and cyore dey colic and mend dey clothes, so you gittin' lonesome. Me, I love 'em all, but I'm glad dey's married and doin' well."

So de tawk run on like dat for a while, and den old Sandy Claus got up and got his hat. "I b'lieve," he say, "I'll drap over and see how dat baby's gittin' along. I ain't seed no chillun in so long I'm pyore hongry to lean my eyes up agin a baby."

"You ain't goin' out on a night like dis, is you?" say Miz Sandy Claus.

"Sho', I'm goin' out on a night like dis," say Sandy Claus. "I'm pyore cravin' to see some chilluns."

"But hit's snowin' and goin' on," say Miz Sandy Claus. "You know yo' phthisic been devilin' you, anyhow, and you'll git de chawley mawbuses sloppin' around in dis weather."

"No mind de tawk," say Sandy Claus. "Git me my umbrella and my overshoes. And you better git me a little somethin' to take along for a cradle gift, too, I reckon."

"You know hit ain't nothin' in de house for no cradle gift," say Miz Sandy Claus.

"Git somethin'," say Sandy Claus. "You got to give a new baby somethin', or else you got bad luck. Get me one er dem big red apples outn de kitchen."

"What kind er cradle gift is an apple?" say Miz Sandy Claus. "Don't

you reckon dat baby git all de apples he want?"

"Git me de apple," say Sandy Claus. "Hit ain't much, one way you looks at hit. But f'm de way dat baby gonter look at de apple, hit'll be a heap."

So Sandy Claus got de apple and he lit out.

Well, when he got to Miss Mary's house ev'ybody was standin' around givin' de Poor Little Jesus presents. Fine presents. Made outn gold and silver and diamonds and silk, and all like dat. Dey had de presents stacked around dat baby so high you couldn't hardly see over 'em. So when ev'ybody seed old Sandy Claus come in dey looked to see what he brang. And when dey seed he didn't brang nothin' but a red apple, dey all laughed. "Quick as dat boy grows up and gits to be de kaing," dey told him, "he gonter chop yo' haid off."

"No mind dat," say Sandy Claus. "Y'all jest stand back." And so he went up to de crib and he pushed away a handful er gold and silver and diamonds and stuff, and handed de Poor Little Jesus dat red apple. "Hyar, son," he say, "take dis old apple. See how she shines?"

And de Poor Little Jesus reached up and grabbed dat apple in bofe hands, and laughed jest as brash as you please!

Den Sandy Claus tuck and tickled him under de chin wid his before finger, and say, "Goodly-goodly-goodly." And de Poor Little Jesus laughed some more and he reached up and grabbed a fist full er old Sandy Claus' whiskers, and him and old Sandy Claus went round and round!

So about dat time, up stepped de Lawd. "I swear, old Sandy Claus," say de Lawd. "Betwixt dat apple and dem whiskers, de Poor Little Jesus ain't had so much fun since he been bawn."

So Sandy Claus stepped back and bowed low and give de Lawd hy-dy, and say, "I didn't know ev'ybody was chiv-areein', or else I'd a stayed at home. I didn't had nothin' much to bring dis time, cause you see how hit's been dis year. De dry weather and de bull weevils got mighty nigh all de cotton, and de old lady been kind er puny—"

"Dat's all right, Sandy," say de Lawd. "Gold and silver have I a heap of. But verily you sho' do know how to handle yo'se'f around de chilluns."

"Well, Lawd," say Sandy Claus, "I don't know much about chilluns. Me and de old lady raised up fou'teen. But she done most er de work. Me, I jest likes 'em and I manages to git along wid 'em."

"You sho' do git along wid 'em good," say de Lawd.

"Hit's easy to do what you likes to do," say Sandy Claus.

"Well," say de Lawd, "hit might be somethin' in dat, too. But de trouble wid my world is, hit ain't enough people which likes to do de right thing. But you likes to do wid chilluns, and dat's what I needs. So stand still and shet yo' eyes whilst I passes a miracle on you."

So Sandy Claus stood still and shet his eyes, and de Lawd r'ared back and passed a miracle on him and say, "Old Sandy Claus, live forever, and make my chilluns happy."

So Sandy Claus opened his eyes and say, "Thank you, kindly, Lawd. But do I got to keep 'em happy all de time? Dat's a purty big job. Hit'd be a heap er fun, but still and at de same time—"

"Yeah, I knows about chilluns too," say de Lawd. "Chilluns got to fret and git in devilment ev'y now and den and git a whuppin' f'm dey maw, or else dey skin won't git loose so's dey kin grow. But you jest keep yo' eyes on 'em and make 'em all happy about once a year. How's dat?"

"Dat's fine," say Sandy Claus.

"Hit'll be a heap er fun, too. What time er de year you speck I better make 'em happy, Lawd?"

"Christmas suit me," say de Lawd, "efn hit's all o.k. wid you."

"Hit's jest about right for me," say old Sandy Claus.

So ev'y since dat day and time old Sandy Claus been clawin' de chilluns on Christmas, and dat's on de same day dat de Poor Little Jesus got bawned. Cause dat's de way de Lawd runs things. O' cou'se de Lawd knowed hit wa'n't gonter be long before de Poor Little Jesus growed up and got to be a man. And when he done dat, all de grown fo'ks had him so's dey c'd moan they sins away and lay they burdens down on him, and git happy in they hearts. De Lawd made Jesus for de grown fo'ks. But de Lawd know de chilluns got to have some fun, too, so dat's how come hit's Sandy Claus and Christmas and all.

OTHERWORLD

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

THIS is the night of all the nights, this one:
Rome, Babylon, Athens, Ilion
Shine with resurgent towers as once they shone.

By the bold magic of the moon they share
This otherworld of shadowy selfhood, where
Sulpicia sighs and Cressid combs her hair,

Hearing the cocks that will not sleep for hours
Hurling their shrilling crystal in high showers,
Like fountains re-arisen to the towers.

So wide the honey-colored moon is strown,
All the lost harvests which the world has known
Rise in Elysian multitudes; and blown

In rapture, bees unperishing soar and change
To swarms of golden stars that burn and range
Through cloudy deeps of clematis far and strange. . . .

Oh let Sleep's heavy curtains wide be flung,
And through Arcadian valleys hollow-hung
Let your dreams wander—there the world is young.

DETROIT: UTOPIA ON WHEELS

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

THERE are no two cities in the United States better illustrative of what might be called by cynics the American disease of growth than Los Angeles and Detroit. There are no two cities that differ more in their fundamental reasons for being, in the character of their populations, and in their characteristic moods. I need not go into details. Every newspaper reader thinks of one thing when he is reminded of Los Angeles and of quite another when his attention is called, as it frequently is, to Detroit. Yet when I revisited Mr. Ford's principality the other day my thoughts kept going back to that fantastic metropolis on the Pacific, and at almost any corner I should hardly have been surprised to come upon a red trolley car labeled San Pedro or Orange Grove, to see Mount Lowe above the ragged skyline, or to be asked by a stranger with a glittering eye if I did not wish to get right with God.

None of these things did happen to me. It is one of the attractions of Detroit that at least one of them is scarcely likely to happen. Detroit, to do it strict justice, is not particularly concerned about getting right with God. It would much rather be right with the banks, assuming that a choice has to be made. But any city which doubles and redoubles its population within the space of a decade or two, and which at all times, so to speak, bids the full value of its cards is bound to have a certain physical and even spiritual resemblance to any other city which is doing the same things. The growth principle dominates. Politics, religion, nationality, cultural variations continue to exist but they take second place. In the instance of Detroit and Los Angeles there are two more or less accidental sources of kinship. One is that each has been able to spread itself over an almost limitless area, with few natural obstacles. The other is that the most rapid growth of each city has been coincident with the almost universal adoption of the automobile and the frantic use thereof. Detroit and Los Angeles are cities on wheels. I would go so far as to say of Detroit that even its buildings somehow give the impression of being parked rather than rooted in the ground. One gets a sensation of permanence only from a few ambitious edifices like the Book Tower, the Penobscot building (which would be as tall as the Woolworth building if it had a tower as tall as that of the Woolworth building), the Fisher building, and the gargantuan General Motors office building. The gray old City Hall, with its sculptured figures by Julius Melchers, father of Gari Melchers, also looks pretty stable. But in general one feels that almost anything in Detroit could be cranked up and put in motion at a moment's notice. In finding one's way about one looks not so much for street numbers as for license plates.

Motorized cities, with an unlimited

supply of easily accessible land at their peripheries, go through unbelievable transformations overnight. Detroit's boosters like to say that their city has consistently doubled every ten years since there was anything on the spot to double. The community's growth has not, as a matter of fact, been anywhere near so regular as that. Approximately a million and a quarter has been added to the population of the city since 1900, nearly a million and three quarters to the population of the metropolitan area. For every individual resident in the region in 1900 there are six or seven now. But the city went forward, as all boom towns do, by jerks. It grew by a series of convulsions. For example, it added nearly six hundred thousand during the decade between 1920 and 1930. But the recruits came in largest numbers between 1922 and 1925 and between the beginning of 1927 and the end of 1928. Not many are coming as this is written. Nor does Detroit want them to come until its resident unemployed are back in the plants. Two or three years from now there may be another furious spurt. Perhaps this will come when the slogan of a car for every member of the family, with an airplane or two thrown in, is successfully impressed upon the American consciousness.

A city growing by jerks, too rapidly for planning, presents a curious pattern. Perhaps one should say absence of pattern or jumble of patterns. Old Detroit, hugging the river, had its slums, its business district, its middle-class residential areas, and its preserves for the aristocracy—the latter within easy horse-and-carriage distance of downtown. The automobile necessarily worked havoc with this arrangement. But the automobile with a million and more new inhabitants riding on the running board shattered it completely. It scrambled it. It made an omelet of it. As soon as workingmen could afford to buy motor cars the autocracy of space vanished. Except at certain points along the waterfront, as at Grosse Pointe, the raw scenery in the metropolitan area is about as good in one spot as it is in another. The difference between the attractive portions of Greater Detroit and the unattractive portions is made by the greater amount of money and the larger degree of taste that have been spent in the first instance. Beginning with the downtown section of Woodward Avenue, which may fairly be classified as Detroit's main stem, one comes at irregular intervals upon the abandoned outposts of a retreating exclusiveness. Some quiet old residential sections were destroyed by retail trade. Others gave way with the advance of successive waves of newcomers—newcomers on wheels, who suddenly discovered that it was no longer necessary to live near their jobs or even near the car lines.

Poles, Negroes, Russian Jews, Italians, Belgians, Hungarians, they came in big and little waves, got a foothold, edged their fastidious betters out. Sometimes they encountered resistance and flowed around it, leaving an island to be conquered at leisure or in some cases to be left intact. The only generalization one can make about the social map of Detroit is that lots grow larger and houses more ostentatious as one goes farther out. Even this is a generalization with numerous exceptions. A great many Poles live in Hamtramck, an independent city entirely surrounded by Detroit. They live in ugly but comfortable-looking houses, on the porches of which they may be seen sitting in warm weather during their leisure hours, playing what is said to be a very tricky variety of contract bridge. But there is nothing but their innate gregariousness to prevent them from moving a few miles

north or west where they could get better dwellings and more open space for the same amount of money. Detroit has literally no tenement houses and only a few blocks which could be correctly described as slums. One is shown houses as good as those of the average small-town professional man or business man. They belong to foremen or skilled mechanics. In good times a man beginning as a sweeper in Mr. Ford's plant may look forward to owning a house costing five or six thousand dollars. If bad times come he may be unable to complete his payments; but that is another story. And this agreeable picture is the result of a happy combination of level or gently rolling land, the gasoline-propelled vehicle, and industries which demand skilled or semi-skilled labor and are able to pay a fair price for it.

Some skeptical reader may point out the fact that automobile ownership per capita in Detroit is not so high as it is in some other cities, and argue from this fact that I have overestimated the role of the motor car in the city's development. But this discrepancy is easily explained. The city has a considerable excess of men over women and, therefore, an unusually large group of unmarried men who are not under the same pressure to buy cars as are their married brethren. The typical Detroit family does, as a matter of course, own a car. Quite low in the economic scale it owns two cars. Let me give an instance of a professional man whose income, I fear, is by no means commensurate with his high degree of usefulness to his community. When he first came to Detroit eleven years ago the city was suffering from the post-war housing shortage. One or two landlords actually set their dogs on him because he ventured to knock at their doors in spite of the "No Vacancies" sign they had tacked up. Finally, by heroic efforts, he secured a basement apartment. Now he lives seventeen miles out, in a brick house which would not lower the tone of the best sections of Pelham or Montclair. He owns two cars. He drives to and from his office. He cultivates his garden. I think he would need several times his present income to achieve the same degree of comfort in or around New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia.

I am not sure that another one of my Detroit friends is quite typical, but if he is not I suspect it is only because he is ahead of his time. I doubt whether he uses a bus or street car twice a year, and as he says, he "wouldn't be bothered with a train." He thinks nothing of driving four or five hundred miles for a little week-end fishing. If he is in a hurry to get to Chicago or Cleveland he flies. If not, he drives. Cleveland means less than an hour of flying. One hops over for lunch, hops home again after lunch. One drives over in five hours; one drives to Chicago in less than seven hours. Toledo is about fifty miles from Detroit. My friend often leaves his office at five o'clock, motors to Toledo for dinner and a game of bridge, and motors back the same evening.

Considerably lower in the social scale are those workmen in the automobile factories who club together to get an automobile to carry them to and from work. But they, too, are motor-minded. Air-mindedness develops more slowly. But Detroit is likely to be the airplane center of the United States, just as it is the automobile center. The kind of people who once dwelt around Grand Circus Park may be living a hundred miles from their offices before another quarter-century is past. Detroit has bridged the river to Canada; it is preparing to tunnel under it; it is considering a thirty-five-mile elevated highway over the Grand Trunk Railway to Pontiac; it has a municipal airport as well

as that laid out by Mr. Ford, and I think it must have more interurban bus lines than any other city in the country. I do not doubt that Detroit can adapt itself to any possible development in transportation.

II

So far our picture of Detroit is one which, if universally studied and believed, might double the population again in considerably less than ten years. We have here, evidently, a kind of gasoline Utopia, at least in the making. But facts and figures often lie. Let us first see how the city and its people appear to a casual observer. Then let us try to look behind the scenes. "The people of Michigan," I read in a handbook published by the *Detroit News*, "are a joyous folk." These lines at first struck me as incongruous. There is little that is joyous about Mr. Ford's factories or any of the other factories in and around Detroit which have been forced to imitate his methods. One hears of crowds of workingmen coming out at quitting time too drunk with weariness to talk. Detroit, for the reasons I have already suggested, is not a majestic or beautiful city. Certain imposing views there indeed are—the downtown towers as seen from the Ambassador Bridge or from the Canadian side; Belle Isle Park, which may well be, as Detroiters say, the most beautiful island park in America; Palmer Park, with its public golf course; the Art Center, with Cass Gilbert's library looking across broad Woodward Avenue toward Paul Cret's Institute of Arts; and many a quiet, tree-bordered street, with ambitious houses set behind spacious lawns and gardens. But architecturally the city is a jumble. It is a little more of a jumble than most American cities, which is a severe comment indeed. With the exception of the Detroit River and a portion of the shore line of Lake St. Clair, there are no natural features around which a city might be composed. The boulevards and peripheral roads, symmetrical though they appear on the map, reflect no design in sticks and stones. The city, for the most part, is inordinately comfortable. But not for a single moment does it make one tingle. Pictorially, it is lamentably flat.

Yet, though the city is flat, the inhabitants are not totally devoid of a third dimension. Geographically, they are not remote from that section of the country referred to by some of our more sophisticated critics as the Pie or Bible Belt, yet—if I may be pardoned a convenient portmanteau pun—piety is by no means their dominant characteristic. It was the professionally good, indeed, who did most to put former Mayor Bowles into office; but the Mayor's affiliations with the children of light did not prevent him from being bounced into the street in the recall election of last July and kept out in the subsequent election in September. Mr. Bowles's downfall, to be sure, was not directly due to his piety. He had other and graver weaknesses. But this only goes to show that the best the Klan element in Detroit had to offer was a pretty shop-worn and shoddy article. On the whole, I should say that the city had escaped or outgrown the two-by-four Puritanism of earlier days and that it had avoided that suffocating smugness which is Southern California's great gift to the world. One reason for this immunity may be that it is, or has been, a city of youth and opportunity, and another may be the surplus of energetic unmarried males to which I have referred. Single men in factories are no more likely than single men in barracks to turn into plaster saints.

At any rate, Detroiters are as a rule not too good to have a good time. I

do not write this in a cynical spirit, for some of their diversions are as innocent as can be. Within five minutes' walk of the downtown business district one passes boarding houses and rooming places where in fine weather men and women sit quite idyllically as they wait for the dinner bell to ring, discussing I don't know what uplifting topics. Tom Thumb golf has flourished in Detroit, as elsewhere, but I am sure I saw more men and women who were frankly proletarian playing the game there than in New York. The Detroit proletariat should by rights be gloomily rebellious, for in good times it is under the thumb of more or less benevolent employers who refuse to permit it to organize labor unions, and in bad times it is often let out into the street with little or no warning. But it does not seem depressed. The Communist candidate in the September mayoralty election polled only two or three thousand votes, though if elected he was ready to set up a co-operative commonwealth, take over the factories and let the hated bourgeoisie starve. Downtown taxicab companies advertise "Three minutes to Canada." It does not take much longer than that to go over the Ambassador Bridge, and once one is over one can get liquor legitimately from the thoughtful government of Ontario or illegitimately from almost any number of Canadian blind pigs. Perhaps this easy accessibility of good booze helps to keep the common man cheered up and invigorated. A little while ago he did not even have to go to Canada, for the simple reason that Canada was then exporting large quantities of alcoholic beverages across the Detroit River. This practice has lately been frowned upon by the authorities on the Canadian side, the traffic has slowed down considerably, and the quality of the liquor available in Detroit is said to be as bad as it is in other cities. But there Canada is—a land of bright, though modified freedom. If life in the United States grows unendurable one can always go over to the British Empire for dinner. There may be many other reasons for the aura of optimism which hangs over Detroit even in a year of dank depression. But whatever the causes, it is certainly true that the people one sees in the streets have a more cheerful and less nervous air than those in New York. Panhandlers are notably scarcer, or were when I was there. Motion picture theaters run all night—a practice which comes from the three-shift system which turns men loose at any hour in the twenty-four. Incidentally, one is told of fathers coming home from work at three o'clock in the morning, with wives and children running down to the front gate to meet them and a hot family meal waiting on the table.

On Saturday afternoon and Sunday during the open seasons of the year, and often on week-day evenings in summer, Detroit throngs to Belle Isle and the other parks. There are no keep-off-the-grass signs. As a friend said to me, "The people of Detroit are still not far from the village stage—they are used to having enough grass." On Belle Isle there are fireplaces. One buys coke from a concessionaire and cooks one's supper *al fresco*. During the long week-ends thousands pile into their cars and head for the northern lakes. There are all varieties of cars in the procession. Ingenious youngsters buy venerable relics for a few dollars and somehow contrive to make them go. Millionaires trundle around in Rolls Royces or in Fords as the mood takes them. One may see a dented Ford standing in front of a fifty-thousand-dollar house. Nobody wonders at that. Nobody worries.

In short, in this city of motor cars there is a genial carelessness toward

them. One is reminded a little of those bright early days in the Far West when entire populations were bowlegged with riding and nobody cared what happened to the animal so long as the saddle was safe. And this leads me to another aspect of Detroit. I do not know whether to describe it as symptomatic of democracy or of an autocracy so firmly seated that it does not have to bother about appearances. I was warned that the instance I am about to give was not typical. Yet it was related with so much relish that I believe it expresses something of the spirit of Detroit. A certain gentleman of large affairs maintains a chauffeur. It is his pleasant custom, however, on issuing forth of a fine morning, to hand the chauffeur a cigar, install him comfortably in the limousine, and thus drive him downtown in style. Once this man returned late at night with an ardent thirst. Disliking to drink alone, he knocked at his neighbor's door. The neighbor was out but the butler was in. He captured the butler and summoned his own chauffeur, and the three passed the time until dawn drinking and playing poker. It is true, of course, that the conservative spirit hangs on in certain quarters. One wealthy Detroiter of the pre-gasoline vintage still comes to his office every working day in the year. He himself is past ninety and he has two sons in the neighborhood of seventy, who are still, as he looks upon the situation, boys serving their apprenticeship. He does not allow them to open the more important letters.

III

The social life of Detroit is either very complicated or very simple, I am not quite sure which. It contains (1) descendants of the early settlers, most of whom profited by arriving first in a city which has always been a rapid grower; (2) families who made their fortunes in land, chemicals, stoves, or seeds before the heyday of the automobile; (3) individuals who made their fortunes in the motor car industry or its subsidiaries; (4) the sons and daughters of those belonging to the previous category. Some of the newer fortunes are, of course, extraordinary. Consider the Fisher boys, that little band of devoted brothers who, instead of letting themselves be gobbled up by General Motors, in a manner of speaking, did the gobbling themselves. The Fishers, some say, could buy out the Rockefellers and still have a few pennies left. One might expect to see some distinction made in Detroit society between those who made their own pile and those who were farsighted enough to assign the job to their ancestors. And old families do count in Detroit. Any Detroiter would rather come from an old family and be enormously rich than merely be enormously rich. On the other hand any Detroiter would rather have money than family.

One reason for this attitude is, I think, that the new money has been made in a spectacular way by spectacular people. The process required imagination rather than grubbing. Mr. Ford, for example, would be too vast a phenomenon to snub, even though he put himself in a position in which snubbing were possible. As a matter of fact he does not yearn for what is commonly called society. He would rather yell into Mr. Edison's ear trumpet than play bridge with a duchess. When the new Art Museum was opened, a year or so ago, some seven thousand Detroiters jammed themselves into the galleries on the inaugural evening. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Ford were to be seen wandering about in the crowd, rubbing elbows modestly with great and small, like any private and unofficial citizens. Their son Edsel was more conspicuous.

He was then a member of the Arts Commission and is now its president.

The truth is that in Detroit practically anyone can have as much society as he can pay for provided he does not make himself positively offensive to those with whom he comes in contact. Wealthy Detroiters do themselves very well indeed in what has been called the wealthiest yacht club in the world. Buy a big enough yacht and keep the paint clean and the brasses shiny, and you will have no trouble in getting in. Why should you? a Detroiter would be likely to ask. A dollar is a dollar and a yacht is a yacht. Perhaps a newcomer wouldn't be able to get into the Detroit Club—"the one with the cobwebs on it," as someone described it to me—on first asking. Family helps there—one has to be able to trace one's ancestry back for two or three decades. As to the Detroit Athletic Club, no one who wants to be in the social swim can afford to stay out of it, but almost anybody who can pay the rather stiff initiation fee and dues and doesn't spill gravy on his vest can get in. There are almost innumerable country clubs—so many, indeed, that they threaten to hem the city in. One golf club is assessed at the rate of five thousand dollars an acre, and its dues are on a scale which tends to keep out the rabble.

But perhaps the playboy spirit among Detroit's men of affairs displays itself most appealingly in the Players' Club. This is not, like the club of the same name in New York, a place where authors, editors, publishers, lawyers, business men, and sometimes actors go in an effort to forget for a time the horrors and triumphs of the modern drama. It is quite the opposite. The Players' Club is a grown-up version of the circuses we used to hold in the barn when we were boys. The clubhouse is built around one of the best-equipped little theaters (though members insist it is not a Little Theater) in America. Here shows are put on once a month. The audience sits in comfortable chairs, with room enough between each row to permit the insertion of a table. Quaffing their sarsaparilla, or whatever it is that they prefer and that is available, the members watch what are said to be thoroughly adequate performances. The stage is modern in all respects, the settings, costumes, and scene shifting done by professionals. Only the acting is amateur. Each year a committee selects plays and players. A member may be in California or Florida, or even in Europe. If he is cast for a part he drops everything and comes home. Such is the Players' unbending regulation—such, too, for all I know, is the Detroit spirit. Except perhaps once a year, women are not permitted within the club doors. Feminine parts are played by men, after the Shakespearean model. But the plays are taken seriously, and many a distinguished citizen known to the world as a man of awe-inspiring power and substance here unbends. I cannot imagine this happening in Pittsburgh. A ruling-class Pittsburgher who unbent would break. It might happen in Los Angeles, but I think the play would have to be "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Way Down East," or "Ten Nights in a Barroom." One need not be a millionaire to get into the Players' Club. In some cases one merely has to be clever. The club seems to be saying to itself, as all Detroit does from time to time, like an incantation, "After all, money isn't everything."

And here we have stumbled upon something, I am inclined to believe, which points toward a diagnosis of Detroit society. The city came into its glory just as America was becoming self-conscious. A generation ago it would,

under the same circumstances, have been joyously and innocently vulgar, with solid gold spittoons, velvet hangings, and the biggest diamonds its shirtfronts could support. If it is vulgar now it is with that more subtle kind of vulgarity which consists in a fear of being vulgar. Its rich people try earnestly to do the things that other rich people who have had their money longer are doing. When they need expert advice in this field they hire it. And this irons out the superficial crudities in which the satirist delights. It is hard not to be ostentatious when for many years you wanted to be and couldn't. But on the whole Detroit society manages it. When it does make a splurge, as it really can't help doing occasionally, I imagine it looks at itself in the glass afterwards and grins a little sheepishly. And next day it is back at the office bright and early, for Detroit has not yet given birth to a leisure class.

IV

But if you want to be sure not to be vulgar the best thing you can do is to go in for Culture. Detroit is doing this. It began to do it in the old horse-and-buggy days. The Detroit Museum of Art, or as it is now called Institute of Arts, goes back to 1885. Since 1919 it has been the property of the people of Detroit, able and anxious to accept gifts from wealthy citizens or those not so wealthy, but legally dependent upon the public funds. It is almost the only municipal museum in the country. The Arts Commission which presides over it includes the richest and most public-spirited of Detroit's citizens. One may suspect that they were thus honored in order that they might realize and relieve the institution's needs. But most of them have given time and effort as well as money. This was true of Ralph Booth, who headed the commission before he got to be an ambassador. It is true of Edsel Ford, Albert Kahn, Charles T. Fisher (one of the famous Fisher brothers), and Julius Haass.

There is no doubt that well-to-do Detroiters, guided in most instances by the tactful and well-informed art director, Dr. W. R. Valentiner, are doing their best to take art seriously. Two or three years ago it was said that within the space of two years five million dollars' worth of paintings had been sold to the private collectors of Detroit. No doubt this brilliant showing was exceptional, even for Detroit. No doubt most of the pictures bought were unimpeachably classic, putting no dollars in the pockets of any artist now alive and kicking. Still a beginning was made. Last winter the Institute put on a Rembrandt show, with eighty paintings on exhibition—perhaps the best of its kind ever seen in America. Over a period of twenty-eight days more than ninety thousand people saw it, a better attendance record than was made during a similar show at the Berlin Museum. As many as one hundred and eighty thousand people have looked in on a single exhibition. Obviously this carries us far beyond the private-collector class, even if we assume that some Detroiters went to the Institute more than once. Gabrilowitsch is the director of Detroit's excellent symphony orchestra, which sometimes gives outdoor concerts under the shell on Belle Isle. The city has a youthful but not unpromising civic opera. One of the best of American librarians, Adam Strohm, presides in Cass Gilbert's attractive edifice directly opposite the Art Museum. The average Detroiter borrows about three books a year from the library (in which respect he is about one book ahead of the average American), and the city spends on the library system not much less than a dollar per capita,

which is considerably above the American average. The schools are well managed, at least as far as their physical equipment is concerned—which is more than can be said for New York City. On the whole I think we may say that Detroit is above the average of American cities in the extent to which it exposes its citizens to civilizing influences and the degree to which they respond to them.

There is more that might be said about Detroit, much of which would be flattering. It has an admirable playground system. It has a Community Chest which last year lured $3,750,000 out of the public's pockets. It has a gay and wholehearted interest in baseball, prize fighting, hockey, and most other sports on which bets can be laid. It is not conspicuously misgoverned, and when it conceives itself to be so it arises, in a rather unexcited fashion, and boots the offending job-holders into the street. Its police are far more gentle and considerate of the general public than is common in American cities, and they have a modern system of radio-equipped police cars which brings at least two officers to the scene of any alarm in an average time of fifty-one seconds after the alarm is given. It is a city which plans ahead to a certain extent, cutting boulevards ruthlessly through the heart of town to run far out into the country, buying up land ahead of population for future schoolhouses and police stations, turning down subway bonds but still toying with the idea. Its wealthy men—Senator Couzens, though not now residing within the city limits, is a conspicuous example—do not disdain to dabble in politics. Its only political boss, so I was informed, is a multimillionaire whose yacht may be seen lying in great splendor in the basin of the Yacht Club. Believing that I was at last on the trail of something scandalous, I inquired if his slate always went through. My informant smiled indulgently. "Oh, no," he replied, "it hardly ever does. But he's the only boss we have." I suspect that entrenched capital can do a great deal in Detroit, even in politics, when it really wants to. But if entrenched capital took sides at all in the last municipal election, in which several candidates participated, it was not in support of Mayor Murphy, who was actually elected.

V

Here, then, is a city good-humored, pleasure-loving, law-abiding within reasonable limits—its homicide rate last year was only 5.5 points above the American average for large cities of 9.9 per hundred thousand—tolerant, and eminently comfortable. Its visible defects are largely due to the fact that it has outgrown its old suit of clothes and has not had time to make itself a new one. After a prolonged growing spell it is beginning to settle down. Observe, for example, that whereas in 1920 there was one child between the ages of five and nineteen to each 4.26 inhabitants, there is now one to every 3.68 inhabitants. If I say that this is a most unusual development in a one-industry town, the Detroit Board of Commerce will reply that Detroit is not a one-industry town—that it produces not only automobiles but heating equipment, drugs, adding machines, chemicals, steel and other metals, building materials, and machine tools. But Mr. Ford alone employs more than twice as many men as all these latter industries put together. When Mr. Ford moved his main plant from Highland Park to the River Rouge the assessment rolls of Highland Park dropped eighty million dollars in a few months. So I think we may safely say that although Detroit would be on the map if the automobile had not been invented it would

not be the considerable city that it is. One would then go there to rest and recuperate, which is not quite why one goes there now. No, Detroit must stand or fall—or perhaps I should say run or stall—as a 1930 Utopia on wheels. It is the result of three decades of intense progress in the most modern of the great industries. It is what the biggest of big businesses consciously or unconsciously assumes a city ought to be.

By that standard we can measure not only Detroit but also Twentieth Century industry, just as we have to measure Pittsburgh by the standards of the Nineteenth Century. Specifically, we might compare Detroit with one of Mr. Ford's factories. So measured it is still painfully incomplete. The city is at least a generation behind the Ford assembly line. But I find that my own fear for Detroit is not that it will not catch up but that it will. I seem to foresee an eventual sorting out and grading of the inhabitants, so that each will be nearest to the machine he serves and each will have as neighbor on either side a man who earns precisely as much as he. I seem to see all those haphazard squares and rectangles arranged in a neat pattern, and human nature arranged in a pattern, too. I seem to see all that I complain of in Detroit scientifically eliminated. I see elevated to whatever Acropolis Detroit may erect the twin gods of Utility and Comfort. I see arising the beauty of perfect order, the Utopia of the machine. And I see the people of this future Detroit going rather wistfully to look at a reproduction of an early twentieth century slum which some future Mr. Ford will set up beside the famous Henry's Greenfield Village.

THE THREE R'S ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

SCHOOL-TEACHING AT A BOLIVIAN MINING CAMP

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

ONCE, at a lecture, I heard Bertrand Russell say that he would like the opportunity of educating a child on a very high and isolated mountain, far from the influence of man. The idea of removing any child from the influence of man is, of course, impossible on the face of it. Every habit he formed, every book he looked at, every thought you yourself expounded to him would have been fanned into life by the breath of men long dead. But I could satisfy Mr. Russell's craving for a mountain. I could conduct him to a splendid one—high and lonely—and I could tell him, too, that bringing up the young on said pinnacle, while it had certain advantages, was not altogether the merry lark he appeared to believe. I say this in no light spirit, nor with the thought of quibbling with Mr. Russell, for whose scholarship I have the deepest respect. I merely beg gently to set him right from the depth of my knowledge.

My two children arrived at what is technically known as the age of reason when they, their geological parent, and I were living in a small and obscure base camp called Sallutita, high up in the Bolivian Andes. Sallutita is dead now—Sallutita with its rows of shabby tents, its *calamina* staff house known to the boys as the "Astoria," its sickly eucalyptus trees, its gay, flaunting gardens of pansies and poppies and white clover pinks, its scolding, devouring river—dead along with the mine that gave it life; and llamas and burros and sheep graze stupidly all day long in the walled inclosure; doors and windows sag in the rotting, empty tents; battered cans and broken bottles and discarded clothes litter the paths, and silence—palpable, thick, suffocating—lies over the deserted camp.

But in its youth Sallutita flamed with life. The mine was booming, the price of tin was high, everyone on the property, from the most lately arrived engineer to the *gerente*, was young. To us nothing seemed hard or dull or drab. The long muleback rides over unspeakable trails, the biting cold, the breath-taking altitude, the utter isolation were merely adventures, wonderful as fairy tales. The mine camp proper was close to sixteen thousand feet above sea level—a place of granite rocks and driving snows and thin, unsatisfying air. We women, therefore, along with the children and the office staff, made our home in Sallutita, which was but a little more than twelve thousand feet high; and our men came down to us, either by mule or by aërial tramway, only over the week-ends. But the glowing joy of those Sallutita week-ends! Greetings rang up and down the gravel path that we gaily called "Main Street"; people visited from tent to tent; laughter and music and the sound of dancing feet echoed

and re-echoed among the hills. Parties were the very breath of our nostrils, and we seized avidly on every possible excuse for a celebration—a *despedida* to speed a parting friend, a *bienvenida* to welcome one returning, a general burst of glory to show what Sallutita aroused could do when an occasional distinguished guest from the outer world dared the hardships of the long trip from the railroad to inspect our mine (the world's highest mine in operation), to gaze on our glacier (surely one of the world's most spectacular), to ride tremblingly on our aërial tramway (one of the world's longest and most perilous). We welcomed these rare invasions tumultuously and hastened to stand the champagne bottles on their heads in buckets of ice, to open with a magnificent gesture the choicest and most expensive canned goods, to pool our properties that our dinner tables, with their deceitful air of sophistication, might completely bowl over the visitors. Who would have guessed on observing the smooth elegance of one of our formal dinners that the exquisite embroidered linen was Cara's, the shining silver Beatty's, the green candlesticks and centerpiece mine, the china Min's?

Yes, for us grownups those days in Sallutita were vivid and gay and happy.

II

For children who had arrived at school age, however, it was not so much. Up at the mill village, a mile or so above us, was a school for the Indian children, founded and supported by the Company and presided over by one Bachegaloupe, lightly known as Bachie. But for the Gringo children, who in our halcyon days never numbered more than seven, and were often but two, there was nothing. I myself had been an itinerant scholar—to save my life, I can't remember spending an entire year in any one school—and I hated to think of my children suffering the agonies of soul I had endured when, with scarlet cheeks and hunted eyes, I was annually inducted into a class already made up and going under full steam. Even now, through the years, I can smell the dry, stale smell of those many schoolrooms—sour slates, blackboard dust, woolen clothes, warm young bodies. I can hear the little flutter that always ran round the room on my appearance, I can see the small girls look meaningly at their chosen comrades, I can feel the boring of the boys' eyes. No, I thought shudderingly, my children must be educated evenly and without terror; and I made up my mind to do it if I burst a trace in the effort.

I talked the matter over with the other mothers in camp. The prevailing idea seemed to be that it was rather a waste of time to bother, as all the children must eventually be sent home to school and, when the time came, would doubtless, through some special dispensation of God, spring automatically into the classes suitable to their ages.

"But don't you realize," I wailed desperately, "that our children don't know a darn thing? Can't you see that they are missing all the little things that children at home get almost subconsciously? I bet not one of them could tell you anything about George Washington, or who discovered America, or what the capital of the United States is."

"Well, I can't see that any of those things are very important." As she talked Min, who had no children, knitted with swift, unerring fingers. "Stop worrying, Alicia, and leave the bairns alone. You have plenty to do with your housekeeping and your entertaining, and they'll learn all those things when they go home to school."

"Yes, and have their poor young hearts broken when the other kids find

out they can hardly speak their own language straight and never even heard of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' Children, I tell you, are little savages, and if they find anyone who is mentally or physically their inferior they'll hurt just for the fun of hurting. Those children of ours ought to be learning something, girls."

"Now, Alicia, for heaven's sake stop bothering. You've always got something on your mind. I shall be taking mine home in a couple of years, and they can learn then. Sit down and have a cigarette. It'll be time for a cocktail in half an hour." Cara leaned back contentedly in her morris chair and folded those lovely hands of hers, hands that always kept smooth and white despite altitude dryness and harsh mountain water.

Well, that was that. I gathered that there was nothing for it but to pursue learning alone and unaided. So on a pleasant morning I gathered together my two offspring, and announced to them that the time had come to put away childish things and seriously consider education.

"You mean lessons, I suppose." My Bob pushed back the five-gallon hat he always donned at rising, and scratched his head in thought. "I don't see how we could make it, Muddy. You see, in the mornings Fidel brings the mules for our rides, and in the afternoons Cæsar and I have to make that dam up on the hill. No, I don't think we'd better have lessons."

Earnestly I expounded the value of learning and in sprightly phrase endeavored to captivate the youthful fancy of my listeners. My progeny were but palely interested. Finally Bob made a move to meet me half way.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Polly doesn't need to know anything, because she'll only grow up and be a mother anyway; so you needn't bother about her. But I suppose I'll have to learn on account of being a man. You just let me go up to Bachie's school. I can ride up on Pastora every morning when Raoul and Juana's Luis and Segundo's children go, and I'll learn heaps of things. I think that would be better than your teaching me."

"But, Bob," I expostulated, "Raoul and Luis and Hyacinth and Gregoria are native children, and their parents are *mozos* and *lavenderas* and *arrieros*. You can't go with them."

"Why can't I?" Bob frowned at me from under his hat brim. "Ain't I a Gringo? Don't they all know I'm a Gringo? A Gringo can do anything. And Bachie'd let me sit up on the platform with him so's I wouldn't get lousy. He said he would."

Although I could appreciate the advantage of escaping the omnipresent louse, still the proposition didn't appeal to me.

"No," I said firmly, "you and Polly are going to have lessons every day from now on. We'll start next Monday morning. I have to find some books and things, and then we'll settle down so that when I take you home you won't be ignorant little savages."

During the next few days I industriously skirmished for materials. The wife of the *gerente* produced a somewhat mangled but fairly complete first-year outfit of a very excellent home instruction course, the electrician made me a blackboard, the carpenter contributed chalk, the office staff made noble donations of ruled paper, rubbers, and pencils. I conned the book of instructions that came with the course; I arranged what was already living room and dining room to serve further as schoolroom, and I pondered in my few leisure moments how best to grapple with the new and momentous job. My ideas on pedagogy were what might best be described as virginal. I had never taught, and I knew nothing of psychology, nor of the dangers of re-

pression, nor of the many ghastly things that might happen were a child larruped. In fact, I shamelessly provided myself with a handy strap for use in emergency, and quite as shamelessly used it when the emergency arose. I had a single purpose—that my children should be prepared to enter school without handicaps—and I advanced on my goal with fire in my eye.

I shall always remember that first school day. It was raining in long slanting streamers, and the wind was tearing the cloud masses into shreds and flinging the shreds here and there like giant footballs. Indoors the electric stove hummed cheerily, the lights shone yellow in the murk, and our improvised schoolroom seemed cozy and pleasant. There was a knock at the door. I opened it, holding it against the wind. On the gravel path huddled four small figures and a dog. The rain glistened on their rubber slickers and sou'westers and hung in shining drops on their rosy faces. The largest child stepped into the room and surveyed it with satisfaction.

"We've come to school," he said.

"But . . ." I stammered.

"Yes, we've come to school. Bob and Polly told us about it, and how they weren't going to be ignorant little savages, so we thought we wouldn't either. We probably won't learn much—our father said we wouldn't—and we won't stay if we don't like it; but I think we'll like it all right. Will you tell Cæsar to take off our things?"

I gave Babycita, the youngest of the brood, a hand over the doorsill, and attempted to shut the door. A shudder of horror ran through the six assembled children.

"Why, Bogie, you're shutting Gypsy out. You can't keep Gypsy out in the rain." Sweet, round-faced little Cara spoke to me as woman to woman. "You know, Gypsy is going to have pups, and soon too, and it wouldn't be healthy for her to stay out in the rain. She must sit by the stove and keep nice and warm."

So I opened wide the door, and Gypsy—unshapely, disheveled, dripping wet—waddled in and sank comfortably down by the stove. She looked at me with her warm, understanding, Airedale eyes and gave a gentle, deprecatory woof.

"That's right, Gyps." I stooped and patted her wet head and eased her off the stove a little. Gypsy was so nearly human that at times the inexpressible wisdom of her eyes almost hurt. "That's right, Gyps, old girl, I reckon we mothers'll have to carry on and run this school—no?"

And we mothers—Gypsy and I—proceeded forthwith to open our Academy of Learning.

III

I am not sure that I was ever in a position to refute the parent who said his children could probably not learn much, but I do know that the children themselves liked our school; and never once during the three years that I taught was I at a loss for willing and enthusiastic pupils. Indeed, many a morning after a party I have dug my head into my pillow and prayed for some miracle that would keep my young friends home; but always on the stroke of nine would come the patter of feet, the welcoming woofs of Gypsy, and the babble of shrill voices.

"We're here, Bogie. Hurry up, it's time to start school."

Starting school gradually evolved into a ritual. On that first rainy morning we discussed the matter in open forum and decided that voice music would make a cheerful getaway. So from my pile of frowzy school books I selected *A Book of Songs for Unison and Part Singing* and, turning to page 307, proceeded to instruct my class in the

"Star Spangled Banner." It was tough sledding. Babycita, aged four, spoke practically no English, having been brought up almost wholly by a devoted Bolivian nurse. Bob was apparently tone deaf, withal stirred by an earnest desire to please. Polly had the makings of a fine *basso profundo*, and always sang at least an octave and a quarter lower than the others. Red-headed Billito rose and fell with mathematical precision but with small regard to melody. Little Cara had a sweet, piping voice, but was completely drowned by her comrades' hearty but misdirected efforts; and Dicky was entirely too shy even to peep. We had no piano, nor even one of those instruments—I think they were called tuning forks—that were used by singing teachers in the days of my youth. We simply trusted to nature, and the finished result was enough to make poor, dear Francis Scott Key wish that the British had taken that flag before he had had a chance to write his ditty. But the children adored it, and when we advanced to saluting the flag their cup was full to overflowing. Little Cara suggested that prayer would lend tone to the occasion. Before we could discuss the matter or I could offer suggestions my six flopped down on their knees, blessed themselves, "*Nombre de Padre, Hijo, Espiritú Sanctus, Amen*" —with a smacking kiss on each small thumb—and with closed eyes and clasped hands burst into a long and rhythmic prayer that had been taught them by their native nurses. Considering that we were preparing ourselves for simple American schools, I felt that perhaps the homely and comforting Lord's Prayer might better suit our purposes, and I suggested as much to my friends. They were quite willing to accede to any reasonable request, although they evidently considered me rather finicky in my tastes—all but Babycita. She folded her small hands firmly, and advised me—via Billito—that she had not the least thought of changing her prayers. She had learned them from her Aurora, and her Aurora would be *muy, muy enojado* if she prayed any others. So she continued to pray loudly in Spanish until, with the amazing facility of childhood, she suddenly spoke English as well as any of the others, and became a good conformist.

The high-water mark of elegance in our ceremony was not reached, however, until several weeks later, when one of the boys introduced Scout hats into our midst. Our benefactor had been to La Paz on a holiday, and I rather suspect in the rosy afterglow of a celebration, blew all the children—boys and girls alike—to Scout hats. Then Billito, who will no doubt grow up to be a great administrator, crystallized our ritual into sharp and definite form. On the dot of nine each morning the six would line up on the path outside my tent, Scout hats—some a trifle too large, several visibly too small—cocked nattily on their heads, and march around camp to the steady "Right-left, right-left" of Billito, who as organizer naturally led. Up the back path they'd swing, through the kitchen, and into our schoolroom. Before a small and very wilted paper flag—the only one we could find in camp—they would halt, click heels, raise right hands to hat brims, and boom out as one man, "I pledge allegiance to my Flag . . ." Then right about face, and all together and each in his own particular key, they would dash off the "Star Spangled Banner." Later we included "America," which was apparently better suited to our voices. Hats were doffed only in prayer, and then under protest; and it took all sorts of arguments before I finally convinced my scholars that the treasured things simply had to be laid aside during the sterner and less spectacular part of our school day.

This school day would, I feel sure, have made any orderly and well-regulated educator despair. There was so much to learn and so many things to unlearn. Babycita simply had to get a strangle-hold on her own language; Polly had to learn that the equivalents of "*Por Dios*" or "*Jesus Maria*" or just plain "*Jesus*" were not conversational English; the whole class had to be convinced that American children picked up their own pencils, put on their own overshoes, and washed their own hands, instead of calling on Cæsar, the houseboy, to perform these offices. It seemed we should never be in a position to tackle the three notorious R's, but after a few weeks of struggle we finally settled down to learning as is. I had a little book that dealt with the doings of Will and May, two very respectable children who had a sickening assortment of dolls and balls and tops and toys and jump ropes and guns—any old thing so long as it was in one syllable. I slaved over Will and May. Never during the three years that I taught was I without at least one child who was struggling with Will and his gun or May and her doll; and I longed passionately for the time when I could pitch the wretched, soiled old book away and never look at it again. Yet, such is the inscrutable manner of life that, after I had sent my own children back to America and was clearing out my bookcase, I came across Will and May—May with a goatee inked on her honest, pleasant face, Will with curled moustachios—and I wept bitter, scalding tears on the tattered pages, and I made a neat calico cover for the broken back, and I put the book away with my treasures, along with a woolly lamb and a baby's shoe.

Arithmetic I treated free hand, so to speak. We added and subtracted and multiplied and divided on our home-made blackboard, and we learned our tables fore and aft, a method which I believe is not in high favor at the present moment. But I had learned my tables and had found them useful; so I could see no reason why my pupils should not tread the path made homely by their forebears. An old lady who had been educated in the public schools of San Francisco during the Gray Dawn period once told me that she had learned her multiplication tables very successfully and very permanently to the tune of "Yankee Doodle"; so, having an open mind and an abiding faith in music, I tried the experiment, and found that it worked like a charm. Daily we would carol forth, "2 times 2 is 4, 2 times 3 is 6, 2 times 4 is 8" until the welkin rang, and every *mozo* and *sereno* and carpenter and *arriero* on the property was whistling "Yankee Doodle." And those kids knew their stuff. Only the other day my son advised me with elegant condescension that "I had really done rather well with the fundamentals," and with eyes shut tight and ears strained hard, it seemed to me I caught faintly, as through thick glass, the hammer of rain on a tin roof, the wrench of an angry wind, the churlish grumble of a swift moving river, the ring of glad young voices shouting "Yankee Doodle."

History, composition, literature, and geography we lumped. My sole aim was to have my pupils know sufficient of the ordinary things of civilized life that they might not be eternally damned when brought before the high court of other children. As I had bewailed to my fellow-mothers, at the outset not one of my seekers for wisdom (and they ranged in age from nine down to four) knew who was president of the United States or that the United States had a president, knew the difference between a state and a city, knew the whys and wherefores of Fourth of July or Thanksgiving, knew about George Washington or his cherry tree, knew who discovered America.

"Who," I asked one morning, "who discovered America?"

"*Sud o norte?*" inquired Billito—a meticulous child.

I was rather nonplused, for I had never considered the matter so technically. I waved my hand nonchalantly and answered:

"Oh, just America."

There was a heavy pause, and even Babycita seemed to be giving the matter deep thought. Then Polly, who has a social conscience and realizes that conversation should never be allowed to hang fire, ventured somewhat dubiously:

"Santa Claus."

In an instant the room was a whirl of flying words—Spanish and English.

"There is no Santa Claus, so he couldn't have discovered America."

"*Mentiroso! Hay Santa Claus. Dice me, Aurora, hay Santa Claus,*" Babycita quavered on the thin edge of tears.

"George Washington discovered America. Don't they call him the father of his country?"

"Maybe it was just God who discovered it." In moments of doubt little Cara always found it restful to throw the onus on the Deity.

So each point was met and doubted and threshed out, points that children at home would have flatly accepted because Teacher said they were so, or because—well, because everyone knew that.

Poetry the children adored, and learning the weekly poem was never a burden, although hunting up selections sufficiently innocuous for the youthful mind was a task that engaged, and I think rather intrigued, everyone in camp. But geography was the subject in which we really shone. Travel was part of our job, and someone was always going somewhere—back to the States at the end of a contract, home to England for a vacation, down to Chile, into the Argentine, up to Peru. So to these children of the wilderness geography was not a mere clutter of names, but something real and vital and stirring. Being somewhat short on text books, we collected maps from the office and borrowed steamship leaflets and railroad time-tables alike from our comrades and our occasional visitors; and our lessons were a series of cheerful junketings over the wide free face of the earth. It was pleasant on some dull day, when the mountains seemed to draw in so close about us, and home seemed so far away, to dig out folders and time-tables, to run down to Antofagasta on Tuesday's train (there were but two a week), to catch, say, the *Orita* on Friday (all boats leave Antofagasta on Fridays), to dock in Liverpool a month later, to dash up to London on the Great Western, to fly from Croydon to Paris. It was pleasant and it was real, and I think it stuck. At any rate, I know that my own children never have considered geography a task.

IV

During those exciting, adventurous school days I learned many things about my little savages, and discovered what their environment had given them, as well as of what it had deprived them. One thing I found they had entirely escaped, and that thing was standardization. We had no radios—reception in the altitude, fortunately, is absolutely hopeless—so we didn't all know the same things at the same time. We had only an occasional movie, brought in by some wandering showman, and that so old and torn and dim as to be hardly recognizable. Only when a "Charlie Chapleén," prime favorite in the most remote corners of South America, came along did the young Gringos deign to grace the performance. We had not the funny-strip habit, and so our sense of humor was not bounded by the narrow con-

fines of slapstick. We had few hard and fast social conventions to which we must conform. The children, therefore, developed along pretty individual lines, unhampered by the usual equipment of facts that the children of civilization seem to acquire almost at birth. And, if they were a little shy on hard facts, they certainly were not lacking in imagination, nor in a fine feeling for what was sporting, nor in a nice attitude towards things purely natural. I have stood with them in the doorway of my tent and watched the swaying flocks of sheep and goats scramble down from their mountain pasturage, the sky luminous turquoise, the dropping sun spilling wine-red stains alike on the woolly backs of the animals and on the circling snowcaps and throwing long purple shadows down the valley; I have tramped with them over the hills, the thin intoxicating air stinging our faces and quickening our breath, and have hunted for the tiny scarlet blooms that hide in the dry brown moss at incredible heights; I have danced with them by the blazing fires of Mid-summer Eve and watched the natives sportively dash flour and water over one another—the flour the pagan hope of fertilization, the water the Christian hope of purification. And I have listened to their unrestrained, unbiased thoughts on life and beauty and religion. These children, I truly believe, thought more clearly and more individually, were more appreciative than the average children of civilization, who view the world through the glass windows of an automobile, who listen in to the radio even while they are dressing in the morning, who pore over the funny strip twice a day, who are steeped in the stupid banalities of the movies.

And they were good sports, too. From the boys with whom they associated from babyhood they learned that their mere youth did not make of them desirable friends or even playthings, and that if they wanted a reasonable amount of consideration they must not whine nor cheat nor tattle. The highest praise I could give one of my children was, "You're a good sport"; the quickest fillip to a lagging spirit, "Be a good sport, feller."

At the time of which I write football was a game high in favor among the native employees, and each camp—the base, the mill, the sorting plant, and the mine—had a team which struggled violently during the year for place in the grand final game on the *Seis de Agosto* (Bolivia's day of liberation), when a gold medal was presented by the Company to the winners. Just below our camp was one of the few even fairly level stretches of ground, and here the native boys, with much blasting loose of mighty rocks, hauling of earth, and rooting out of scrubby bushes, had painfully constructed a football field—*La Cancha Bolivar-Washington*. The children never missed a game. Seated on the most advantageous pile of rocks, they cheered their favorites, and politely, if a little coldly, encouraged the visiting team; and when their hero Fidel, attired in a lurid and truly Latin version of a football costume, made a good play, their enthusiasm reached boiling point. No Army-Navy game, no Thanksgiving struggle in the East or New Year's Day battle in the West ever caused such heated arguments or produced such thrills of clear delight. "Our team" was considered worthy to face the world.

To be sure, at times their sporting proclivities led the young folk into fields not recognized in polite social life at home.

"This," announced Polly, proudly exhibiting her gory pinafore, "is the blood that shot out of the eye of the cock that was beaten by the cock of Fidel."

"Where have you children been?" I looked from one beaming face to another, but there was no shame there nor any squeamish doubts.

"We've been to the *best* cock fight. Fidel took us, and it was on the football *cancha*, and the cock of Fidel fought the cock of Maximo, and the cock of Fidel picked one eye right out of the face of the cock of Maximo, and the blood jumped all over Polly, because she was on the front row helping Fidel sick on his cock; and Billito bet ten *centavos* on the cock of Fidel and won a bill."

Somewhat feebly, I essayed a slight moral discourse.

"Don't you children think it's horrible and cruel to see two poor chickens pick each other to death? I don't see how you could have looked at them."

"They're not chickens, Muddy. They're fighting cocks. And what's the good of fighting cocks, if they don't fight?" Bob polished his spurs with his pocket handkerchief and regarded me with patient scorn. "Ladies don't understand such things, I suppose, but it was a good, sporting fight."

Another time, when we were out at the railroad, waiting for the semi-weekly train to the coast, one of the boys took my two offspring to a bullfight. Apparently they were untouched by the ugliness and brutality of the affair, and nothing struck home save the glamour.

"It *was* sad," conceded Polly luxuriously, "when the poor old horse had its guts ripped out by the bull, but when the music played and the *matador* came in, all dressed so beautifully, it was just lovely. I think I shall marry a *matador*."

Yet these same children, so callous in the name of sport, were all tenderness where the animals of peace were concerned. They knew by name and character every mule in the corral—patient Buena Pastora, gentle Flor de Quime, bad-tempered Carnicero, hard-gaited Correo, big, lumbering Cerro Azul, Rosita who was subject to "*ataques*" wherein she folded her forelegs and collapsed like a dewinded concertina. They were always nursing forlorn, featherless chicks, or puny kittens, or malevolent and profane parrots, or big-mouthed, squawking fledglings, or tottering lambs that their native friends brought them. Once one of the *serenos* triumphantly and innocently presented them with a lovely, furry little black and white animal, which the children received with raptures of delight and which they proceeded to make homey and comfortable in a pen in the corner of the room. But the lovely little animal was unhappy, and he expressed his woe in the way of all skunks; and it took many days and much hard labor to restore the room and the children to even a fair degree of sweetness.

V

One of the most amusing, and at the same time not entirely commendable, traits among camp children is their calm assurance that as Gringos they are entitled to right of way on every occasion. On their daily rides the little procession headed by Fidel took precedence over anything on the road. On their occasional expeditions to the Company *pulperia* at the mill camp all other customers stood back while the young Gringos selected with leisurely unconcern the *yapa* that it was customary for the *pulpero* to give them. When an occasional show straggled into camp the children expected not only to be admitted, but to have the front row seats. One of the most exciting episodes in our camp career was when Camacho the giant appeared on our horizon. Poor Camacho, he was so enormous that none of the undersized altitude animals could bear him,

and even El Capitaz, our enormous *carga* mule, who was reputed to carry a heavier burden than any beast in Bolivia, rolled up his eyes and reared in the air at sight of him. So Camacho must walk, and walking over the barren land he was so spectacular, so flamboyantly large, that he was seen by the entire countryside; and who would pay a bill to see what he had already seen in abundance? But his showman was optimistic, and led his prize right up the walls of camp, where he built a rude but spacious shelter; and then sat down to await customers. The children were charmed. Of course they had seen the giant. They saw him every time he, weary of captivity, rose to his full height and leaned over the camp wall, gazing with large and mournful eyes at the everlasting hills; they saw him every time he escaped his captor and sneaked into camp to squat on the ground by the cook house and gossip with the *maestro*. That wasn't the point. They wanted to see him in his shelter, they wanted to see the show, and the show was Camacho in captivity. After much arguing I gave them the necessary bills and watched them canter down the path with the maids—Aurora, Teresa, Natividad, Felicidad—in their wake. In a reasonable time they returned, looking pleased and satisfied. Apparently they had gorged themselves with just staring at the poor creature.

"It was pretty ripe," said Bob comfortably, "but here's your money, Muddy. I didn't think we'd need it, but I thought it was best to take it along."

"You don't mean to say that you didn't pay that poor man anything to see his giant?" I asked indignantly.

"No, I didn't have to. I just said to him, 'these'"—Bob waved his hand carelessly to embrace the six children and the four maids—"'are the children of the *gerente*, and we've come to see *el gigante*. *Pase no mas*.' And of course we went right in."

The common manifestations of nature, so often a matter of whispering and unwholesome secrecy among city children, were accepted with calm unconcern by our young savages and were often discussed with a somewhat bald frankness. The tiny white lambs that bleated so pitifully behind their mothers, the liquid-eyed, haughty baby llamas that trotted about on the hillsides in the spring, the pups that Gypsy produced with such celerity and which had to be prepared for with a nice bed of soft rags—all these were everyday affairs and, therefore, not unduly stressed.

Death, as well as life, came very close to these children at times. A step beyond the confines of our little camp, and we were up against an elemental and primitive order. In Bolivia it is customary to carry the dead to the *panteón* in open coffins; and often when we were out on our daily tramps we would meet a wailing, drunken crowd of Indians, carrying unsteadily an unpainted wooden coffin, from which stared stiffly the waxen face of a man or a woman or a child. Our children would mutter the little prayer taught them by their nurses and pass on, apparently neither horrified by death nor scandalized by the unseemly behavior of the mourners. When little Petrona, who always played with them, was swept off the foot bridge by the cruel river they lamented; but there seemed to be none of the shrinking repulsion I had felt as a child toward death. Always on *Todos Santos*, early in the day before the crowd got drunk and riotous, the children, under the auspices of Fidel and the maids, would ride up the narrow trail, bearing flowers to lay with solemn prayer on the three Gringo graves that huddled close together in a corner of the bleak, adobe-walled cemetery. Once, during the

midwinter floods, a native office boy was carried off by the river. Late in May his body was recovered and brought to our Company hospital for identification. As I leaned over the camp wall and watched the eager, excited crowd toil up the hill behind a litter that bore what little was left of the boy, I observed my son stepping briskly along at the side of the Doctor. I was aghast and not a little angry. The Doctor surely would have sense enough to send the child back. In about half an hour they both returned.

"It was Jorge," my son remarked conversationally. "There wasn't much left of him, but the Doctor knew him by his shoes. His legs were just sticks, but the shoes had stuck on."

I glared at the Doctor, and the Doctor glared back at me.

"That's right," he snapped. "Start saying, 'how awful' and 'what do you mean by letting my child see a sight like that?' and in two minutes you'll have the kid sniffling and thinking he's seen something horrible. I tell you, Teacher, you haven't gone down to principles in this teaching business of yours. Stop bellowing the 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle' so early in the morning that no one can sleep. Instead, teach your kids to look clear-eyed at life and death alike, and neither will have so much power to terrify them later. Children aren't naturally afraid of anything. It's only when grownups point out what they ought to be scared of, that they begin to develop fear complexes."

And no doubt he was right, but I did hate to be called Teacher. The attitude of my fellow-campers, indeed, toward my self-imposed task was far from respectful. I was not regarded as a noble female, I never seemed to remind anyone of his dear mother at home, so far as I ever knew no one considered me a sweet and gentle influence. The boys looked on my academy as a huge joke, called me Teacher, raised their right hands at public gatherings and craved my permission to leave the room, cackled with delight and begged for silence so that "Schoolmarm" might talk if I indulged in any small flight of fancy. But these small pleasantries were merely what anyone who would live contentedly in camps must accept calmly and without rancor. What really annoyed me from the very opening of my academy to its final day was a habit my comrades had of dropping in and taking a hand with the work or simply sitting and looking on while we toiled. My tent was directly opposite the "Astoria," and it was so easy to step from the path across my doorsill, sink down on the wheezy old couch, and say cheerfully:

"Now, don't mind me. Just go on with what you are doing, and I'll wait until you've finished." Or, "Alicia, let me sit with you and the children. I didn't get a scratch in this week's mail, and I'm as low as low." Or, "Alicia, I've come to help. I'll hear Bob and Billito their spelling, while you finish up the others; and then you'll be done in time to slip down to Min's for a gin and ginger."

One morning little Mr. Hawke appeared at our door with all the earmarks of a thorough and early start. His eyes shone, a patch of scarlet blazed on either cheekbone, and an irrepressible and rather wandering smile bared his large buck teeth.

"Haha," he cried, wagging his finger playfully, "the little people at work. A sweet sight."

He swayed visibly, and I hastily pressed him into a chair. The little people gazed on him with critical and appraising eyes.

"Good-morning, Mr. 'Awke," said the socially minded Polly. "Is this a holiday?"

"Say Hawke, you bloomin' Limey," expostulated Bob.

"Yes, Polly, my dear, say 'Awke. You must never, no matter what the provocation, drop a haitch. No, this is not a 'oliday, I am merely resting after the strain of getting off the monthly cable."

Billito had never for a second removed his gimlet eyes from the flushed face of our visitor. Now, as I vainly tried to divert Mr. Hawke's thoughts to the charms of a turn in the air, the wretched child addressed his fellow students in a loud, sibilant whisper:

"*Borraco* (drunk)," he said briefly.

"*Poco o muy?*" queried little Cara.

Billito again inspected Mr. Hawke, and issued his verdict.

"*Muy.* If Bogie doesn't get him out soon, he'll fall asleep, and then we'll get a holiday, because he snores something frightful. I often hear him."

For over an hour our guest sat in the doorway, slumbering lightly at times, then rousing himself with a smothered snort to join in the exercises and deliver stout advice to my scholars. At last the class burst into our daily round of "Yankee Doodle." Mr. Hawke, courteous always, rose waveringly under the impression that we were singing our national anthem; and I saw that swift action was necessary. I offered my arm.

"Come on," I said. "Let's go over to the staff house and have a game of billiards. I just saw Bill go in."

He accepted my arm, waved a trembling "toodleoo" to the children, and we tottered across to the "Astoria," where I placed him on a sofa and advised Modesto, the *mozo*, to keep an eye on him. When I returned to the classroom, I found the children busily discussing the case.

"He *was borraco.* He must have drunk an awful lot of *vino.*"

"The trouble with Mr. Hawke is that he doesn't carry his liquor well." Little Cara folded her hands, and assumed a judicial air. "My mother says that if ladies and gentlemen can't carry their liquor well they shouldn't drink at all."

"*Vino* makes noses *muy colorado.*" Babycita removed her thumb from her mouth long enough to issue this gem of thought.

"Well," I said disconsolately, "he's ruined our day—hasn't he? We haven't learned a thing."

"No," agreed the children heartily, "we haven't. Not a thing."

"So you'd better find Fidel and go for your ride. There's no use starting again."

VI

Still, even with the ruined days and the marred ones, we managed to learn a little—all of us—and when the appointed time came for each child to return to the land of his fathers and take on education in earnest, I think he found the task less appalling for our struggles with Will and May, our lusty "Yankee Doodle" tables, our poetical bouts, our historical researches, and our imaginary journeys. I know my own children did. Bob put aside his five-gallon hat, his spurs, and his puttees, entered the fifth grade at nine years, forgot his Spanish, and became an honest American schoolboy in an impressively short time. Polly learned not to swear, to drop a curtsy when addressed, to be thankful she was in a class with children of her own age, to wish she looked like Joan Crawford, and to itch for the day when she would be sixteen and eligible to drive a car. But despite these obviously useful outgrowths of our higher education, I still feel that if Mr. Russell knew all the difficulties and sometimes even the very real heartaches it entailed, he would cease to crave that particular *milieu*, and in search of isolation rather pitch his tent in the heart of a very large city.

MISTAKES OF MORALISTS

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

WHY is it that moralists are so unpopular when morals are the subject of best sellers? The moralist is commonly thought of as a bother. To some the word suggests a person of puritanical temper prying into the motives of others and seeking to restrain them from doing things which he is afraid to do himself. In some minds it raises a vision of the man with anæmic desires who wants to frustrate the emotions of others.

Is all this a caricature drawn by those who love darkness because their deeds are evil? Or is it due to the mistakes of the moralists? In cases of criticism the manager of a store makes a principle of giving the benefit of the doubt to the buying public. It pays in the long run. "The sons of light" might well learn this bit of wisdom from "the sons of this world." If the styles of conduct offered by the moralists are scorned by the crowd, should they change their models and give the people what they want? Not necessarily. But they should at least be led to some searching self-criticism and to some intelligent study of the public taste. The naïveté of moralists is one of their mistakes.

A few years ago when Henry Ford found that his famous car was losing its appeal, he took a drastic step. At tremendous temporary loss he shifted emphasis from production and distribution to research. As a result he regained his market. Has the time come for the makers and distributors of our moral models to take similar action? Certainly it is no secret that the sales are down. To be sure there is considerable contemporary re-examination of morals. In psychological laboratories and in sociological forums the modes of human behavior are under dissection; but the significant fact is that this criticism and investigation are going on mainly outside the precincts of the Church, which has been the traditional custodian of morals. The result is that outside research often serves to strengthen inside reaction. The Church's defense mechanism is aroused. It rallies itself to maintain the old standards of morality. Its temper and temperature rise with the effort. Overzealous moralists, however, are incendiary rather than illuminating. Pulpit lightning and pulpit thunder are poor substitutes for the incandescence of intelligence. They presage a storm, but they are not a "preface to morals."

To continue our commercial figure, the situation among moralists to-day is that the research department has not a good working connection with the sales force. On the one hand are the professors and men of letters, the Bertrand Russells, Walter Lippmanns, and the others who from detached positions dissect the codes of conduct and diagnose the disorders of our contemporary morality. On the other are the preachers and teachers, the parents and social administrators who are engaged in the local and personal direction of moral attitudes. Morality is

not a subject which can be studied in academic aloofness or literary seclusion apart from concrete contact and practical interest, for the man on the street furnishes the raw material for ethical experimental study. Neither can it be promoted by "blind guides" or high-pressure propaganda, divorced from critical judgment and reflective thought. There ought to be better co-ordination between the theorists and the promoters. The lack of it results in mistakes within both groups. Is it not the difference in social data which largely accounts for the divergence in views between a Judge Lindsey and the average clergyman?

One set of errors is due to the fact that moralists have not understood how deep is the ethical disturbance of our time. During the years of theological upheaval, from Darwin down to the second decade of the twentieth century, it was generally assumed that our moral foundations were unshaken. Pulpits proceeded on the theory that while men might not know what was right to think about God, they at least knew what was right to do toward men. Now when they hear that the Ten Commandments have to pass an intelligence test in order to matriculate in most academic circles and that the moral principles of the Sermon on the Mount must submit to the canons of the sociologists, many moralists are inclined to blame the sudden change on the bumptiousness of professors and the godlessness of science. They do not realize that the temper of our teaching and our science is more the product than the cause of a general social attitude.

The Great War has been cited by many moral guides as the cataclysm which turned our generation aside from the paths of rectitude. It does seem that the minds of men released in the wildness of the World War have not been content to settle down into the tameness of a traditional past. But the War did not change human nature; it revealed rather what an unchanged human nature was capable of doing in a high-powered changing environment. As Professor Coe says, the War was no meteorite dropped on our world from outside our system; it was a direct and entirely to-be-expected development from within the system. Our present moral revolution—and it is a revolution—began farther back than August 1914.

The "new psychologists" have also tended to shunt the moralists into superficial misunderstandings of our changing morals. Various schools have gained a hearing, each with a glib explanation of behavior based on single instincts. A generation ago, with evolution echoing freshly in mind, came the self-preservationists who offered that urge as the one law of life. Following this have come among others the Freudian school of psychoanalysis with sex as the one controlling instinct, the school of Trotter which demonstrates that our conduct is dominated by the "herd instinct," Adler with his emphasis on the "masculine tendency," and Jung's followers who admit the joint rulership of two instincts, "power and love." Strained and superficial have been the attempts to make the facts of life fit the formulas of the psychologists, as when the champions of self-preservation say that a mother's love for her child is due to the instinctive desire for protection by her child later, or when the Freudians asserted during the War that men feared the Zeppelins not because of their destructive powers but because of their phallic symbolism. With such shallow and discordant explanations in the air, is it any wonder that many moralists acquired a superiority complex toward the "new psychology" and attacked it as the foe of the intellectual and moral fundamentals? Others, however, sur-

rendered to some particular school. Some wrote popular books on why we behave and why we misbehave. Pulpits gave themselves over to the new psychology—as long as it was new enough to draw. And whether in denunciation or devotion, moralists have focused their gaze on these surface experiments and explanations.

Moreover, interest in current social problems has served to divert the moral guides from deeper questions. They cannot quite grasp the fact that the perplexity is now not so much in regard to the superstructure as to the foundation of morality. A British man of letters has pointed out the difference in emphasis between the older school of contemporary English writers and the younger. Wells, Shaw, Kipling, Galsworthy were concerned with problems like socialism, imperialism, and other matters of ethical application. The younger writers are raising more ultimate questions such as: What is the good life? Is there a purpose running through the universe? Moralists have not yet realized that they must talk to a generation of this mental temper. In the noble work of applying ethical principles to industry, racial adjustment, and kindred problems they must not forget the necessary and more primary work of explaining the existence of those principles.

In short, our moralists, looking on the turbulent stream of modern life, have made a common error of mistaking eddies for currents. They have seen local movements and thought they were general trends. They have been too immediate in their interpretations. They have not realized that "the acids of modernity" have been working for some four hundred years and that they have eaten away not only at the pictures of God given by the theologians but at the portraits of man as drawn by the humanists. They have not fully perceived the strange irony of history that in this day of man's increasing mechanical power there are deterministic theories which reduce man's moral power and responsibility toward the low estimate placed by the medieval theologians; that the rise of the machine has been accompanied by a modern fall of man.

Moralists have not sensed the full implications of the industrial revolution which not only transferred our citizenry from the soil to the city but changed the patterns of thought from *laissez-faire* to economic determinism. The urban world refuses to be judged by the old moral code, which was based on an agricultural order. City minds which live amid the fluctuations of markets and the fickleness of fortune do not give the same heed to the moralists who talk about "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The temper of thinking changes with the tempo of living. The half-mystical mood of those who wait upon the Lord of the harvests is not known to those who wait for street cars and watch ticker-tapes. However much we may generalize about the idea that human nature never changes, the fact is that "the man in the street" is not the same material for the moralist as "the man with the hoe."

A year or so ago Virginia Woolf essayed to trace the influences which make the modern mind and morals as those influences have been reflected in English literature. In her book *Orlando* she presented a young woman as living now but born over three hundred years ago as a male. With true imaginative insight the author followed the lad through the exuberance of his youth in Shakespearean England, his flirtations with Continental spirits, and then his change from male to female at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Orlando, donning skirts, has to endure the inanities and sterilities of the next hundred years only to be

saturated in the sentimental dampness of Victoria's nineteenth century and then catapulted into the dizzying maelstrom of twentieth-century traffic. Some day we shall turn to this book as we now turn to *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tristram Shandy* for insight into the moral history of our modern times. But did our moralists understand and appreciate this artistic personification of the Zeitgeist? No, most of those who read *Orlando* were shocked at her change of sex and advised others not to read it.

Failing thus to see how deep-seated are the causes of our moral symptoms, the moralists have prescribed too superficially. Thinking that our contemporaries were merely in a fainting fit following the War, our moral doctors have tried to brace us up by cold dashes of rebuke in our faces. Physicians, however, cannot cure pernicious anæmia with repeated applications of cold water. It is the blood stream of moral behavior which has to be built up, and that is not done by mere challenges to the will.

Moral treatment has been fragmentary as well as superficial. So many discussions of modern morals deal with mere segments of conduct. So central, for instance, has been made the subject of sex that immorality has come to be almost synonymous with a misuse of that single instinct. If life is more than meat and the body more than raiment, then immorality is more than lust of the flesh and indecency of dress. The moralist has too much conceived his role as a censor of surface manners and a fire extinguisher for flaming youth.

Moralists also have made the mistake of substituting militancy for intelligence. Preachers have too often been intent on flogging the wills of their parishioners rather than on feeding their minds. They conceive their function as being captains of their crusading churches, marshalling them in campaigns against social evils. But hungry troops have a tendency to mutiny. The army of the Lord loses morale when led in the dark without proper mental rationing. And such is the situation to-day. Stirring appeals for national prohibition do not satisfy congregations which want to know about their personal inhibitions. Urging laws to make people behave is not an adequate substitute for interpreting the laws by which people do behave. In Biblical language, the shepherds are focusing their energies fighting the wolves, but the Church's moral problem is less the wolfishness of the wolves than it is the sheepishness of the sheep.

In short, the moralist's method to-day is predominantly one of attack rather than of examination and interpretation. Such tactics are temporarily more spectacular. Preachers know that there is a psychology which makes thousands of people come to see a fellow knocked out in a prize fight while only a few will come around to the hospital the next day to see him put together again. Likewise, if they can make their pulpits prize-fight arenas where they deal blows at the sins of the stage, the shamelessness of the modern woman, the lawlessness of the local community, they can usually fill the ringside seats. Almost every city or town has its favorite fighting parsons. But while the negative moral sentiments are more easily developed than the positive ones, they tend to make men irascible, censorious, and unsympathetic. It is with these qualities that the word moralist has come to be associated in the minds of men. He is considered a critic but not a creator.

II

A second type of mistake has been made by the moralists through their failure to welcome the empirical

method of science. The physical sciences collect their data by observation and experiment, and on the basis of these make new formulas and adopt new methods. But in the realm of morals such a method of procedure has been deemed dangerous, if not sacrilegious. Our moral traditions have been inherited. The stamp of divinity is considered to be on many of them. They are the foundation of our precious institutions. If examination or revision is begun at any point, may it not mean undermining the whole structure? Hence, while scientists have been proceeding from observation to principles, moralists have been proceeding from principles to observation, the object of which was to buttress the traditions. The result, of course, has been that the public has come to have more respect for the openmindedness of the former than of the latter. In fact the scientists are better accepted by many as moral guides than are the professional moralists themselves.

It should be admitted in defense of the moralists that it is very much more difficult to keep a cool and disinterested mind in approaching revisions of moral codes than in changing scientific formulas. One can be more dispassionate in regard to the Einstein theory of relativity than he can be in regard to the trial marriage of his relatives. Moral principles seem more a matter of life-and-death importance, occasionally at least, than do the findings of the laboratory. This is a fact which critics should remember when drawing their frequent comparisons between the cool accuracies of scientific discussions and the hot hypotheses of debates in morals and religion.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that moralists have given their energies to defending principles rather than to discovering data. They have been more devoted to talking than to listening. Only recently a prominent Protestant minister was hailed as an innovator in ecclesiastical circles when he declared how much he was indebted in his preaching to a "confessional" which he conducts. What comparatively small proportion of time do preachers, parents, and teachers give to finding out the emotional reactions to their endeavors? It is within the last five years that religious education has taken systematic and scientific steps to ascertain the moral results of the vast volume of Sunday School instruction. And the findings have been rather disconcerting. During the current year Dr. Vernon Jones of Clark University and Teachers College, Columbia, has published the results of a most illuminating study of the moral judgments of secular school teachers. To eighty-two experienced teachers and thirty-six juniors and seniors in college who were preparing to teach, he submitted sixty-eight moral situations and asked an expression of what they thought was right or wrong according to their own "ideals," and also an expression of what they thought was considered right or wrong according to "generally accepted standards." The tabulation of answers showed a wide difference of opinion among the teachers. Character education should not be established in schools on the assumption that teachers always know the difference between right and wrong or that the learning of moral rules gives the solution in specific situations. But do moralists fully grasp these facts in their impassioned pleas for moral and religious instruction of youth? Do they not look upon morality as a set of fixed principles to be handed down by the elders in a patronage of wisdom rather than to be considered by them in a partnership of experience? The subject of morals has been taught too much as a multiplication table of abstract rules. But there are no abstract sins and virtues.

If moralists would share the public respect accorded to scientists, they must shift their focus from rules to results. This does not mean that they should run to the error of the Utilitarians who ignored motives and said goodness was entirely a matter of consequences. The intelligent moralist will study both the subjective and objective sides of behavior. He will recognize that disposition is the steady and controllable factor, and also that consequences give the only instruction we can procure as to the meaning of habits and dispositions. He will improve his methods of analyzing, registering, and reporting both motives and results. He will see that the good man must not only determine if his heart is right but also find out whether his head and hand are right. The moralist might even come to ask the question whether he himself is trying *to be right* or *to do good*.

This empirical method, if adopted, would serve to correct the irritating mistakes of judgment common to moralists. It is a human weakness to generalize too broadly on insufficient data. An American business man pays a milliner's bill in Paris and comes home with a complete philosophy on the fallacy of cancelling the French debt. A tourist talks to a bell boy in a Shanghai hotel and returns to say that foreign missions are a failure. Similarly, a moralist observes a single act and makes a classification as to character. Hence the hasty herding of characters into sheep and goats has made the judgments of the Church a joke in the eyes of intelligence. Until a few years ago, when research began to be made into the psychology of "transfer of training," we lacked means for understanding how opposite qualities could exist in the same character. Even yet there is a great deal of guesswork about mixed motives. There is the old Calvinistic idea that wrong cancels merit, and there is the modern theory that merit cancels wrong. But there is no cancellation in consciousness. There was a mathematical exactness about the old classifications which was anything but exact. What cruelty would be avoided if our moral cases were approached with something of the same completeness of clinical record which every competent doctor procures in dealing with his patients. Perhaps the practicing moralist will learn something from the practicing psychologist at this point. The latter at least gives the subject a chance to talk. The classic portrayal of Justice as a blindfolded figure with a scales in her hand is hardly adequate. To be just it is not enough to weigh impartially the facts before you. One must see if he has all the facts before him. The moralist if he would be just must take off the blindfold.

With a more scientific spirit of observation, morality would be delivered from its traditional error of sacrificing personalities to principles. Deeds done by men acting "upon principle" have wrought almost as much harm as those perpetrated by the unprincipled. Well-intentioned uplift work often serves only to upset. The Golden Rule practiced without intelligence and imagination frequently results in sheer irritation. Moral codes are made to seem alien to human nature. Moral conventions appear negative and restrictive. Seen as such they are bound to stir resentment. They are looked upon by the public, and especially by youth, as stereotypes put over *on* people by social censors, and not as aids put over *to* people by social servants. The doctors of divinity are regarded by many as social vivisectionists using the persons of contemporaries to demonstrate the truth of time-honored principles rather than as true surgeons of the soul working with scientific temper and curative purpose. It might be

added that a moralist may become a doctor of divinity by cultivating a single college president, but to become an accredited doctor of humanity he must be a comrade to all classes and conditions of men. Moral principles are much easier to learn in the abstract than in the concrete. Bernard Shaw's trenchant phrase, "the sacrifice of people to principles," has application not merely to the Puritans, the public reformers, the fanatics, but to the local practicing moralists of the home, the school, and the church.

To shift emphasis and put personality above principle does not mean that we should discard all moral rules and enter every isolated situation with an eye single to expediency. To do so would be as foolish as to throw away formulas when going into the laboratory or discounting medical experience when called into the sick room. Progress comes through capitalization of experience. Moral principles represent the findings of our forefathers through long experimentation. But the moralist's primary concern should not be the protection of that accumulated body of tradition but the service of the bodies and minds of men. That advice would be revolutionary in respectable circles but it is not new. It is as old and as radical as Jesus, for it was he who said, "The Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath." Respect for conventions must not go before reverence for personality. There is no goodness of God apart from the good of men. Morality is made for man and not man for morality.

Some nineteen centuries ago an eminent social diagnostician made a distinction which still merits pondering. He wrote, "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: peradventure for the good man someone would even dare to die." Righteousness and goodness are not identical twins. In fact they are not necessarily even sister virtues. They may be born of different motives. Righteousness springs from a love of principles; goodness from a love of personalities. For the good moralist some would die; the righteous moralist some would be willing to see die.

III

A third set of mistakes is made by moralists through their failure to appreciate how thoroughly the democratic spirit has tempered our attitudes.

Moral advice has to be served in cafeteria style. Men wish to walk up unsolicited and get what they want when they want it. People desire to feel that they are thinking for themselves. To be sure, there may not be much evidence that such mental processes are taking place, but the illusion at least has to be preserved. They wish to go for moral aid as they go to the doctor for bodily help or to the lawyer for legal counsel. The doctor who attempts to force his services on others, even by advertising, is discredited by the better public and ostracized by his profession. The lawyer who chases ambulances in his desire to extend his helpfulness comes under the ban of the Bar Association. These professions retain the public respect only if they are sought rather than seeking. If the moralist would wait to be consulted, he too might be held in high standing.

Such passive waiting is not the traditional attitude of the moralist. Nor is it a possible position for him. Sick souls do not send their possessors to specialists as do ailing bodies. A broken commandment does not call for help with the immediacy of a broken bone. The trespassing of a moral law does not prompt the retention of counsel as does the violation of a civil or criminal statute. Furthermore, the best physicians and lawyers do not confine themselves to private practice.

They are interested in public health and social justice. Just as the better type of medical practitioner gives himself to preventive medicine and the better type of attorney to the inculcation of law observance, so the moralist must devote himself to preventive as well as to curative morality. The Church cannot content itself with being a clinic for those who know they need it. The moralist must be aggressive if morality is to be progressive.

His task then is suggestion from above. His problem is to render this unsought service in a way that is inviting rather than intrusive or irritating. He must, for one thing, revise his conception of moral authority. The democratic temper of our time challenges tradition's right to rule in conduct as elsewhere. With many age does not win respect for moral rules but rather the reverse. Not what is behind a moral convention but what is before it, gains regard. The parent cannot rest his authority on the fact of his physical fatherhood or the necessity of preserving the institution of the home. The only tolerable parental rule will have to be based upon reverence for personality and ability to serve it. The pulpit moral guide can be convincing not on the ground that he is sent from God but that he knows how to get to people. Although some ecclesiastical institutions may stem the tide of intellectual inquiry for a time, the public will follow moral leaders on the basis of apostolic success rather than apostolic succession. The moralist's authority will have to work its way by the demonstration of its authenticity. He must convince since he can no longer command.

In morals free people want a "government of the people and for the people and by the people." The recognition of this does not mean that the moralist can posit nothing back of our moral codes but the changing choices of majorities; but it does mean that he will find what is back of morality not by going over the heads of people to a transcendental divine lawmaker but by going through the minds of men to an immanent divinity. He does not need to replace the concept of a Kingdom of God by that of a United States of consciousness as the Humanists do, but he does need to see that the "Kingdom of God is within." It will be remembered that when Jesus stressed the inwardness of this divine rule, the people, even the common people, at once detected the difference between his method and that of the legalists, saying, "He speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes." The scribes had written authorities; Jesus had living authority.

If morality is thought of as rising democratically from within men, rather than as being handed down from an aloof divinity, it may seem more rational to the intellects of men, but will it have force over the wills of men? That question of course will arise. Humanism has already raised it—and answered it in the affirmative. John Dewey says, "In an empirical sense the answer is simple. The authority is that of life." From the Christian point of view the moralist can say even more, but not here. Let it suffice to say here that Christian ethics must not, and need not, be more fearful of the democratic spirit than is Humanism.

This revision in the concept of moral authority will have to be accompanied by a revamping of the moralist's methods. The word "service" has been jingling around in our pulpit and philanthropic vocabularies until, like a coin carried too long in the pocket, it is worn smooth. It is no longer socially negotiable. It connotes too frequently the taint of patronage. Service so often means the handing down of something from the strong to the weak, the educated to the ignorant, the rich

to the poor. Not seldom it is an activity by the party of the first part which does not stimulate a corresponding response by the party of the second part. The word service might well be reminted into the word partnership. Perhaps that expression would soon grow wearisome. But the idea is essential and lasting. It implies co-operation and mental comradeship. The moralist's aim should be partnership not service—in the hackneyed and professionalized sense.

The attitude of partnership will save morality from the iconoclasm of radicalism and the resentment against paternalism. Observe this in the home. The modern home must be democratic in spirit. The nursery, however, is hardly the place to put into practice the Wilsonian doctrine of pure democracy which guarantees the right of small bodies to govern themselves. Nor should family constitutions be amended by vote of the youngest constituents. Somewhere between a bolshevism of adolescents on the one hand and a paternalism of parents on the other there should be a partnership in which the experiences of the elders are blended with the experiments of the younger.

In education this democratic principle of partnership if applied would mark a transformation in character training. The old futile pointing of morals which is still practiced in many schoolrooms would be abandoned. Teachers and pupils would try to think together in terms of situations rather than of set rules. This project method in moral instruction would tend to give the student the feeling of first-hand discovery in place of his traditional distaste for moralizing. It also offers hope of keeping the adult guides open-minded. The older generation almost invariably assumes that youth presents a problem of wildness to be tamed and forgets that age on the other hand presents a tameness to be disturbed. The research of Doctor Jones, referred to above, shows a wide gap in the teachers' minds between "ideals" and "generally accepted standards" of right and wrong. Adult minds need the continuous infusion of youth's fresh idealism. Moral education must be a co-operation of older and younger fellow-seekers.

And as for the Church this democratic theory would mean the substitution of the project method for the preaching method in moral instruction. The word "preach" carries most unpleasant connotations. It implies moral superiority on the one side and mental weakness on the other. Speakers seeking to win the favor of an audience always disclaim any intention of preaching. Churches, like colleges, must aim to teach their members how to think rather than what to think. Persons trained in the laboratory technic of progressive schools are not going to sit supinely on Sundays and be exhorted by sermons which show little sign of experimental study and offer no opportunity for refutation. The minister of religion must be a partner of his people in the progressive enterprise of moral enlightenment. His specialized training and spiritualized purpose should fit him to be a teacher and interpreter. His parish activities should be a combination of the lecture and laboratory methods in the proper proportions to encourage free inquiry and first-hand discovery. He will have attained true artistry as a moralist only when his parishioners shall say, "Our minister does not preach to us."

WATER NEVER HURT A MAN

A STORY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

HE TRUDGED with his hands tight fists in his pockets, his head bowed to the wind and rain. Ahead of him in the darkness, so that he could hear the squdge of their hoofs, the towing team bowed their necks against the collars. He could not see them in the darkness. When he lifted his face the rain cut at his eyes; and when lightning split the darkness he shut his eyes tight and pulled his head closer into his coat collar, waiting blindly for the thunder. Once in a lull he looked back. He could barely make out the bow lantern and the arrows of gray rain slanting against it. Between him and the light he caught glimpses of the tow rope, dipped slightly between the team's heaves, and the roughened water in the canal. Somewhere back of the light his father stood by the rudder-sweep, his beard curled and wet, his eyes slits, sighting for the bank. John wanted to go back, wanted to tie-by for the night, wanted to be in the bunk with his head buried in the friendly, musty smell of the blanket, where the storm could not reach him. He had gone back once, but his father had reached for his belt, saying, "Go on back. Watter never hurt a man. It keeps his hide from cracking."

John had gone back to the team. They did not need his guidance. But it was his place to keep the rope from fouling if a packet boat coming their way signalled to pass. He was afraid of his father at night, afraid of the big belt and strong hands with hair on the fingers over the knuckles. He caught up with the plodding horses and let the rain have its way. At each stroke of lightning his small back stiffened. It was his first year on the canal and he was afraid of storms at night.

He had been proud that spring when his father said, "John's old enough to be a driver boy, he's coming along with me and the *Bacconola*." He had showed his dollar to his brothers and sisters, first pay in advance, and his father had bought him a pair of cowhide boots from the cobbler when he came to the village. Later, when the frost was out of the mud, John would go barefoot.

He was proud of his father. In Westernville, with other small boys, he had heard the dock loafers talking about his father, George Brace, bully of the Black River Canal. In some strange way they had news of every fight his father fought a day after it happened. "George licked the Amsterdam Bully Wednesday mornin'. Lock fifty-nine. It tuk nineteen miits only." "George is a great hand. Them big ditch bezabors is learning about George." A stranger had said, "Wait till Buffalo Joe meets up with him." There was silence then. Buffalo Joe Buller, he was bully of the western end of the Erie. A pea-souper,

a Canadian, he fought the Erie bullies down one by one, and when he licked them he marked them with his boot in the Canadian style. It had a cross of nails to mark the beaten man's face. "You wait," said the stranger.

Little John, listening then, felt shivers down his back. But now, with the wind and rain, and the lightning tumbling the clouds apart, he forgot. They were on the long haul westward, to Buffalo, with plows aboard, full drafted in Rome. They had had to leave three hundred weight on the dock.

He felt his muddy boots slip in the towpath. He heard the squelching of the horses. Squelch-squelch, a steady rhythm as they kept step. Once the lightning caught his eyes; and he had a clear view of trees beyond the canal-side meadow, their budded twigs bent down, like old women with their backs to the storm, and the flat, sharp wall of a canal house, sixty yards behind him. He had not even seen it as he passed. The rain was finding a channel down his neck. It crept farther, bit by bit, with a cold touch. He could feel his fists white in his pockets from clenching them. His legs ached with the slippery going. They had had supper at six, tied up by the bank, and John had eaten his plate of beans. He had felt sleepy afterward, barely noticing his father's big body bent over the dishpan. It was warm in the cabin, with the little stove roaring red hot, and his small hat hanging beside his father's cap on the door.

He had been almost asleep when his father's hand shook him roughly, then tumbled him from his chair. "Get out, John. Them plows we've got has to get west for spring plowing. We'll pick up Bob in Syracuse, then we'll have a better chance to rest. Get out now," and he had reached for his belt.

What did John care for the old plows anyway? But it hadn't then begun to storm, and he had gone, with a tired sense of importance. One had to keep freight moving on the old Erie. The old *Bacconola* always made fast hauls. He had been proud and shouted in a high voice to the tired horses and kicked one with his new boots.

But now he did not care about the plows. He wished the crazy old *Bacconola* would spring a leak in her flat bottom, so they would have to stop till the hurry-up boat came along and patched her up. He thought of her now, bitterly, with her scabs of orange paint. "Crummy old blister," he called her to himself and made names to himself, which he said aloud to the horses in a shrill voice. He was only twelve, with all the bitterness of twelve, and the world was a hateful thing.

"God damned old crummy bitch of a tub . . ." But the lightning caught him, and his throat tightened and he wanted to cry out under the thunder.

A water rat went off the towpath with a splash, and a frog squeaked.

He glanced up to see a team on the opposite towpath heading east. "Hey, there!" yelled the driver in a hoarse voice; but John was too tired to answer. He liked to yell back in the daytime and crack his whip. But he had dropped his whip a while back. He would get a licking for that in the morning. But he didn't care. To hell with the whip and the driver and Pa.

"Hey, there!" shouted the other driver, a voice in the rain. "All right, all right, you dirty pup. Eat rain, if you want to and go drownd." The rain took the voice, and the boat came by, silently, noiseless as oil, with its bow light a yellow touch against the rain. The steersman gave a toot upon the horn, but the sound bubbled through the water in it, and the steersman swore.

They were still on the long level, alone once more. It must be mid-

night. If only the lock would show. In Syracuse Bob would come. He took turns driving and steering and cooking—a little man with a bent shoulder who had dizzy spells once in a while.

At the lock John could sit down and rest and listen to the tender snarling at his sluices while the boat went down, and heaving at his gate beam, while John's father heaved against the other. He was crazy, the lock-keeper was; all lock-keepers were crazy. John's father always said so. John had seen a lot of them in their week of hauling, but he did not see why they were crazy. They looked no different even if they were. He hoped the lock-keeper would be asleep, so it would take a while to wake him.

Squelch, squelch-squelch, squelch. The horses kept plodding. Suddenly John caught a break in the rhythm. One foot sounded light. He pushed his way up beside them against the wind and laid a wet hand against a side. He could not see, but the side felt hot and wet, and he got a smell of sweat. Yes, he could feel the off horse limping. Hope filled him. He waited till the boat came up where he was, a small figure, shrunk with cold. The boat's bow, round and sullen, slipped along, the bow light hanging over and showing an old mullein stalk in silhouette against the water.

"Pa!"

His voice was thin against the wind.

He saw his father's figure, rain dripping from the visor of his cap, straight and big, almighty almost, breast to the wind.

"Pa!"

The head turned.

"Hey, there! What you doin'? Get on back! Or I'll soap you proper."

"Pa! Prince has got a limp in his front foot. Pa!"

The voice turned hoarse with passion, "Get on back, you little pup. Fifty-nine's just round the next bend. Take your whip and tar him. Or I'll tar you proper."

John sobbed aloud. For a bare moment he thought of staying still and letting the boat pass on. He would run away and join the railroad. He would get run over by an engine there, just when things went well, and they would be sorry. He started to draw himself a picture of his body coming home in a black box, and his mother crying, and his father looking ashamed and sorry, and then the lightning made a blue flare and he saw the straight figure of his father ahead, on the *Bacconola*, which seemed struck still, a pill-box in the flat country, and he was afraid and went running desperately, hoping he could get back to the team before he was missed.

He caught the horses on the bend and, lifting his face to the storm, saw the lock lanterns dimly ahead. And even then his ears caught, coming up behind him, the harsh blast of a tin horn.

He looked back and saw a light, two rope lengths behind the *Bacconola*. Even while he watched over his shoulder, he saw that it was creeping up.

"John!" His father's voice beat down the sound of rain. "Lay into them brutes and beat into the lock!"

He could imagine his father glaring back. If only he had not dropped his whip. He would have liked to ask his father for the big bull whip that cracked like forty guns, but he knew what would happen if he did. He shrieked at the horses and fumbled for a stone to throw. But they had heard and recognized the note in his father's voice, and they were bending earnestly against the collars. A sudden excitement filled John as his father's horn rang out for the lock. The wind took the sound and carried it back, and the other boat's horn sounded a double

toot for passing. John yelled shrilly. The horses seemed to stand still, and there was an odd effect in the rain of the canal sliding under them inch by inch laboriously, as if with his own feet he turned the world backward.

Minutes crept at them out of the rain, and the lights of the lock did not seem to stir. Then John heard the squelching of the team behind his back. Little by little they were coming up, past the *Bacconola*, until he could hear them panting through the rain, and saw them close behind, behind dim puffs of steamy breath. He watched them frantically. Then the lightning came once more, a triple bolt, and the thunder shook him, and when he opened his eyes once more, he saw the lock lanterns a hundred yards ahead.

At that instant the driver of the boat behind yelled, "Haw!" and the following team swung across his towrope, and they were snarled.

The horses stopped of themselves, shuddering. They were old hands, and knew enough not to move, for fear of being thrown from the towpath. The boats came drifting on, placidly as water-logged sticks. The light of the following boat showed a dark bow coming up. John heard his father roaring oaths, and saw by the bow light of the other boat, a tall, clean-shaven man as big as his father crouched to jump ashore. Then both boats came in by the towpath, and both men jumped. They made no sound except for the thump of their shoes, but John saw them dim against the lantern light, their fists coming at each other in slow, heavy swings.

The strange team was panting close beside him, and he did not hear the blows landing. There was a pushing upward in his chest, which hurt, and his fists made small balls in the pockets of his trousers. The other boater and his father were standing breast to breast, their faces still, cut, stonelike things in the yellow light, and the rain walling them in. He saw his father lift his hand, and the other man slip, and he would have yelled, for all his cold, if the lightning had not come again, so blue that his eyes smarted. He doubled up, hiding his face, and wept. . . .

A hand caught him by the shoulder.

"A little puny girly boy," said a voice. "I wouldn't lick you proper! Not a little girly baby like you. But I'll spank you just to learn you to let us come by!"

John opened his eyes to see a boy, about his own height but broader built, squinting at him through the rain.

"Take off your pants, dearie," said the boy in a mock voice, digging in his fingers till John winced. "Joe Buller can handle your Captain smart enough. Me, I'll just paddle you to learn you."

John, looking up, was afraid. He did not know what to do, but without warning his hands acted for him, and he struck at the square face with all his might. A pain shot up his arm, making his elbow tingle, and the boy fell back. John could feel the surprise in that body stock still in the rain, and had an instant of astonished pride.

Then panic laid hold of him and he tried to run. But the other boy jumped on his back. They went down flat in the mud, the older boy on John's shoulders, pummeling him till his head sang, and forcing his face into the track, and crying, "Eat it, you lousy little skunk. Eat it, eat it, eat it, eat it."

John could taste the mud in his mouth, with a salty taste, and he began to squirm, twisting his head to escape the brown suffocation. He heaved himself behind, throwing the boy unexpectedly forward, twisted round, and kicked with all his might. The boy yelled and jumped back on

him. And again they went down, this time the boy bent seriously to business. And this time John realized how it was to be hurt. At the third blow something burst loose in his inside and he screamed. He was crying madly. The other boy was heavier, but John squirmed over on his back, and as the brown hand came down on his face he caught it in both his own and bit with all the strength of his jaws. The hand had a slippery, muddy taste, but in a second it was warm in his mouth, and there was a sick, salt warmth on his tongue. The boy struck him once in the eyes and once on the nose, but John held on and bit. Then the boy howled and tore loose and ran back. There was another stroke of lightning, and John saw him doubled up, holding his hand to his mouth; and he got stiffly up, turned his back to the thunder and saw his father bent over the other boater, taking off his shoe.

John walked up to them. His father's face was bleeding a trickle of blood from the right eye into his beard, but he was grinning.

"I'll take his boot for a souvenir," he said. "How'd you come out, Johnny?"

"Oh, pretty good. I guess that other feller won't bother us no more," said John, examining the fallen man. He lay half stunned, by the water's edge, a smooth, big man, with frightened, pale eyes. And one crumpled arm was in the water. John's father looked at the man and then at the boot he had in his hand.

"I'd ought to mark him by the rights of it; but he ain't worth the work, the way he laid down. Who'd ever know his name was Buller?"

Buller. . . . John gazed up admiringly at his big father and studied how the blood ran from the outer corner of the eye and lost its way in the black beard, which the rain had curled. His father had licked the western bully proper.

"Hey, there!"

The hail came in a thin, cracking voice. Turning, they saw the lock-keeper, white-bearded, peering at them from under the battered umbrella he held with both hands against the wind. The tails of his nightshirt whipped round the tops of his boots.

"Hey, there, you. There'll be some down boats by pretty quick, so you want to hurry along now, while the level's right."

John was aware of his father standing looking down at him.

"Shall we tie-by where we be?" asked his father.

John felt pains coming into the back of his neck where he had been pummeled, and his knuckles ached.

"We can stay here a spell," said his father. "The storm's comin' on again. There'll be bad lightnin' I make no doubt."

As he spoke there came a flash, and John whirled to see if the other driver boy was still visible. He was proud to see him sitting by the towpath, nursing his hurt hand. John did not notice the thunder. He was elaborating a sentence in his mind.

He made a hole in the mud with the toe of his boot, spat into it, and covered it, the way he had seen his father do at home on a Sunday.

"Why," he said, in his high voice, eying the old *Bacconola*, "I guess them poor bezabor farmers will be wantin' them plows for the spring plowing, I guess."

"Me, I'm kind of tuckered," said his father, raising his shoulders to loose the wet shirt off his back. "And the rain's commencing too."

John said importantly, "Watter never hurt a man, it keeps his hide from cracking."

His father jumped aboard. He took his horn and tooted it for the lock. John ran ahead and put back the other boat's team and cried to their own

horses to go on. They took up the slack wearily, and presently little ripples showed on the *Bacconola's* bow, and the lantern showed the shore slipping back. On the stern, George Brace blew a blast for the lock. The old lock-keeper was standing by the sluices, drops of water from his beard falling between his feet.

The boat went down, and the horses took it out. Ahead, the team and the boy left the lantern light and entered once more the darkness. The rope followed. And once more the *Bacconola* was alone with its own lantern.

Presently, though, in a stroke of light, George saw his son beside the boat.

"What's the matter? Hey, there!" he asked.

"Say, Pa! Will you chuck me your bull whip here ashore? Them horses is getting kind of dozey. They need soaping proper."

"Where's your whip?"

"I guess I left it a while back. I guess it was in that kind of scrummage we had. I guess it needs a heavier whip anyhow. I guess a man couldn't spare the time going back for it."

"Sure," said George.

He reached down and took it from its peg, recoiled it, and tossed it ashore. The boat went ahead, slowly, with a sound of water, and of rain falling, and of wind.

THE ROOM

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THEY told me not to go back to your desolate chamber.
"Now that she is gone and is laid away and is dead,
The terrible silence will pour into your spirit.
There is nothing more to be done. Do not go," they said.

But I returned to that sealed room under the moon and stars.
There was no silence there for me, but a voice that I one time knew.
I found no aching emptiness. "They were mistaken," I said.
For the room breathed and whispered and sang. It was full of You.

BLIND ALLEY

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE purely critical age in American thought is drawing to a confused and dusky close. With what joy did they who were then young wake up on bracing mornings of the year 1915 to discover that they could and would rebel against the massive dull democracy and all its ways, that a new freedom was a banner and a trumpet-call, that art and hard critical thinking, allied for the first time upon this continent, would burn new pathways through the jungle of barbarism. Nor were these hopes and enthusiasms vain. Despite an evil war and an evil peace, despite mechanization and prohibition and jingoism both racial and cultural, the "Presidentziads," as Whitman would have called them, of Harding and Coolidge produced a body of art and thought so forceful, effective, and essentially homogeneous that historians of more than one future century will celebrate an age in which the intellectuals and artists of America sat in severe and impartial judgment upon their country and their people, in which they effectually touched and wrought upon the thoughts and ways of life of millions of their countrymen. Who except barren and hence irritable youngsters will be able to accord less than that to the thinkers and writers of the middle generation in America? Yet the dusk, though still faint, is surely gathering about these men and their works. In half the number of years that is usually counted toward a generation the critical period of modern America is fainting and failing, not before the blaze of some nobler creative development but in weariness, in surfeit, in feebleness, amid petty rancors and the revival of hoary claptrap.

To say after the manner of the old-fashioned critic that what is happening is a change in taste is, of course, to beg the question. Changes in taste are the expression of moral and philosophical revolutions. The lads that worshipped Wordsworth and despised Pope did so because they were seeing a new earth and a new heaven; they saw man set free from kings and priests, and nature quick with God; they saw government as the voluntary delegation of natural rights and human relations as dictated by love not law. They read the "Lyrical Ballads" and ceased reading the "Essay on Man" on account of certain tremendous new affirmations in regard to man and nature and human life which did indeed usher in a new age and almost a new race. No, we are not witnessing a change in taste. Mere technical innovation is a way of marking time because there is no vision, and an exact, ultimate, philosophical equation could be established between Mr. Mencken's *Americana* and the experimenters in *transition*. And, therefore, *transition* too was ingloriously extinguished the other day. There are many ways of expressing one's mere dislike of human folly within a given civilization; the lusty and humorous way makes better reading than the feeble and con-

torted way. The meaning is the same. The young romantics of Wordsworth's day could no doubt have gathered *Angliana* as laughable and as scathing as possible. They had no time for that. They were bent upon the business of saving the world. If, like Shelley, they were poets, they wrote the gospels of the new salvation. But the young men in American literature and thought, literature and *therefore* thought, are doing no such thing. Mr. Hemingway's disgust for life lacks precisely the critical joy and vigor that characterized the works of the middle generation. Brilliant and able as he is, he tells us nothing new; Mr. T. S. Eliot makes the romantic escape into the past that is a constant mark of weary periods; the feebly elegant fables of Mr. Thornton Wilder represent another well-known type of flight into the remote and the exotic. Taste has not changed. That is, precisely, the symptom of the hushed disaster that is overtaking our letters and our thought. The closing critical age of America buried no seed in any soil; nor did it build—to change the figure—any ramparts to storm; Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Cabell, Mr. Masters, and now both Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Callaghan have all agreed that life is, in the words of their final philosophical spokesman, "ridiculous and disgusting." Hence, for all false signs of blare and business, twilight is upon us —twilight and stagnation.

I do not, heaven forbid, sit in judgment on these friends and contemporaries. There was in the America of our youth no affirmation that was not puerile, no dogma that was not wormeaten, no popular belief that was not an absurd delusion. We could not ally ourselves with the yea-sayers about us —with orgiastic religionists or belligerent saviors of the world for democracy or driveling new-thoughters or nativistic patriots or anti-saloon leaguers. The spiritual level of affirmation had fallen so low that every noble word was soiled and every idealistic monition discredited. Who will dare even to-day to use, for instance, the word *service?* Yet every great writer is a servant of mankind or he is nothing. Who will risk an appeal to ancestral forces only to be accused of supporting the defense-program of the D.A.R.? Who, to rise to a slightly higher level, will venture to assert that the universe of the practical reason is in fact dualistic and be confounded with the new disciples of Dr. Paul Elmer More? No wonder that the writers and thinkers of the critical age were so shy of any affirmation and cultivated an almost frantic modesty in the matter of any positive values in ethics or politics or religion. They could not have done otherwise than they did. Yet fate is having its revenge. Isolated intellectuals, substituting work for human satisfactions, may live not unjoyously on with the conviction that life is "ridiculous and disgusting"; mankind will not and cannot. Great literature affirms life to be tragic; it implies the acceptance of life as tragic; but both that affirmation and that acceptance represent a triumph of the human spirit. Nor is this less true, as has been falsely argued, of great modern literature than of the works of other ages. For if modern tragedy often represents the gods as hostile and the universe as dead and uncaring, it likewise represents man as triumphant over the hostile gods and the blind universe through his ability to create the very concepts and feel the accompanying emotions of liberty, of righteousness, of justice, and if need be to suffer and to die for these.

II

To use the words liberty, righteousness, and justice is to be forced at once to re-state the whole problem. The

thinkers of the critical age dared not use these words, for the simple reason that their opponents, from the late Stuart Sherman in his belligerent years to the so called humanists of to-day, were constantly using them as the names of things dangerously near the liberty of our immigration laws, the righteousness of a Baptist patriot, and the justice handed out by the government department of that name. So these thinkers blushed and derided and grew hard; they forgot, excusably enough, that man is a valuing animal, that he lives and breathes literally by the active affirmation of values, that they themselves cannot and do not carry on the common business of life in any other way. In this spiritual modesty and flight from Philistinism they went to childish lengths. They no longer distinguished but grew actually muddle-headed, as when the other day the eloquent and sagacious J. W. Krutch permitted himself to say that the modern temper discredits "patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, honor." Now no spiritual-minded person has ever, or hardly ever found it possible to be respectable, that is, to keep his conduct wholly on the level of contemporary majority *mores*, nor has belligerent and exclusive patriotism ever been thought of as anything but a menace and a shame among the enlightened from Goethe to the present. No one, on the other hand, but a hermit or a castaway on a desert island can sustain life without disaster for three consecutive hours without the exercise of self-sacrifice and honor. For without the practice of these all human relations would break down, all traffic between man and man would become impossible. Doubtless the modern self negates its hungers and curbs its impulses according to another moral pattern, and doubtless the honor of a modern man is radically different in both theory and action from that of a mediæval knight or his spurious contemporary descendant. All accidents have happily changed; the core of the permanent remains—the self recognizes limitations for the sake of the other selves in the world; honor commands and forbids, though the content of its monitions may have wholly changed.

Here are the crucial facts which the contemporary American critical radical, the "hard-boiled" thinker or writer, refuses to admit even to himself. In his own person he will be seen to live a life of order, however original in plan; he successfully sustains all the major human relations; he, therefore, obviously practices in their new and more intelligent form all the fundamental virtues. He must be, upon principles however new, capable of self-sacrifice and honor. But instead of investigating the ultimate meaning of the principles upon which he acts every day of his life and seeking to ally this existing moral world with its necessary philosophical background, he feigns a negation of all values and continues to write as though all moral concepts were the discredited ones of the blind mass and as though he and his fellows lived lives wholly unguided from within. He continues in forms ever wearier and more sterile to deride the sordid and narrow lives which, after all, he sees only from without and refuses to use creatively the moral and, therefore, metaphysical experience which, in the nature of things, he must possess. The youngest of the critical realists, Mr. Morley Callaghan and Mr. Nathan Asch, write in this respect quite like the men old enough to be their fathers. The human scene in America fills them with loathing or impels them to jeer. Well, there is enough in that scene to justify both impulses. But so there is in every human scene. I will wager to match the items in Mr. Mencken's *Americana* with items from all the most enlightened countries of Europe.

The masses of men still live amid brutalizing and heart-breaking delusions. To have pointed out that the American masses do so too, that here as everywhere superstition and dullness and cruelty are rampant, and that neither democracy nor the machine has changed essential, perdurable human ills—this was the high and necessary function of our critical age. This and above all the liberation of a saving minority from the worst pressure of the mass. But here no more than elsewhere can this method suffice. Once more men must look into their hearts and write; once more they must fix their minds not upon the repellent masses under a given civilization but rather upon mankind in its permanent and, if one likes, abstract aspects.

The problem, though it finds its outer expression in literature, is not, of course, a problem of literature but of life. What is true of writers is true of readers. What is true of America is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of other lands. New values, new affirmations out of which to create and guide both life and art are not easy to come by anywhere. But in Europe the necessity for such values is recognized, and at least one great writer, Thomas Mann, has transcended his own critical-realist past and written the first epic of the modern spirit. The trouble in contemporary America is that the necessity for new values and a new literature embodying these is not recognized. For the so-called new humanists do but practice the old, romantic policy of flight into a past which they mold arbitrarily to suit themselves. How childish and petulant a gesture to feign to repudiate all human civilization, with the exception of certain eighteenth-century moments, since the Renaissance! A new idealism and a new idealistic literature are in truth needed. They are not to be found amid the cruelty and dirt and groveling superstitions of the past. They must include and put to use all we have learned and know: our hard-won moral liberties, our dearly bought experiences concerning the old iniquities of intolerance, of oppression, of war. But the difficulty of the momentary American situation is well illustrated by the hesitancy and slight secret shame with which one uses such words as "idealism" and "idealistic" literature at all. Yet both *Job* and *Faust* are idealistic in this sense; a new master, were he to appear, would seek like all his predecessors, however new his terms, however different his interpretative ground and method, "to justify the ways of God to man."

III

Am I setting up a man of straw for the pleasure of knocking him down? Let us not forget that literature is life grown articulate. It is the speech of art not of stock-company reports that expresses the temper of every civilization and of every age; it is by the articulateness of the arts that we know the past; by it, no less, we gauge the mood of the present. The primitive man's chant of sorrow or cry of victory or moan of supplication has become the poem, the play, above all, the novel. What writers are impelled to write and readers equally impelled to read—that is the essence of life and experience, more real, more representative than the crude happenings of men's common day, for it includes their reactions, their disillusions, their wish-fulfillments. Consider the American scene from this exacter point of view. The joyous zest of the early days of the critical age is gone. A bitter pleasure exhaled even from the graveyard of Spoon River. For there were valor and freshness in the act of making the American dead speak thus and in hearing their speech. Where are that valor and that freshness now? Where,

in this higher sense, is the joy of baiting anti-saloon leaguers or showing up Babbitts? Could anything, in fact, be drearier? Mr. Mencken tells us with all his undiminished vigor that there are no gods. The message does not thrill us; we knew it long ago. But in our heart of hearts all of us, even Mr. Krutch, are anxious about God, about good, about values whereby we can live affirmatively and with the human dignity of old. Ah, it is Mr. Mencken himself who has helped to clear the road for the so-called humanists. For he has told us what he dislikes and despises; he has never told us what he lives by and what his metaphysics are. But man is, among other things, a metaphysical animal and if you do not give him a new and reasonable metaphysic he will flee from you as far as the Middle Ages and St. Thomas Aquinas and addle his easily addled brain. But he will have his metaphysic and cannot live exclusively even on the best bread of Coolidge prosperity. Now even that is cracking; unless the articulate spokesmen of the nation change their tune, all reason and moderation will be drowned as they have been drowned in many parts of Europe, and we shall be left between the devil of Communist passion and the deep sea of black reaction.

All signs point in one direction. The expression in literature of America is fast becoming the hardest and brassiest since the plays of the Restoration. The melancholy Jewish jeering of Mr. Hoffenstein and of Miss Parker are but parallel phases of the "let's have another drink" school of fiction; so is the contemptuousness slightly tinged with compassion of Mr. Elmer Rice; so is, on a higher plane, the classical ferocity of disgust of Mr. Ring Lardner. From this hard implicit denial of values there will be flight. Flight with Mr. Wilder, a more massive flight with Mr. Van Dine and his innumerable colleagues. If literature is written from the shallowness of hollow souls, readers will flee to sub-literature; if men are not given reasonable values to live by they will go to camp-meetings or feed their children to Moloch; from the pornography of impotence and disgust of Mr. Joyce and the late Mr. Lawrence the reaction is not, alas, toward a healthy honoring of the body and a civilized use of its functions, but toward the bosom of Mr. Paul Elmer More. Debauchery leads to monasticism—not to love and beautiful begetting. The petting-party sustained by bootleg liquor has in all ages been a forerunner of some Great Awakening and preaching of hell-fire. We must get out of this blind alley, if we can. One can, at least, warn the moral and spiritual nihilists that they are playing into the hands of all whom they hate and dread, of all the forces of darkness and intolerance.

The word nihilism for this temper and this movement is not mine. It is Nietzsche's. He described and diagnosed it long before it had reached our shores. All our hard-boiled thinkers and writers should re-read those terrible early pages of *Der Wille zur Macht*. "The attempt to escape from nihilism without trans-valuing historical values produces the contrary effect and intensifies the problem." To create new values, then—that was Nietzsche's aim. We cannot accept his new values; they are the fruits of a too angry and exorbitant reaction against the democratization of the quality of modern life. But not even he, the arch-revolutionary, the destroyer of all tables of the law, dreamed for one moment that man could live without tables, however symbolical, without inner laws, without values to be made flesh in lives that shall be, upon some interpretation, however new, heroic lives. It has remained for contemporary younger America to believe

that we can live in the void, aimless, unguided, unfeeling, nourishing ourselves wholly on disgust and disillusion.

It is an old futility to reply that the universe as at last revealed by science gives us no hope or comfort. That "at last" is at least as old as Lucretius; the plaint concerning the uncaring gods almost as old as human history. But human history remains. Is history the record of the crimes and follies of mankind? Yes, but only mankind in all the hollow universe has been capable of crimes and follies, that is, of action and conscious experience in the light of values, of ideals, of principles of action; men have lived and died by and for ideas and they will continue to do so. To have them live and die by saner and more humane ideas is the only rational purpose of mature minds; the querulous lapsing into nihilism is both feeble and foolish. If the universe is continuous, ideals are phenomena as natural and inherent in the eternal so-ness and order of things as rocks or stars or trees; if the universe is discontinuous, man's history, evil and foolish though it be, is still, by the strangeness and uniqueness of its quality, by its apparent utter difference from nature, a miracle and a triumph. Thus values—not these values or those values—but values and the valuing instinct of man are valid, historically and metaphysically, on either hypothesis. They are either a natural fruit of the order of the universe or a triumph over it.

The quick and, therefore, shallow question will at once be raised: what values do you expect American literature and life to embody? This is no place for a concrete answer to that question, which I have done my humble best to supply in more than one book. Here the general answer must suffice: not values by mere convention or tradition but a selection of such values as are inherent in actual life, in history, in the biological process as these manifest themselves to us in our time and place. Beyond that answer one need not go. For what, to sum up, was at last crying to be pointed out, was that the rapid decline of a purely critical literature, the expressive barrenness of the moment, the flight of the pseudo-intelligent into outworn follies and of the naïve into the realm of crime and mystery, were all phenomena explicable by an appeal to history, to experience, to the changeless nature of man. We shall not return to the soggy self-complacency and rosy optimism of, let us say, Ruskin. Nevertheless, the man had hold of a fundamental truth. Sound art requires strong affirmations; great art stands in the service, however interpreted, of man and God. We have now got rid of the stealthy shames and mean proprieties of the nineteenth century. It is time to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Babbitt has been taught to know himself for what he is. He reads, I strongly suspect, *The American Mercury;* he and his children begin to demand the bread of art; they will not long rest content with gin and saccharine; if they are denied the nourishment of sound ideas and sound creative works they may turn to delusions more menacing than those from which the writers of the critical age succeeded in rescuing them in the past fifteen years.

THE SEX TABOO AT PUKA-PUKA

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

SITTING on the veranda of the Puka-Puka trading station, I can see the panorama of atoll life moving drowsily beneath me. It is true that the main portion of the village is behind me, but there are a half dozen huts scattered along the beach fifty yards away; and it is here that the fishermen paddle in from the lagoon, the children splash about the shallow water, old women sit in the shade and breeze to plait their pandanus hats, and the wild youth of the three villages meet to wrestle, play marbles, make intricate cats' cradles, or discuss the coming love fests on the outer beach.

Some evenings the canoes of Leeward Village come from Frigate Bird Islet. I can see them from afar, their sails bellying to a beam wind; twenty or thirty of them moving so rapidly that it seems no more than a moment before the spray from their torpedo-shaped bows is visible; then they have dodged among the coral heads of the bay and beached in full view from my veranda. They are loaded high above the gunwales with fern and *pukatea* leaves—green manure for the main islet's taro beds. And there are husked drinking nuts, long strings of brown ripe ones, and a hundred or more young boobies, tied by their feet like a bunch of onions, squawking raucously.

A procession of laughing, shouting Puka-Pukans passes on either side of the trading station, carrying the bundles of leaves and nuts on their heads; the children run before them with the birds, swinging them over their heads with the unconcerned cruelty of young savages, to me appalling. I turn my head, half sick at the sight. I have tried to stop them, even asked Sea Foam to preach a sermon against cruelty to dumb animals; but he could not find a text, nor could I. And when I have mentioned diffidently to my neighbors that animals feel pain the same as men they have laughed at me for a sentimental fool.

Before long the leaves and nuts are stacked in the outhouses, and now all the men help, turn and turn about, carrying one another's canoes to the shoring logs. They bail them out, dry them with masses of coconut fiber, and pile plaited fronds on top of them. It requires a year or more for a Puka-Pukan to build a canoe, so he appreciates its value and takes great care of it, making it last a lifetime.

The men stroll back to their houses. The sun has set, and the tropical night is deepening by perceptible degrees; in a half hour it will be dark. A flash of light falls from the sky as a cloud, still aglow with the sun, passes over the lagoon, diffusing its radiance on the rippling water in kaleidoscopic colors. But in a moment it has gone, the coral heads have vanished, the distant reef has dissolved into the sea. A cricket sounds his strident love call from under the veranda; a rooster crows from his perch in a coconut palm. It is eve-

ning, the hour of reverie and of melancholy.

Newly married Mrs. Wail-of-Woe leaves her house and walks to the beach, followed by her younger sister. Both are as naked as the day they were born. A few moments later the sandy stretch between the houses and the beach is dotted with the figures of my neighbors, all quite nude, old and young alike, on their way to the lagoon for their evening bath. Men and women intermingle, naked urchins jump whooping about, young Mr. Chair puts his arm around his sweetheart's waist and they run to the lagoon and jump in. No one is self-conscious, for they have done this since they were babies, and to them there is no mystery in sex and no consciousness of its exposure. Visually, their sexes interest them no more than the sexes of animals; psychically, it is otherwise, for they are an ardent race.

And now I, who have traded on this atoll for years, am becoming indifferent to nakedness, though at first it was quite disturbing. But still I have not attained the healthy incuriousness of my neighbors, for when pretty Miss Tern runs from Sea Foam's house, a hundred yards from the station, and trips gracefully down the beach, the innocent and lovely creation of a fairy wand, I am not nearly enough of a Saint Anthony not to feel a warm tremor pass over me.

At such times I rise from my steamer chair and, leaving the veranda, open the station for the evening trade. I am piqued with myself because I cannot show the impassivity of my neighbors. One evening it was especially disturbing. I had opened the store, and though it was still quite light, was touching a match to the lamp when Miss Tern came running in, dripping wet and still unclothed, her hair clinging to her tawny skin.

"Sea Foam wants some perfume quickly, for baby is sick!" she cried, out of breath, her panting agitating her breasts.

When I gave her a bottle of the favorite Puka-Puka remedy, she clutched it and ran out of the store, unaware of her nudity and unable to understand that she had left me very much shaken and greatly aggravated with myself. Why could not I look upon a live nude figure in the same way the natives do? The answer was easily found: it was because I was brought up to consider sex both shameful and desirable—a vice to be indulged in clandestinely, while the Puka-Pukans look upon it as a religious ritual, and certainly anything but shameful. With them it is spoken of casually in the family circle, and no child of five is puzzled as to how the race is propagated.

Night has come before the people leave their bath, for they are playful, and the old grandpas and grandmas enjoy splashing and ducking, turning somersaults and playing porpoise in the water as much as do the youngsters. When at last they return to their homes, the older people clothe themselves in *pareus*, dungaree pants, and grass skirts; but the young fry seldom worry about such things. Then tiny coconut-shell fires flash through the villages, revealing groups of squatting natives cooking their evening meals. The fires subside, the villages are obscured in soft shadows, the old folk and the married attend to their own affairs; but the young unmarried slip unhindered through the gloom of the coconut groves to the moon-gleaming outer beach, in the eternal quest of love.

II

I had not been long on Puka-Puka before I wondered why, if the natives are not ashamed of their bodies, they wear clothes at any time.

I knew why they wore European clothes, and why they attended church dressed in the heterogeneous costumes of many nations, professions, and sports. It was the self-same silly vanity which makes a woman paint her face and a man spend hours over his selection of neckties. But the natives wore clothes before the coming of the whites; they were a part of the ritual of the primitive Puka-Pukan life. They were given to him when he reached maturity, but were forbidden before that time. The age of maturity was decided by a council of the village fathers. The youth or maiden was taken before this council, and if it was thought that he or she was old enough to look upon the opposite sex, clothes were decreed and nakedness forbidden except at stated times, such as when bathing in the lagoon or turtle hunting at sea. These garments consisted of a loin cloth of pandanus matting bound around the waist with sennit for the men, and a grass skirt or girdle of fern leaves for the women.

But why any clothes at all?

My retainer, the old heathen William, answered this question one day while we were strolling through the islet, deciphering the tombstone symbolism in the little graveyards among the groves. As I stood in one such clearing I caught sight of Miss Tern passing on her way to the taro beds. She was dressed in a girdle of frond leaves and was quite as conscious of it as a boy with his first long pants. She tripped along with a pretty movement of her hips that was accentuated by the girdle, and as her eyes dropped to the garment a smile of gratification played on her lips. She gave me the impression that, now her sex was hidden, she was conscious of it for the first time.

Only yesterday the council had decided that Miss Tern was mature—or to be more accurate, had reached puberty—so they had "made her into a woman," or "*akawawine*," as the ceremony of bestowing the first clothes is called. Unless Sea Foam's Christian notions had kept her indoors last night, which is improbable, she had gone to the outer beach where some wild youth of another village had initiated her into the meaning of sex.

"William," I asked the lone heathen of Puka-Puka, "why do the natives start wearing clothes when they reach maturity?"

The old retainer has always looked upon me as an inordinately ignorant young man and, though I feed both him and his garrulous old wife, Mama, he shows me little respect. Now he clutched my arm and led me off into the groves to stop before a heavily laden coconut tree.

"You see," he cried, pretending to be exasperated, "this is a coconut tree."

"Yes," I replied readily.

"Hm," grunted the old man, as though to acknowledge that I had some intelligence after all.

"Well, you see that she has been tabooed?"

"Yes," said I. "The village fathers have set this tree aside for one man's use; and to warn anyone from accidentally taking its nuts, they have wrapped a coconut frond around its bole."

"They have wrapped a coconut frond around its bole!" William repeated my sentence with irony. Then he shouted, leaning over until his sparsely bearded chin nearly touched my face, "Hell and damnation! What a way to say that they have put a grass skirt on her!"

I glanced up at the tree. The frond wrapped around its bole did look like a grass skirt tied about the slim body of a girl. I began to see light.

"Oh, so that's how it is!" I cried. "The grass skirt around the girl means that she is taboo, or the property of one

man, just the same as the frond around this tree means that it is a single man's property."

"My son," William said in a gentler tone, "that is it exactly."

"But," I went on, "how did it all start? Is the grass skirt on the tree copied after the old method of tabooing a woman?"

The irascible old heathen flew off the handle again. "God damn," he cried. "What ignorance! Of course not; the coconut tree came first, and the tabooing of the woman was a copy of it. What does a woman amount to in comparison to a coconut tree?"

I wanted to ask William why a woman wore the taboo garment before marriage, for certainly she was anything but the property of one man; but I saved my question for a later date, for the old man was in a fiery humor. When I did ask him, over a bottle of home-brewed ale, he replied vaguely that she was the property of only one man at a time, and that is as much as I was able to learn concerning this slightly contradictory detail.

III

With the exception of old Bones, the local voluptuary, there is no sex morbidity at Puka-Puka; but if these happy-go-lucky, half-god, half-animal people come in closer contact with the civilized world the result will be disastrous. Already the missionaries have made havoc with their morals. Narrow-minded and self-seeking, in their myopic way they have insisted on the maidens clothing themselves at twelve and the youths at thirteen. The Puka-Pukans have taken this as a permit to sexual relations at these ages, for, as has been explained, clothes are considered a tacit permission to enter the love fests. A coconut tree reaches the age of fructification; it is claimed by a man; tabooed by being "clothed," and the fruit is used by that man. The parallel is the same with a woman; but though one must wait until a coconut tree comes to maturity before he can harvest its fruit, it is otherwise with a girl—much to her detriment—and this the missionaries have blindly brought into existence. Rather than see a naked adolescent body, they have made child mistresses and lovers of the youngsters of this atoll. Perhaps the missionaries are not as clean-minded as the natives who look upon a naked body with indifference.

It must be said that the missionaries are unaware of the harm they are doing. They come to such islands as Puka-Puka only for a day at a time; they turn topsy-turvy the traditions, customs, and religion of the islanders, and then rush off to write articles about their uplifting work; but they do not remain to witness its disastrous results. It is my conviction that they have, more than any others, contributed to the injury of the Polynesians.

But here the injury has been slight, for the people are too natural a race to feel sexual inclinations before their bodies have matured. The meetings on the outer beach are not an orgy of lust; probably much less actual intercourse exists than would among our civilized youth under similar conditions.

I recall two illustrations in a volume about John Williams and his torch-bearing voyage through the South Seas. One was of Puka-Puka before, and the other of the same island after Williams' visit. The first picture depicted a night scene on the beach, with savages dancing by torchlight. They were clothed in grass skirts and fantastic headdresses, their faces were tattooed, they had strings of shark teeth around their necks and war clubs in their hands. In the background idols of extraordinary ugliness stared

from the shadows of gnarled atoll trees. The scene was alive with the abandon of savage islands and, though the artist had done his best to make it repellent, one felt that here was a virile race with a tradition of its own, full of the love of life, independent, flourishing.

The other picture showed a potential Puka-Puka under missionary rule—far from what it actually is, thank God! There was the same stretch of beach, but across it walked an upright, godfearing Puka-Pukan dressed in clothes suitable for Sunday services. In one hand he held a leash attached to a fat pig; in the other a Bible. Behind him, the gnarled atoll trees and the idols had given way to straight rows of coconut palms, where other natives, also properly dressed, split and dried coconuts to help supply the world's margarin. What bathos! A civilization had been destroyed to make Christians and margarin! Happily, the artist was a false prophet; but such conditions have come to pass elsewhere in the Pacific.

IV

A Puka-Pukan seldom marries his first love—or his second, third, or twentieth, for that matter; but when he does marry it is almost invariably successful. Unfaithful husbands and wives are such a rarity here that one may as well say that they do not exist. The reason is evident: there is no grab-bag luck. Before marriage they know one another intimately, know dozens of others intimately; there is no mystery to be disillusioned away; they settle down in married life satisfied, through actual experience, that they have the mate who is best suited to them.

Several reasons would forbid such a practice in civilized countries. We have a heritage of jealousy which makes the thought of marrying a woman who has been loved by another objectionable. This heritage has been developed through ages of ego assertion, when the attainment of food, shelter, safety, and a mate has been consummated by our proving ourselves superior to others. It has been a strife in which the lineage of the weakling has been exterminated. We have idolized personal property; "this is mine" has become a religion to us, and our pride has been injured when others have conquered our property.

The Puka-Pukans have little personal property, for all the land is communally owned. They have no fear of losing their wives to another, for the precedent has not been set—the fear has not been created. All the wives of this island are faithful to their husbands, so there has been no call for jealousy. As to jealousy among the young unmarried, it exists only in the mildest form. Probably they avoid it unconsciously, for it would disorganize their premarriage promiscuous intercourse, and this would be a great evil indeed.

A second reason for chastity in civilized countries is because an illegitimate child is given an opprobrious name, incurs disgrace from the accident of his birth, and in some cases even loses his right to inherit. The mother is designated by a still more opprobrious name and has little chance of living in respectable society. Her future is hopeless and her child an outcast.

But on such a primitive island as I write about an unmarried mother is honored; and what is more, she has a better chance than a maiden to find a good husband. The sane-minded Puka-Pukan desires a child to carry his name and tradition beyond his grave. When he finds a woman who is both congenial and of proven fecundity he marries her at once, happy in the prospect of an offspring.

Whether they be illegitimate children or gray-haired deacons of the church, each Puka-Pukan has an equal interest in the land and all it produces, and in all the fish, turtles, and birds taken in the community catches. Hence, the mother's premarriage child is no problem at all: he belongs to the village, a taro bed is set aside for him, ten coconut trees are tabooed, and he receives his share of the village copra before, figuratively, he is out of his swaddling clothes. And finally, the Puka-Pukans are a child-loving race, so if the mother does not wish to take her baby to her husband's home there will be a score of families fighting for him. After all, he brings no expense or disgrace upon the adopting family.

In most countries the economic status of a woman makes her dependent upon a man, especially when she has reached middle age and borne children. This is the rule; there are many exceptions, but it will never be changed until women cease to bear children, or the government takes them and their children under its care—as do the Puka-Puka village councils. But all this and all it implies is too much of an everyday experience to be expatiated upon; yet, when I told some of my native friends about the situation of an unmarried mother in America, they could not believe that a country so superior to their atoll should allow any member of its community to suffer from want.

The Puka-Pukan mother is actually better off than when she was a maid, for she has her own share of the island's wealth as well as her baby's, and a native baby requires little more than its mother's milk. Thus it can be said that a premium is given to motherhood.

V

William and I discussed the relative merits of the sex taboo in civilized and primitive societies one night while we were fishing on the reef. There is a coral bowlder on the north reef, high and dry during southeasterly trades, when very little sea washes over the coral barrier. To one side a deep crevice leads to the sea, an excellent place to catch *malau*, a red, big-eyed fish, fat and unsurpassed for flavor. They bite a white fly on the fourteenth to the seventeenth nights of the moon; and on these nights, when the sea and weather permit, William and I fish until well into the morning hours.

One evening we crossed the main islet, waded through two hundred yards of shallows, and took our customary places on the bowlder. The moon had risen with the setting sun, and the trade wind died to the memory of a breeze. Along the shore the coconut trees stood stately and mute, gleaming faintly above the white glare of the beach. We could see the coral patches in the shallows outlined like shadows on the water. The reef lay ahead of us, a dark-red highway dotted with glittering pools of water where spotted sea eels lay coiled, and crabs and lobsters stared into the night with eyes like coals. The outer side of the reef was aglow with a fringe of surf, phosphorescent and unearthly, washing sibilantly across the coral and sobbing deep down in the caverns. At our feet was the crevice with its black water surging back and forth slowly; but at times, when a heavy sea poured over the reef, the break in the coral would whiten with foam. Then we would set our poles aside waiting for the water to clear and the red *malau* to dart about the surface again, dissolve into the deep black, magically reappear and leap at our flies, or more likely smell them and fin wisely away.

Presently two figures appeared on the beach; others followed until a score or more were sitting on the sand

in pairs and fours, strolling along the water's edge or into the obscurity of the *ngangei* bushes beneath the palms.

A girl's voice rose in the still night air, wild and piercing, chanting one of the old song-legends in tones of savage abandon. Soon other voices joined, girls carrying the leading refrain, while boys sang a counter melody or chanted deep rhythmical monotones like the beat of kettle drums:

"Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye!
Aye! Ah! Aye! Ah!"

Sometimes they sang in a minor key, a melody of two or three bars, weird and beautiful. Then I felt a quickening of my pulse and a gust of emotion sweep over me—an emotion I could not define; but at the moment of its being I found myself trying to recall some place I had never seen, or some experience which had never taken place. A lone voice rose above the others to sing a hymn to the stars—a refrain of but a score of notes which told of the past glory of the Polynesians, the loneliness of remote islands, the joy of living, the tragedy of death, the passion of sex. A girl voice broke in, shrilling her call like an old crone wailing over the body of a still-born baby; the others joined with a clamor of voices, soon to languish to a chanted Lydian measure, soft and sensuous, then end abruptly, as though a surge of emotion had swept over them, choking their voices.

A cloud rolled before the moon. When it had passed, the beach was deserted.

William and I fished vigorously, for now the *malau* were biting well. As I pulled out one fish after another and dropped it into my basket, my mind was far from the sport. I was wondering what would happen if the Puka-Puka love fests were permitted among the youth at home.

"William," I said presently, "I've been thinking about these wild youth on the outer beach at night, and it has occurred to me that it is a pity that such natural love-making cannot be practiced in civilized countries. But it is impossible. We have diseases which make chastity a health measure. You have sailed in whaling ships so you know what I mean. Have any such afflictions ever reached this island?"

"Once," William replied as he jerked his fly through the water; "but the Puka-Pukans were too smart for him. A ship came here when I was a boy. The captain was a big man with a black beard, so we called him 'Huru-Huru.' You've heard the chant about him:

"Akatu 'u tet'i waka pei Huru-Huru,
Akatere 'u e anere maire ki Rapanui.

"I shall build a canoe like Big-Beard's
And sail a hundred miles to Easter Island.

"Well, one of the girls of Yato was sent out to him to show that we were friendly. A few days later she was ill, and then one of the Roto boys found he had the sickness. They told their fathers about it and a general council was called. Oh! the old men of Puka-Puka were a wise set. Believe it or not, they put the girl and the boy in a canoe, gave them some food and water, and pushed them across the reef, warning them never to return. From then on the Puka-Puka girls had good reason to keep away from sailors. When I came back from whaling I couldn't get a wife for two days; then I went out and took one whether she liked it or not, and that ended the trouble."

"That was a hard fate for the boy and girl."

"Damnation!" cried the old heathen, expressing a sentiment he did not feel. "There were plenty of youngsters on the island, so what did those two amount to?"

"Is that the only case?"

The old man nodded his head in affirmation.

I knew that nowadays the danger is slight, for the captains of the trading schooners see to it that no harm of this kind will reach such outposts as Puka-Puka. Few sailors are allowed ashore, and strangers are not carried as passengers. For a European to reach Puka-Puka he would have to sail in his own ship, and even then it is unlikely that the port officials at Rarotonga would give him permission to land on the outlying islands.

"It would never work on the outer beach of San Francisco or New York," I said. "The whites are a highly strung race of extremists, and they would react differently; they would become voluptuaries, as have some of the European people to whom greater sexual license has been allowed. These people have developed to a state where perversion is the rule; where prostitution is commoner than marriage and seldom leads to marriage. There is no parallel between the sex life of the civilized and the primitive man. It resolves into no more than an interesting contrast."

I had been talking to myself more than to the old retainer. Now I turned to him, and asked, "William, you have seen something of the world. Who do you think meets this sex problem most effectively and logically, the white men or the people of this island?"

"Hell and damnation!" William roared. "What do the white people know about such things?"

"You mean," I said, paraphrasing Laurence Sterne, "that they handle matters much better at Puka-Puka?"

The old man agreed with a grunt, and as the smoky light of morning was rising above the eastern skyline we rose from our bowlder and waded back to the main islet.

FINALITY

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

IF THIS thing must end at last,
Tell her so;
She will take it quietly,
None will ever know.
She will take it hard and still,
None will ever know.

(You have seen wild cherry cuts
Where amber sap is shown?
They will heal beyond a doubt
Hard as amber stone;
They will heal transparent, clear,
Hard as amber stone.)

Let the end be scissored, sharp;
Use no fumbling knife,
Leave no hanging threads of hope
To tangle up her life—
Hope is worse than lies or fear
To tangle up a life.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE EXPERT

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE day of the plain man has passed. No criticism of democracy is more fashionable in our time than that which lays emphasis upon his incompetence. This is, we are told, a big and complex world, about which we have to find our way at our peril. The plain man is too ignorant and too uninterested to be able to judge the adequacy of the answers suggested to our problems. As in medicine we go to a doctor, or in bridge-building to an engineer, so in matters of social policy we should go to an expert in social questions. He alone, we are told with increasing emphasis, can find his way about the labyrinthine intricacies of modern life. He alone knows how to find the facts, and determine what they mean. The plain man is simply obsolete in a world he has never been trained to understand. Either we must trust the making of fundamental decisions to experts, or there will be a breakdown in the machinery of government.

Now much of this skepticism is a natural and justifiable reaction from the facile and romantic optimism of the nineteenth century. Jefferson in America, Bentham in England did too easily assume not only an inherent rightness in the opinions of the multitude but also an instinctive wisdom in its choices. They did tend to think that social problems could be easily understood, and that public interest in their solution would be widespread and passionate. From their philosophy was born the dangerous inference that any man, without training in affairs, could hope usefully to control their operation. They did not see that merely to formulate rightly the nature of a social problem is far more difficult than to formulate rightly a problem in physics or chemistry. No one assumes that the plain man is entitled to an opinion about the ether or vitamins or the historicity of the Donation of Constantine. Why should it be assumed that he has competence about the rates of taxation, or the validity of tariff-schedules, or the principles of a penal code? Here, as in the fields of pure and applied science, his well-being, it is argued, depends essentially upon accepting the advice of the disinterested expert. The more elbow-room the latter possesses, the more likely we are to arrive at adequate decisions.

No one, I think, could seriously deny to-day that in fact none of our social problems is capable of wise resolution without formulation of its content by an expert mind. A Congressman at Washington, a member of Parliament at Westminster cannot hope to understand the policy necessary to a proper understanding of Soviet Russia merely by the light of nature. The facts must be gathered by men who have been trained to a special knowledge of the new Russia, and the possible inferences from those facts must be set out by them. The plain man cannot plan a town, or devise a drainage system, or

decide upon the wisdom of compulsory vaccination without aid and knowledge at every turn from men who have specialized in those themes. He will make grave mistakes about them, possibly even fatal mistakes. He will not know what to look for; he may easily miss the significance of what he is told. That the contours of any subject must be defined by the expert before the plain man can see its full significance will, I believe, be obvious to anyone who has reflected upon the social process in the modern world.

II

But it is one thing to urge the need for expert consultation at every stage in making policy; it is another thing, and a very different thing, to insist that the expert's judgment must be final. For special knowledge and the highly trained mind produce their own limitations which, in the realm of statesmanship, are of decisive importance. *Expertise*, it may be argued, sacrifices the insight of common sense to intensity of experience. It breeds an inability to accept new views from the very depth of its preoccupation with its own conclusions. It too often fails to see round its subject. It sees its results out of perspective by making them the center of relevance to which all other results must be related. Too often, also, it lacks humility; and this breeds in its possessors a failure in proportion which makes them fail to see the obvious which is before their very noses. It has, also, a certain caste-spirit about it, so that experts tend to neglect all evidence which does not come from those who belong to their own ranks. Above all, perhaps, and this most urgently where human problems are concerned, the expert fails to see that every judgment he makes not purely factual in nature brings with it a scheme of values which has no special validity about it. He tends to confuse the importance of his facts with the importance of what he proposes to do about them.

Each one of these views needs illustration, if we are to see the relation of *expertise* to statesmanship in proper perspective. The expert, I suggest, sacrifices the insight of common sense to the intensity of his experience. No one can read the writings of Mr. F. W. Taylor, the efficiency-engineer, without seeing that his concentration upon the problem of reaching the maximum output of pig-iron per man per day made him come to see the laborer simply as a machine for the production of pig-iron. He forgot the complexities of human nature, the fact that the subject of his experiments had a will of his own whose consent was essential to effective success. Business men prophesied the rapid breakdown of the Russian experiment because it had eliminated that profit-making motive which experience had taught them was at the root of Western civilization. But they failed to see that Russia might call into play new motives and new emotions not less powerful, even if different in their operation, from the old. The economic experts of the early nineteenth century were fairly unanimous in insisting that the limitation of the hours of labor must necessarily result in a decrease of prosperity. They lacked the common sense to see that a prohibition upon one avenue of profit would necessarily lead to so intense an exploration of others as to provide a more than adequate compensation for the effort they deplored.

The expert, again, dislikes the appearance of novel views. Here, perhaps, the experience of science is most suggestive since the possibility of proof in this realm avoids the chief difficulties of human material. Everyone knows of the difficulties encountered by Jen-

ner in his effort to convince his medical contemporaries of the importance of vaccination. The Royal Society refused to print one of Joule's most seminal papers. The opposition of men like Sir Richard Owen and Adam Sedgwick to Darwin resembled nothing so much as that of Rome to Galileo. Not even so great a surgeon as Simpson could see merit in Lister's discovery of antiseptic treatment. The opposition to Pasteur among medical men was so vehement that he declared regretfully that he did not know he had so many enemies. Lacroix and Poisson reported to the French Academy of Sciences that Galois' work on the theory of groups, which Cayley later put among the great mathematical achievements of the nineteenth century, was quite unintelligible. Everyone knows how biologists and physicists failed to perceive for long years the significance of Gregor Mendel and Willard Gibbs.

These are instances from realms where, in almost every case, measurable proof of truth was immediately obtainable; and, in each case, novelty of outlook was fatal to a perception of its importance. In social matters, where the problem of measurement is infinitely more difficult, the expert is entitled to far less assurance. He can hardly claim that any of his fundamental questions have been so formulated that he can be sure that the answer is capable of a certainly right interpretation. The student of race, for instance, is wise only if he admits that his knowledge of his subject is mainly a measure of his ignorance of its boundaries. The student of eugenics can do little more than insist that certain hereditary traits, deaf-mutism, for example, or hæmophilia, make breeding from the stocks tainted by them undesirable; he cannot tell us what fitness means nor show us how to breed the qualities upon which racial adequacy depends. It would be folly to say that we are destined never to know the laws which govern life; but, equally certainly, it would be folly to argue that our knowledge is sufficient to justify any expert, in any realm of social importance, claiming finality for his outlook.

He too often, also, fails to see his results in their proper perspective. Anyone who examines the conclusions built, for example, upon the use of intelligence tests will see that this is the case. For until we know exactly how much of the ability to answer the questions used as their foundation is related to differentiated home environments, how effectively, that is, the experiment is really pure, they cannot tell us anything. Yet the psychologists who accept their results have built upon them vast and glittering generalizations as, for instance, about the inferior mental quality of the Italian immigrant in America; as though a little common sense would not make us suspect conclusions indicating mental inferiority in the people which produced Dante and Petrarch, Vico and Machiavelli. Generalizations of this kind are merely arrogant; and their failure to see, as experts, the *a priori* dubiety of their results, obviously raises grave issues about their competence to pronounce upon policy.

Vital, too, and dangerous, is the expert's caste-spirit. The inability of doctors to see light from without is notorious; and a reforming lawyer is at least as strange a spectacle as one prepared to welcome criticism of his profession from men who do not practice it. There is, in fact, no expert group which does not tend to deny that truth may possibly be found outside the boundary of its private Pyrenees. Yet, clearly enough, to accept its dicta as final, without examination of their implications, would be to accept grave error as truth in almost every depart-

ment of social effort. Every expert's conclusion is a philosophy of the second best until it has been examined in terms of a scheme of values not special to the subject matter of which he is an exponent.

Everyone knows, for example, that admirals invariably fail to judge naval policy in adequate terms; and in Great Britain, at any rate, the great military organizers, men like Cardwell and Haldane, have had to pursue their task in face of organized opposition from the professional soldier. The Duke of Wellington was never brought to see the advantage of the breech-loading rifle; and the history of the tank in the last war is largely a history of civilian enterprise the value of which the professional soldier was brought to see only with difficulty.

The expert, in fact, simply by reason of his immersion in a routine, tends to lack flexibility of mind once he approaches the margins of his special theme. He is incapable of rapid adaptation to novel situations. He unduly discounts experience which does not tally with his own. He is hostile to views which are not set out in terms he has been accustomed to handle. No man is so adept at realizing difficulties within the field that he knows; but, also, few are so incapable of meeting situations outside that field. Specialism seems to breed a horror of unwonted experiment, a weakness in achieving adaptability, both of which make the expert of dubious value when he is in supreme command of a situation.

This is, perhaps, above all because the expert rarely understands the plain man. What he knows, he knows so thoroughly that he is impatient with men to whom it has to be explained. Because he practices a mystery, he tends to assume that, within his allotted field, men must accept without question the conclusions at which he has arrived. He too often lacks that emollient quality which makes him see that conclusions to which men assent are far better than conclusions which they are bidden, without persuasion, to decline at their peril. Everyone knows how easily human personality becomes a unit in a statistical table for the bureaucrat; and there must be few who have not sometimes sympathized with the poor man's indignation at the social worker. People like Jane Addams, who can retain, amid their labors, a sense of the permanent humanity of the poor are rare enough to become notable figures in contemporary life.

The expert, in fact, tends to develop a certain condescension towards the plain man which goes far towards the invalidation of his *expertise*. Men in India who have become accustomed to the exercise of power, cannot believe, without an imaginative effort of which few of them are capable, that the Indian is entitled to his own ideas of how he should be governed. Civil servants tend easily to think that members of Parliament or Congress are an ignorant impediment to their labors. Professional historians, who cultivate some minute fragment of an epoch's history, cannot appreciate the superb incursions of a brilliant amateur like Mr. H. G. Wells. It has taken professional economists more than a generation to realize that the trade unions have a contribution to make to the understanding of industrial phenomena without which their own interpretation is painfully incomplete.

There is, in fact, not less in the expert's mind than in that of the plain man what Mr. Justice Holmes has termed an "inarticulate major premise" quite fundamental to his work. I have known an expert in the British Foreign Office whose advice upon China was built upon the assumption that the Chinese have a different human nature

from that of Englishmen; and what was, in fact, an obvious private prejudice was, for him, the equally obvious outcome of a special experience which could not brook contradiction. Judges of the Supreme Court have had no difficulty in making the Fourteenth Amendment the embodiment of the *laissez-faire* philosophy of the nineteenth century; and few of them have realized that they were simply making the law express their unconscious dislike of governmental experiment. The history of trade-union law in England is largely an attempt, of course mainly unconscious, by judicial experts to disguise their dislike of working-men's organization in terms of a mythology to which the convenient name of "public policy" could be attached. The attitude of the British High Command to the death-penalty, of lawyers like Lord Eldon to the relaxation of penal severity, of business men to secrecy in finance, of statesmen to proposals for institutional reconstruction are all revelations of the expert's dislike of abandoning premises which, because he has grown accustomed to them, he tends to equate with the inevitable foundations of truth.

The expert tends, that is to say, to make his subject the measure of life, instead of making life the measure of his subject. The result, only too often, is an inability to discriminate, a confusion of learning with wisdom. "The fixed person for the fixed duties," Professor Whitehead has written, "who in older societies was such a godsend, in the future will be a public danger." In a sense, indeed, the more expert such fixed persons are, the more dangerous they are likely to be. For your great chemist, or doctor, or engineer, or mathematician is not an expert about life; he is precisely an expert in chemistry or medicine, engineering or mathematics. And the more highly expert he is, the more profoundly he is immersed in his routine, the less he is likely to know of the life about him. He cannot afford the time or the energy to give to life what his subject demands from him. He restrains his best intellectual effort within the routine about which he is a specialist. He does not co-ordinate his knowledge of a part with an attempt at wisdom about the whole.

This can be seen from many angles. Lord Kelvin was a great physicist, and his discoveries in cable-laying were of supreme importance to its development; but when he sought to act as a director of a cable-laying company, his complete inability to judge men resulted in serious financial loss. Faraday was obviously one of the half-dozen outstanding physicists of modern times; but in the field of theological belief, he retained convictions which no man of common sense could accept. Mr. Henry Ford is obviously a business man of genius; but, equally obviously, his table talk upon themes outside his special sphere reveals a mentality which is mediocre in the extreme. Charles Babbage rendered immense service to the development of statistical science; but when he came to judge one of Tennyson's most famous poems he missed its beauty through an overvivid sense of its failure to conform to the revelations of the census returns.

The expert, in short, remains expert upon the condition that he does not seek to co-ordinate his specialism with the total sum of human knowledge. The moment that he seeks that co-ordination he ceases to be an expert. A doctor, a lawyer, an engineer who sought to act in terms of his specialism as President or Prime Minister would inevitably fail; to succeed, he must cease to be an expert. The wisdom that is needed for the direction of affairs is not an expert technic but a balanced equilibrium. It is a knowledge of how to use men, a faculty of

judgment about the practicability of principles. It consists not in the possession of specialized knowledge, but in a power to utilize its results at the right moment, and in the right direction.

III

My point may perhaps be made by saying that *expertise* consists in such an analytic comprehension of a special realm of facts that the power to see that realm in the perspective of totality is lost. Such analytic comprehension is purchased at the cost of the kind of wisdom essential to the conduct of affairs. The doctor tends to think of men as patients; the teacher sees them as pupils; the statistician as units in a table. Bankers too often fail to realize that there is humanity even in men who have no check-books; Marxian socialists see sinister economic motive in the simplest expressions of the universal appetite for power. To live differently is to think differently; and to live as an expert in a small division of human knowledge is to make its principles commensurate with the ultimate deposit of historic experience. Not in that way does wisdom come.

Because a man is an expert on medieval French history, that does not make him the best judge of the disposition of the Saar Valley in 1919. Because a man is a brilliant prison doctor, that does not make him the person who ought to determine the principles of a penal code. The skill of the great soldier does not entitle him to decide upon the scale of military armament; just as no anthropologist, simply as an anthropologist, would be a fitting governor for a colonial territory peopled by native races. To decide wisely, problems must be looked at from an eminence. Intensity of vision destroys the sense of proportion. There is no illusion quite so fatal to good government as that of the man who makes his expert insight the measure of social need. We do not get progress in naval disarmament when admirals confer. We do not get legal progress from meetings of Bar associations. Congresses of teachers seem rarely to provide the means of educational advance. The knowledge of what can be done with the results obtained in special disciplines seems to require a type of co-ordinating mind to which the expert, as such, is simply irrelevant.

This may be looked at from two points of view. "Political heads of departments are necessary," said Sir William Harcourt, "to tell the civil service what the public will not stand." That is, indeed, an essential picture of the place of the expert in public affairs. He is an invaluable servant and an impossible master. He can explain the consequences of a proposed policy, indicate its wisdom, measure its danger. He can point out possibilities in a proposed line of action. But it is of the essence of public wisdom to take the final initiative out of his hands.

For any political system in which a wide initiative belongs to the expert is bound to develop the vices of bureaucracy. It will lack insight into the movement and temper of the public mind. It will push its private nostrums in disregard of public wants. It will become self-satisfied and self-complacent. It will mistake its technical results for social wisdom, and it will fail to see the limits within which its measures are capable of effective application. For the expert, by definition, lacks contact with the plain man. He not only does not know what the plain man is thinking; he rarely knows how to discover his thoughts. He has dwelt so austerely in his laboratory or his study that the content of the average mind is a closed book to him. He is at a loss how to manipulate the opinions and prejudices which he encounters. He has never learned the art of persuading

men into acceptance of a thing they only half understand. He is remote from the substance of their lives. Their interests and hopes and fears have never been the counters with which he has played. He does not realize that, for them, his technical formulæ do not carry conviction because they are, as formulæ, incapable of translation into terms of popular speech. For the plain man, he is remote, abstract, alien. It is only the juxtaposition of the statesman between the expert and the public which makes specialist conclusions capable of application.

That, indeed, is the statesman's basic task. He represents, at his best, supreme common sense in relation to *expertise*. He indicates the limits of the possible. He measures what can be done in terms of the material at his disposal. A man who has been for long years in public affairs learns the art of handling men so as to utilize their talents without participating in their experience. He discovers how to persuade antagonistic views. He finds how to make decisions without giving reasons for them. He can judge almost by intuition the probable results of giving legislative effect to a principle. He comes to office able to co-ordinate varied aspects of *expertise* into something which looks like a coherent program. He learns to take risks, to trust to sub-conscious insight instead of remaining dependent upon reasoned analysis. The expert's training is, as a rule, fatal to these habits which are essential to the leadership of a multitude. That is why, for example, the teacher and the scholar are rarely a success in politics. For they have little experience of the need for rapid decision; and their type of mental discipline leads them to consider truth in general rather than the truth of popular discussion. They have not been trained to the business of convincing the plain man; and modern government is impossible to those who do not possess this art.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in a great public department than to watch a really first-rate public man drive his team of expert officials. He knows far less than they do of the affairs of the Department. He has to guess at every stage the validity of their conclusions. On occasion, he must either choose between alternatives which seem equally balanced or decide upon a policy of which his officials disapprove. Not seldom, he must quicken their doubts into certainties; not seldom, also, he must persuade them into paths they have thus far refused to tread. The whole difference between a great Minister and a poor one lies in his ability to utilize his officials as instruments. His success depends upon weaving a policy from the discrete threads of their *expertise*. He must discover certain large principles of policy and employ them in finding the conditions of its successful operation. He must have the power to see things in a big way, to simplify, to co-ordinate, to generalize. Anyone who knows the work of Lord Haldane at the British War Office from 1906 to 1911, or of Mr. Arthur Henderson as Foreign Secretary in the last eighteen months, can understand the relation between the statesman and his expert which makes, and which alone can make, for successful administration.

Its essence, as a relation, is that the ultimate decisions are made by the amateur and not by the specialist. It is that fact which gives them coherence and proportion. A cabinet of experts would never devise a great policy. Either their competing specialisms would clash, if their *expertise* was various in kind, or its perspective would be futile because it was similar. The amateur brings to them the relevance of the outer world and the knowledge of

men. He disposes of private idiosyncrasy and technical prejudice. In convincing the non-specialist Minister that a policy propounded is either right or wrong, the expert is already halfway to convincing the public of his plans; and if he fails in that effort to convince, the chances are that his plans are, for the environment he seeks to control, inadequate or mistaken. For politics by its nature is not a philosophy of technical ideals, but an art of the immediately practical. And the statesman is pivotal to its organization because he acts as the broker of ideas without whom no bridges can be built between the expert and the multitude. It is no accident, but an inherent quality of his character, that the expert distrusts his fellow-specialist when the latter can reach that multitude. For him the gift of popular explanation is a proof of failure in the grasp of the discipline. His intensity of gaze makes him suspect the man who can state the elements of his mystery in general terms. He knows too much of minutiæ to be comfortable upon the heights of generalization.

Nor must we neglect the other aspect of the matter. "The guest," said Aristotle with his homely wisdom, "will judge better of a feast than the cook." However much we may rely upon the expert in formulating the materials for decision, what ultimately matters is the judgment passed upon the results of policy by those who are to live by them. Things done by government must not only appear right to the expert; their consequences must seem right to the plain and average man. And there is no way known of discovering his judgment save by deliberately seeking it. This, after all, is the really final test of government; for, at least over any considerable period, we cannot maintain a social policy which runs counter to the wishes of the multitude.

It is not the least of our dangers that we tend, from our sense of the complexity of affairs, to underestimate both the relevance and the significance of those wishes. We are so impressed by the plain man's ignorance that we tend to think his views may be put aside as unimportant. Not a little of the literature upon the art of government to-day is built upon the supposition that the plain man has no longer any place in social economy. We know, for example, that he does not understand the technicalities of the gold standard. It is clear that it would be folly to consult him upon matters like the proper area for the generation of electricity supply, or the amount that it is wise for a government to spend in testing the action of pavements under changing temperatures and variations of load. But the inference from a knowledge that the plain man is ignorant of technical detail and, broadly speaking, uninterested in the methods by which its results are attained, is certainly not the conclusion that the expert can be left to make his own decisions.

For the results of the gold standard are written plain in the life of the average man. The consequences of an inefficient electricity supply are apparent to him every day. It is his motor car which uses the roads, and he makes up his mind about the quality of the road-service with which he is provided. Every degree by which he is separated from consultation about decisions is a weakening of the governmental process. Neither goodwill in the expert nor efficiency in the performance of his function ever compensates in a state for failure to elicit the interest of the plain man in what is being done. For the nature of the result is largely unknown save as he reports his judgment upon it; and only as he reports that judgment can the expert determine in what direction his plans must move. Every failure in

consultation, moreover, separates the mind of the governors from those who are governed; this is the most fertile source of misunderstanding in the state. It is the real root of the impermanence of autocracies which fail from their inability to plumb the minds of those by whose opinions, ultimately, they must live.

The importance of the plain man's judgment is, in short, the foundation upon which the expert, if he is to be successful, must seek to build. It is out of that judgment, in its massive totality, that every society forms its scheme of values. The limits of possible action in society are always set by that scheme. What can be done is not what the expert thinks ought to be done. What can be done is what the plain man's scheme of values permits him to consider as just. His likes and dislikes, his indifference and his inertia, circumscribe at every stage the possibilities of administration. That is why a great expert like Sir Arthur Salter has always insisted upon the importance of advisory committees in the process of government. He has seen that the more closely the public is related to the work of *expertise*, the more likely is that work to be successful. For the relation of proximity of itself produces conviction. The public learns confidence, on the one hand, and the expert learns proportion on the other. Confidence in government is the secret of stability, and a sense of proportion in the expert is the safeguard against bureaucracy.

At no time in modern history was it more important than now that we should scrutinize the claims of the expert more critically; at no time, also, was it more important that he himself should be skeptical about his claims. Scientific invention has given us a material power of which the possible malignancy is at least as great as its contingent benefits. The danger which confronts us is the quite fatal one that, by the increase of complexity in civilization, we may come to forget the humanity of men. A mental climate so perverted as this would demonstrate at a stroke the fragility of our social institutions. For it would reveal an abyss between rulers and subjects which no amount of technical ingenuity could bridge. The material power that our experts multiply brings with it no system of values. It can only be given a system related to the lives of ordinary people to the degree that they are associated with its use. To exclude them from a share in its direction is quite certainly to exclude them also from a share in its benefits; for no men have been able in the history of past societies exclusively to exercise its authority without employing it ultimately for their own ends. Government by experts would, however ardent their original zeal for the public welfare, mean after a time government in the interest of experts. Of that the outcome would be either stagnation, on the one hand, or social antagonism, upon the other.

IV

Our business, in the years which lie ahead, is clearly to safeguard ourselves against this prospect. We must ceaselessly remember that no body of experts is wise enough, or good enough, to be charged with the destiny of mankind. Just because they are experts, the whole of life is, for them, in constant danger of being sacrificed to a part; and they are saved from disaster only by the need of deference to the plain man's common sense. It is, I believe, upon the perpetuation of this deference that our safety very largely depends.

But it will be no easy thing to perpetuate it. The expert, to-day, is accustomed to a veneration not very

different from that of the priest in primitive societies; for the plain man he, like the priest, exercises a mystery into which the uninitiated cannot enter. To strike a balance between necessary respect and skeptical attack is a difficult task. The experience of the expert is so different, his approach to life so dissimilar, that expert and plain man are often impatient of each other's values. Until we can somehow harmonize them, our feet will be near to the abyss.

Nor must we forget that to attain such harmony immense changes in our social habits will be necessary. We shall have to revolutionize our educational methods. We shall have to reconstruct the whole fabric of our institutions. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of mankind, we shall have, as a civilization, deliberately to determine what kind of life we desire to live. We must so determine it remembering that the success of our effort will depend upon harnessing to its fortunes the profounder idealism of ordinary men and women. We shall appeal to that idealism only as we give it knowledge and persuade it that the end we seek is one in which it, too, can hope to share.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THIS is December, and zero weather;
This is the season of less, not more.
But better get ready the empty manger,
Pitchfork straw on the draughty floor.

A pretty time for a cow to be calving.
What does she think will become of her young?
But bolt the door from the flying snowflakes,
Slam it to where the sill has sprung.

Am I to fetch clover as I fetch water,
With ice on the pasture, ice on the sedge?
But though cold as a barn, this needn't be colder.
Stuff an old shirt in the window ledge.

You'd think she'd know there was nothing to grow on;
That frosty hay is poor fodder for milk.
But lift the oil lamp to the furthermost corner—
Eyes like stars and a coat like silk.

Where has the heart of winter a warm spot
For any creature so newly born?
But look at the milk-white breath of the cattle,
The warm white breath of the lowing cattle,
Taking the chill off of Christmas morn.

MEN IN WOMEN'S COLLEGES

BY AGNES ROGERS HYDE

A SIGNIFICANT change seems to have come over college life in the large Eastern colleges for women in the past ten or fifteen years. That in itself is to be expected, considering that they are American institutions and still in existence. Nor is it surprising to find a tendency toward vocational training running parallel and, in some cases, supplanting the older notions of education. The thing that astonished me on a recent visit to my college—the first one since graduating some fourteen years ago—was the fact that the vocational training was in the hands of the students rather than of the faculty and that there was a definite concentration on one vocation—being popular with men.

The condition which I observed is not peculiar to my college. A similar phenomenon exists to a certain degree in all the other colleges of its kind.

An English girl once told me something which struck me as curious. She was talking about American women whom she considered interesting, spirited, and charming. "But," she went on, "they have one quality which depresses me frightfully. One of your countrymen explained it to me. He was a very good sort, married to a neighbor of ours. I asked him why he hadn't married an American, and he said, after some complimentary remarks about his wife, that they were too damned practical."

They are practical. There's no denying it. But then we Americans esteem practicality so highly. We honor it as one of the cardinal virtues. It is associated with that admirable condition known as "feet on the ground" as opposed to the more flighty and consequently less desirable "head in the clouds." Not that the modern American woman has any corner on that quality. Women have always been practical, but in other countries and at other times they preferred to veil it. The English Victorian mother was quite as practical in her cunning method of calling attention to her daughters' accomplishments as is the modern parent who pays for special trains from Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton at the time of her daughters' debuts. And under those shining Victorian curls, the daughters' thoughts were revolving about men just as busily as daughters' thoughts do to-day. No weapon could have been more practical than the time-honored helplessness with which they trapped the unwary male.

Such a line of action, however, is scorned to-day in this country. The modern American woman has abandoned—except for dinner parties—the technic of sighing in admiration at man's competence, strength, and general glory. She prefers to admit openly that man is a very useful animal, and proceeds without subterfuge to get what she can out of him.

This very business of selecting man as the central figure in her scheme of life is a most practical procedure.

Even a "slightly tired feminist," as Lillian Symes termed herself, admitted in "Still a Man's World" that society is still ordered according to man's rather than woman's demands. Surely the practical way is to admit a situation and then see how much you can get out of it.

It is not surprising to find this practical approach to life with man as the central figure among young women. They see it as the most satisfactory working arrangement—at any rate, the least unsatisfactory one—for getting on in the world. Moreover, this concentration on the opposite sex is entirely natural. Few normal girls prefer spending the evening curled up with a good book to enjoying the society of a personable young man. It is natural enough for girls to think about, talk about—and play about with—young men to the exclusion of almost everything else.

What surprised me was to find them doing it in college.

II

I do not believe that the girls who were in college when I was there were abnormal. It so happened, however, that before we came to college we had not acquired the habit of depending upon the society of young men to any great extent, and while we were there we had no opportunity of forming it. Fourteen years ago it was not fashionable in college to be concerned with men. We did not talk about them, and what we thought about them we kept to ourselves. I remember the jeers that overwhelmed one little girl named Jane who confessed to having spent the evening talking with her roommates about love and marriage. It was a flagrant breach of etiquette, a lapse of form that branded Jane forever as—in the language of the day—a sad bird.

A few girls were engaged to be married while they were still in college, but they won no glory from that condition. Even the weekly arrival of the American Beauties which were sent them by their fiancés aroused no envy in the rest of us. We were, instead, more than a little sorry for them, for they were eternally mooning around, trying to put in the time until they would graduate. We couldn't understand what they were doing in college anyway.

I firmly believe that for most of us the four years of college marked a period of peculiar and intense happiness. I am talking about the average girl who was in college in my time. I am not considering the few who were animated by a spark of genius. They are always outside the rules. Nor am I thinking of the "sad birds"; I mean the large number of girls who may be regarded as typical, whose thoughts and actions set the tone of undergraduate life.

Free from the competition that spontaneously springs up when men come into the picture, we developed—unnaturally perhaps—according to our individual temperaments. College was so vast to our inexperienced eyes, so full of new and delightful opportunities and grave responsibilities. There were so many people to know, so many fields to explore, so much to learn in every direction. For most of us, coming from the strict discipline of boarding school, the simple liberty of being able to sit up all night gave an intoxicating sense of freedom.

It was good form to be at least on speaking terms with a great many girls, not only in one's own class but in all the classes. One had one's particular friends, of course, but most girls did not confine their friendships to any particular group. Kinship of interest was the usual basis for friendship, not similarity of background. If you liked

music, or French poetry, or climbing trees, it was fun to be with someone else who liked the same things. There was another element, however, that led to a wide circle of acquaintances—a genuine curiosity about different kinds of people. Without any intention of forming a lifelong intimacy with the Japanese who sat next you in chemistry, you at least wanted to know what she had to say, and what kind of daily lives girls led in Japan.

As far as studies went, we studied the subjects which interested us—that is, as soon as we had got out of the way the courses which were required. The college at that time followed the system of closed marks. No one knew until Senior year what marks she had received since her arrival. The benefits or evils of that plan I am not prepared to discuss. I only know that we were not greatly concerned with working for marks, and I am sure that most of us got a great deal of fun out of our studies. Perhaps we did not work with the zeal that we should, but we enjoyed ourselves. We had a good time while we were working. A friend of mine who was handy with her pencil turned in for Philosophy, not the usual conscientious and unimportant paper, but a series of cartoons that illustrated the theories of Berkeley with zest and humor. I, myself, was feeble at parsing and most uncertain about the Greek accusative, but I had a feeling of intimacy about the week-end parties up at the Sabine Farm; and one girl who never could remember dates is to this day roused to a passion of indignation because Hannibal was such a grand person and had the cards so stacked against him—an emotion that I believe to be of more cultural reality than a record filed somewhere noting honors in history.

Studying was not only work; it spilled over into play. I well remember an impromptu party in honor of Ovid where we draped ourselves in togas composed of sheets and, after a classical if limited menu of olives, cheese, eggs, and milk, put on a topical revue of the grandeur that was Rome which reduced most of the company into convulsions of laughter. Not quite so funny, perhaps, as Mr. Bernard Shaw's excursions into classic fields, but entertaining enough.

This playful attitude towards the study of Latin may not produce many A's, nor is it in any way a scholarly attitude, but I maintain that for the average person it gives something which lasts. I have long since forgotten how to read Latin, and so, I venture, has many a better Latinist than I, but I shall never lose a certain friendly feeling towards Roman boys and girls.

It is conceivable that we might have spent more time in study of a more solid sort had it not been for non-academic activities. With the utmost enthusiasm we played games, ran magazines, put on plays, sang in the glee club, and busied ourselves with self-government. Our sports were entirely intra-mural. Our college teams never played another college, but the feeling that attended the inter-class contests ran high, and the honor of being chosen for the Varsity team was in no way diminished by the fact that it never went into action. The plays that we directed and acted were not performances of finished artistry, but they had a quality of freshness and verve and were a source of great pleasure to the actors and the audience. For one great factor in college life was an honest co-operation. Those of us who did not play basket ball cheered the team passionately. If we could not act or paint scenery, we applauded those who did. And that applause had mixed with it very little envy. With very few exceptions, the success

of the girls prominent in these activities was won to the accompaniment of frank good will from their fellow students.

Even more important, as I see it now, than the organized activities of college life was the manner in which we spent our free time. For in those intervals the real temper of any method of living shows itself most plainly. The casual amusements of the period were almost invariably marked with a touch of creative imagination or artistic appreciation simply because those habits of thought were an integral part of our daily life.

Long walks in the country were very popular. One started out with an apple in one pocket and the *Oxford Book of English Verse* in the other without self-consciousness or pose. Picnics were another favorite diversion, simple affairs enlivened by feverish discussions as to what Shelley really meant, or by part-singing of ancient songs. There we would sit with torn stockings and untidy hair, comfortably full of doughnuts and a delicious melancholy over the fate of the four Marys.

Considerable time and effort were put, moreover, into activities for which no credits were given, no acclaim won, things that were merely fun to do. Nobody thought it peculiar that certain girls gathered every Sunday night to read Greek with one of the instructors because they liked to read Greek, or that others met regularly to play chamber music for their own pleasure, or that still others enjoyed reading plays aloud. It was thought a waste of time to go to the movies or play bridge because one could do that anywhere. The general opinion was that college offered an opportunity to do things you couldn't do in other places.

There was, to be sure, a certain amount of talk, even then, that college should be made more like the outside world. That quaint old phrase has not been heard, I'll wager, for some time on any campus. The liberals, whose war cry this was, were a fiery few who kept pretty much to themselves, with an occasional sally into town to attend the meetings of the Socialist Club. Their arguments, although intense, had very little effect on the majority of the undergraduates. We were having too good a time with the inside world. These dissenters were forever demanding the abolition of cumpulsory chapel, of required courses, of compulsory everything. And, above all, the students should be given more outside life. It was an outrage that men should not visit the college whenever they pleased, that the girls should not have an unlimited number of weekends. They stoutly upheld the theory of co-oeducation where young men and women mingled daily in earnest work. In fact, they held to the Utopian belief that when young men and women mingled daily they would do nothing but work. College was so *unnatural*, they insisted.

So much for undergraduate life as it used to be. It was far from perfect. There was no doubt a tinge of the blue stocking about us. We were certainly unsophisticated; we should now be thought incredibly childish. It was an unnatural existence if a fondness for intellectual adventure, a capacity for enjoying oneself without the aid of the opposite sex is unnatural. I, for one, do not regret it. There are so many perfectly natural things that are not entirely praiseworthy, why shouldn't a few unnatural ones have some merit? After all, a system that produces independent, serious-minded women who will take responsibility and stand on their own feet, who are not wholly dependent on conventional amusements for their pleasures, cannot be laughed off.

III

Not long ago I went back to college for a visit. I knew a few undergraduates, and I looked forward with considerable pleasure to mingling in a world that was familiar to me in retrospect—a world of ideals and illusions.

I thought the campus much more beautiful than I had remembered it. And so it is. In thirteen years several new buildings of imposing appearance have improved the looks of things, and the donors have erected them in loving memory combined with better taste than that which marked an earlier period. The older ones couldn't very well be pulled down, but careful planting has done wonders in concealing them.

There weren't many girls in sight. As I had remembered it, the campus was always full of girls, crowds of untidy gangling young creatures. Instead, there seemed to be only a few young women, and these were very smart, very soignée, attended by young men, rather in the manner of people strolling in a park. Motor cars were clustered at each building.

"Where's everybody?" I asked at teatime.

"It's Saturday," explained my hostess, a little surprised. "They're all away, except the ones who have men up."

"But how many week-ends are you allowed?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"Five a semester with two leaves of a day each. But if you're smart you can wangle more," I was told; and one girl added complacently, "I'm going to be away every one this term."

Somewhat confused, I settled into my cushions to wait until my alien presence had been assimilated and normal conversation should be resumed. Not that the girls were shy. There was plenty of talk. There were reminiscences of the past week-end spent at Princeton, New Haven, or New York; there were plans for the coming one which was to be spent at New Haven, New York, or Princeton; there was an outburst against a certain mother who was just plain dumb not to know that evening clothes have to touch the ground all the way around. But there was no talk of college life, of studies, or hockey or rehearsals or meetings or even college gossip. Except for one expression of languid curiosity as to the punishment of two girls who were caught motoring after ten o'clock at night with some men, the conversation might have taken place at Sherry's.

All of these girls were intelligent, their conversation was amusing and entertaining. They were pretty and attractive. They were obviously enjoying being alive. They were flourishing happily under a system that was different from the one I had known.

I protest that I did not feel the resentment supposed to be common to the old graduate who comes back to college and finds things changed. I was distinctly surprised, however, and filled with curiosity. I was eager to know why these girls were talking about Princeton instead of Samarkand.

They appeared, for their part, to have some curiosity about the interesting old customs in the college of long-vanished days. One girl asked me, "Is it really true that when you were here you had to take Math and Latin Freshman year?" She spoke in the manner of one who inquires into the habits of the early Britons. I admitted that it was indeed so.

"Oh, how awful!" they chorused.

I added that chapel was compulsory at that remote date, that we had to take either Physics or Chemistry, and threw in for good measure the appall-

ing item that there was only one dance a year to which men could come.

That was too dreadful. The conditions of the Congo rubber plantations under the sinister Leopold were gay in comparison. Cries of pity and horror arose. "But, whatever did you *do?*" they exclaimed.

I mentioned a few of the occupations with which we had beguiled the time. They listened to my ingenuous recital as your mother's friends used to receive your account of the fun you had at the Sunday School picnic.

Thinking that possibly all this worldliness had been assumed for the benefit of an outsider, and an elderly one at that, I asked my friends later what the girls talked about when there were no strangers around. They looked at one another and burst into shouts of laughter.

"Men!" they cried in one breath.

"What do they say about them?" I asked. That brought on more giggles. Honestly! Of all the absurd questions!

"Oh, technic and things like that—or else the men they're crazy about," was all I could get out of them.

"Don't they ever talk about what they're going to do after college?" I asked, remembering our endless discussions.

"Everybody expects to get married," was the candid reply. "Lots of girls think it's a disgrace not to be engaged by the end of Sophomore year."

I discovered later that most of the girls expect to go to work, if only for a time; but now that jobs for women are taken for granted, they have not the importance they had even ten years ago. Then it was still something of an effort for many girls to take a job. Parents had to be persuaded, friends of the family had to be pacified, if possible, employers had still to be convinced.

"But what about college affairs," I persisted, "nonacademic activities—they still go on, don't they—dramatics and athletics, and student government and magazines—who goes in for them?"

"Yes, they still go on," they replied without enthusiasm. "The girls who go in for them are the ones that don't go away week-ends." And there was in their tone a note of dismissal.

IV

There are girls now in colleges who busy themselves without the aid of men, who are more interested in the events of the week than in the week-ends. There are many who dream of distinguished careers after college. I am simply reporting a phenomenon that did not exist when I was in college—a phenomenon that is sufficiently widespread to be recognized. I am reporting evidence that I saw and heard, that I collected from observing and talking to a number of girls and teachers. And the subsequent conversations that I have had with people who are directly connected with undergraduate life in other colleges have produced only confirmation of these impressions. It is easy to say, "Oh, but you saw only one side. The same thing went on when you were in college and you didn't know anything about it." My point is that I most certainly should have known about it if it had existed then in the same proportion that it now exists, for, disregarding the numbers of these girls, the fact remains that they are the ones who set the fashions for undergraduate life. The celebrity—the girl who is active in college affairs—is no longer the fashionable figure she once was. The fashionable girl now is one who lives in a flood of telegrams, long-distance telephone calls, letters—preferably special delivery—and visitors.

Not that these girls embody a Victorian ideal in spite of their long skirts.

Nor do they cleave to the earlier belief that love is woman's whole existence. Love has very little to do with it. They are not looking for a strong arm to lean upon or a noble man to cherish and serve. They are after men for what they can get out of them, which seems to mean a certain amount of excitement politely called "good times" and the acclaim of their fellow students.

The more I saw of them, the more I was struck by their tenacity of purpose, their single-mindedness, their extraordinary efficiency. I realized how ruthlessly they have stamped out any qualities in their own characters that might interfere with the scheme of life they have adopted, and with what relentless precision they have organized their college life to one end. This concentration is particularly interesting in contrast to the diffuse unorganized course that we pursued. We were forever casting about in new directions; they are steadfastly true to one.

By a curious paradox, the week-end seems to be the focal point about which college life revolves for these girls. Everything—friendships, amusements, sports, studies—is organized with that end in view. Social life consists of small groups. Six is the correct number. The girls in one's crowd must be girls with whom one wants to go away on week-ends, girls who will fit in with the men one knows. One of the instructors told me of a foreign student who entered college Junior year after a distinguished record in a European University. In the dormitory in which she roomed no member of her class bothered to speak to her. They had no interest in her experiences, no curiosity about her point of view. She was not week-end material.

The same practical attitude applies to sports. There is great interest in golf, tennis, riding—the sports that are useful after college, and during week-ends. Basket ball and hockey may be fun, but there is no particular demand at Southampton for a girl who can shoot a basket from the center of the field. So, why bother with basket ball and hockey? Why even bother to look at them? The time might be much better spent improving one's bridge game. Hockey and basket ball still are played, but the eager crowds of cheering onlookers have dwindled considerably. Skating and skiing may come in useful after college, so it is well to practice them, but do not waste time on the childish sport of sliding down hill on a tin tray. It may be fun but it doesn't get you anywhere.

These girls study, and they study hard. They take their courses seriously. It is doubtful if they take them adventurously. One instructor told me, beaming with satisfaction, that the standard of scholarship was higher than ever. The girls said, "You have to get good marks or you lose your week-ends." They spend more time on studies—from Monday to Friday—than we did. Besides the powerful incentive of keeping one's privileges, they have fewer distractions in the form of extra-curricular business. They approach their courses with the same cool efficiency with which they form their friendships and choose their sports. It is more sensible to select courses in which you can learn the subject by rote than to venture into more hazardous fields that demand original thought. In the latter, you never know just where you stand, whereas in the former, by working you can be assured of good marks. I even heard teachers classified as those who gave A's and those who did not. Certain instructors because of their personalities always arouse enthusiasm among their students. That is true now, but there seems to be no interest in members of the faculty

beyond those under whom the girls are actually studying. What's the use of knowing teachers if you don't work with them? It was thought very peculiar that I wanted to see several instructors for whom I had a lively friendship although I had never been in their class rooms. There is no more interest in the faculty as people than in the foreign student.

V

I asked what these girls came to college for. "Oh, it's a good place," they said cheerfully. "You meet a lot of nice people. Besides, you have to do something." That, I take it, means that you might do much worse than putting in the time until you are married in the company of congenial companions who widen your circle suitably and profitably, not to mention the great advantage of getting to know more men than the home town affords. It is not a glamorous point of view, but it has much to recommend it, practically speaking. For it is a very definite preparation for the life after college that these girls have elected.

It is a truism to define education as a preparation for life. Moreover, it will be a long time before the relative merits of present-day undergraduate life and that of ten or fifteen years ago can be accurately weighed. However, there may be something to be deduced from a comparison of the two products at the time of their graduation. What equipment has one that the other lacks? Wherein is each one the stronger? On which would you place the odds for future happiness?

These girls who are graduating today have a clear-cut notion of the kind of life they want. Each one of them has a sound working knowledge of social life of a precise kind, a careful technic for dealing with most men, a good training in the accepted amusements of her kind—tennis, golf, bridge—and a choice circle of carefully selected friends. She has a mind that is well trained, that can concentrate, select, and reject, and is not cluttered with hazy, ardent convictions about the rights and responsibilities of women and what art is. She will avoid the bitterness of disillusion because she has forsworn illusion. She is prepared to take the world as it is and make the best of it according to her requirements. She is determined to find for herself a comfortable, secure place and dig in. So far, everything appears to be in her favor. She has turned every moment of her undergraduate days into practical account for the next step.

That is, I suppose, the main difference between her equipment at graduation and that of her sister of thirteen years ago. When my contemporaries graduated, their education had no immediate application to the next step. Many people thought the whole business a supreme waste of time. First of all, college was dangerously likely to unsettle girls for home life. You had to expect that. It was all very well for girls who were going to teach to march out into the world armed with an A.B. A college degree was necessary for a job. But as for business (and the idea of women in business was still felt to be somewhat far fetched!) well, a diploma from a good business school was a more reasonable entering wedge.

Moreover, when we actually went to work—as most of us did—we had ahead of us bitter surprises. Our college *esprit de corps* was so genuine that we were not prepared to face the self-seeking people who get ahead at the expense of someone else. (Not that these people are confined to the world of business.) College was a democratic spot. There the girls had made their own places without regard to their

spending money, their clothes, or their parents' addresses. The absence of world standards of wealth and position simply meant that we had a great deal to learn after June of Senior year. Our lack of knowledge of men did not argue a brilliant social career. We knew nothing of the technic of the small, fierce battles among women where men are involved.

Our notion of the world was naïve in the extreme. We vaguely expected a larger college where the opportunities would be vaster, the adventures more thrilling, the contests keener—a larger arena, in fact, with more hazards but fair play.

We were certainly not prepared to fit into place. Our greatest strength lay in our ignoring the necessity of fitting into place. Moreover, we had an idea that our duty was not to accept things as they are but to improve upon them. Admitting that we had little practical equipment, I believe that we had something more valuable. We had courage, eagerness, and self-reliance. Our carping critics could —and did—attribute the first two qualities to ignorance and the third to self-satisfaction. Perhaps they were right. I cannot see that it is important. It is quite true that we received bad knocks, worse ones possibly than the young women who are graduating now will have. The knowledge that life does not always conduct itself according to one's notions of fair play is dearly bought, but I do not think that our equipment for living was so fragile that we crumbled under it, and I believe that our system contained a better preparation for *enjoying* life than does the present one.

VI

It is quite possible that the girls to-day know more about life—certain aspects of it—than we did. But those aspects one cannot help learning. The simple process of growing up teaches it. The important thing is what you are going to do with it. And that is where the priceless value of our four cloistered years comes in.

The girls now in college who find enjoyment in association with men are following the most natural course. Prohibited as we were from these normal pleasures of adolescence, we turned to other enjoyments—the enjoyments of educated people. There is no need to describe the difference between the pleasures of the educated and those of the untutored. Everybody knows what it is. In spite of the cult of lowbrowism, we all recognize that reading, listening to music, contemplating pictures, not to mention a more active participation in the arts, have a necessary part in the lives of most people of consequence. Nor do I have to define what I mean by consequence.

The odd thing is that when girls begin to think seriously about men they automatically stop thinking about these subtler pleasures unless they have already formed the habit of enjoying intellectual pursuits. The kind of fun that we had at the Latin party is at once pathetic and embarrassing to girls whose only idea of a good time is a night club. At college now a play produced by the girls is important as an event when you have men up.

When I was there visiting, my polite hostess took me to a concert. It was given by a string quartet that played beautifully. Afterwards we stopped in a girl's room where we discovered a small group lying about on cushions. As we entered the room one girl fetched a great sigh. "I'm simply gaga," she moaned. "He's *so* sweet." Then she added triumphantly, "I got my telephone call. The one I'd been waiting for all day." There was some talk about the concert and of the beauty of

Brahms. The lovesick one turned to me and said point blank, "Honestly, which do you think is more exciting—listening to a telephone call from a man you're crazy about or listening to Brahms?"

Of course she had me there. For excitement, the telephone call wins hands down. There's no argument about that. The only trouble is that once your ears are attuned to telephone calls they do not hear Brahms. The telephone calls, moreover, will come of themselves, but you have to concentrate to catch the vibrations of music. Moreover, the minutiæ of living so clouds the issue as you get older that you seldom turn to music later on.

I am not so silly as to advocate carrying into later years the kind of life we liked so well at college. I do not advise a replica of Philemon and Baucis's little party when one's husband's business friends come to dinner, nor the suggestion of a jolly hour of folk-dancing when things are slow on the house party. There is nothing more deplorable than the woman who doesn't get over college ways when college is over. But that is not the fault of college. Those women would have the same trouble in any circumstances.

It seems to me that the law of diminishing returns is at work on this new system. I doubt if it is, after all, more practical than the old one. Wherein lies its superiority—what does it offer that the old one lacked? The old one was criticized as being so unlike the outside world that the adjustment to the latter was bound to be a task of huge proportions. Looking about me, I cannot see any wrecked lives as a consequence of this ordeal. The adjustment was a hurdle that most of my contemporaries took in their stride pretty successfully.

The lack of specific social training that the class of 1915 has had to struggle along with does not appear to have been an overpowering handicap to the enjoyment of human society. Perhaps the members of that class do not play bridge or tennis as well as the graduates of this year, but they have one great advantage. The old system, after all, trained women to regard other people as individuals. And that, when you stop to think, gives one the edge on a person who regards women as natural enemies and men as natural prey.

At any rate, college life as I knew it did not act as a deterrent to matrimony. The proportion of my college friends who withered on the parent stem is somewhat less than it is among those who did not go to college. My classmates received rather more than the usual allotment of attention from men as soon as they left college.

There is one great drawback to association with men as measured in terms of excitement. It definitely precludes the pleasures of companionship—pleasures that last throughout one's life. Flirtation is one of the worst possible foundations for friendship. Moreover, there is a kind of behavior that is piquant at eighteen, permissible in the early twenties, but acutely tiresome in the thirties, and after that—well, isn't it kinder not even to consider that?

Carrying the argument still farther into the field of the practical—what do men think about the new system? Do they invariably prefer the women who are concentrating hard on them? I am inclined to believe that the perverse creatures get a little bored, that the best of them, the ones who are worth bothering about, are more interested in the women who think that life holds more than being popular with men. As a matter of cold-blooded technic, it is not a bad idea occasionally to be busy listening to Brahms instead of waiting for the telephone.

The Lion's Mouth

OPUS FOUR, NUMBER SEVEN

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

THE radio sounded off with what the announcer said was Kahm's "Opus 4, No. 7," popularly known as the "Wet Asphalt Sonata," played by the National Lipstick Company's Symphony Orchestra. I have reason to think that they played it relentlessly to the finish, but I heard not a note of it for I was trying to remember something I read once on a concert program in Fort Dodge. Before the end I got it almost word for word: "Kahm's 'Op. 4, No. 7' is a naturalistic representation of a southeast wind in a grove of mushroom sycamores (*platanus agaricus*) on the east coast of Crete."

Accordingly I led what I thought was a conversational ace:

"Doesn't it sound for all the world like a south wind in a grove of sycamores on the Mediterranean?"

Mrs. O'Brien-Finkelstein promptly trumped it. She speaks as one having authority in musical matters because she has a brother who works in a jews-harp factory.

"Impossible! Everybody knows that it was written to express a pack of Russian wolves attacking a fleet of crocodiles in Kensington Gardens, and *I* think it is wonderfully realistic."

When I got home I looked it up in the *World Almanac*, and found that Kahm's wife (as she called herself) said after the composer's death that he told her when he wrote it that it was a lullaby sung by a mother humming-bird to her young in Stamboul. I pushed my researches farther, and found that Mrs. O'Brien-Finkelstein's hypothesis originated in Smith's *Pronouncing and Biographical Dictionary*, Leavenworth, 1878. Seventeen concert programs on file in the Public Library printed it; eighteen others quoted the theory I had advanced, and nineteen followed the humming-bird-lullaby hypothesis. No other solution of the problem has ever been brought forward.

The range of these suggestions seemed to me narrow. I read the rest of the concert programs; I read the literature that comes with my albums of phonograph records; I read critiques of concerts. All showed the same ratio: three artists to fifty-four copyists. Clearly another artist is needed. Suddenly I felt my calling and election. Certainly I have the qualifications to write concert programs—abundant assurance, and a large and exotic vocabulary. I set myself at once to the experiment. I twisted some knobs on the radio and sat down at the typewriter. What I got was Blimski's "Opus 4, No. 7 in G minus," popularly known as the "Gas Pipe Symphony." On the typewriter I proceeded as follows:

"You recall, of course, that at the time Blimski was working on this opus he was living in the Pension Noiski at Bangni-Whangaroff, which, as everyone knows, is next door to a boiler factory. At this period he writes to his friend Blimpovitzch, 'I know I shall be

able to work here. Only this morning a dray loaded with steel bars went by over the cobblestones. It has given me inspiration for my symphony, which I am sure will knock 'em cold.'

"The first movement opens with an intrepid motif on the strings, which is forthwith echoed in black darning-cotton, preliminary to its being etched on burlap in blue worsted. The second motif, though somewhat pavid, comes as a heavy tone in reinforced concrete embellished with impish arabesques of arpeggios in pressed brick adroitly executed by pouring sand into the bass tubas. At this point it is taken up by the brass where it resolves into a tinkling repoussé effect in hammered lead. Its recrudescence is delimited by a series of heavy detonations among the gas pipes which die away in delicate crashes and jangles from the cut glass. Thus the first movement ends on a note of sadness connoting the evanescence of iridescence.

"The second movement sets out adventurously with an airy phrase on the sole-leather double basses which is eventually taken over by the hand-knit piccolo and embroidered with dainty webs and fringes by a running obbligato on the buzz-saw. It does not run free, however, for it is caught in a pizzicato on the barbed wire and expires in a concatenation of shrieks from the shoe horns. It is revived immediately by the klaxons, but is halted by an abrupt interpellation of the police whistles reinforced by squeaks on the brake drums. The passages that follow are buoyant, sustained to the end of the movement on the vulcanized rubber."

That was all I got of the Blimski, for the typewriter had fallen behind the radio. It was finishing the second movement while the announcer was intoning an epilogue to the fifth in the form of some gratuitous observations on Wrightseyes Underwear ("It gives you fits"). I twirled some more knobs to get better synchronization. What I actually got was Scarlatti Febre, "Opus 4, No. 7," "Theme from the Tragic Flute" with variations, scored for 16 shoe horns, 4 brake drums, 16 ear trumpets, 1 respiratory organ, 2 isosceles triangles, 3 Homeric sirens, and 8 down and out hoboes. The typewriter opened intrepidly—or set out adventurously—or something—anyway, it got away for a good start:

"The opening theme is an inane little melody on the oboe depicting the village idiot weaving homeward on a lonely road at twilight intrigued with the hope of grafting another shot of vodka from the speakeasy at the crossroads. A little later we learn of his success as the vodka registers with a splintering crash on the anvils . . ."

At this point the radio blew out its inner tube and fell silent, but the typewriter haughtily took no notice of the fact, and kept on with a penetrating analysis of Sobski's "Silent Symphony" (Opus 4, No. 7), like this:

"The work adumbrates the brooding unheard voices of earth and sea. The opening theme introduces the sweet and imperceptible melody of the angleworm, which swells into the full silent harmonies of a chorus of clams. In exquisite contrast is the ensuing cadenza for the cockroach, a silvery little flurry of sixteenth rests, in the same rhythm as the succeeding tracery of inaudible arpeggios for the boll-weevil. This is broken abruptly by the masterly silences of a choir of snails. Next we are treated to the myrmidonic operations of a horde of ants, and the whole closes with the vivacious inaudibilities of a quartet of potato-bugs, undignified, slightly salacious, casting an ironic light back over the austerity of the earlier passages."

I have compared these experiments with the work of other craftsmen, and feel fully justified in offering them as samples of my dexterity, and announc-

ing myself as open to engagements to write musical analysis or criticism for any purpose, and to teach the practice as a conversational asset.

Anyway, I am loaded for Mrs. O'Brien-Finkelstein, and will get her the next time she springs any of her "Impossible!" stuff on me!

THUMBS UP

BY JAMES THURBER

EDGAR ALLAN POE in a volume called—at least in the edition I picked up in a Fourth Avenue second-hand book store—*Extravaganza and Caprice*, relates the history of one Robert Jones, the chief end of whose existence was the study of Nosology, the science of noses. The nose has always had a great deal of attention from writers; Poe mentions Bartholinus as an early authority on the subject, and among moderns the names of Cabell and Rostand come to mind offhand. Oddly enough, the thumb, a protuberance of even greater interest and far greater versatility, has been shamefully neglected. I might even say that it has been ignored and disdained. This attitude may doubtless be attributed to the ancient superstition—to which I myself but lately subscribed—that the thumb is an awkward and well-nigh dispensable unit of the hand, a monstrous vestige which has outlived its primordial and forgotten purpose, a sort of overgrown pup disturbing the fine precision of the fingers.

The gross unfairness of this old notion I discovered during a period of two weeks when, because of an injury to the thumb of my right hand, I was forced to go about with it bound up in a great bandage. My discomfort was equalled only by my astonishment when I discovered that virtually the only accomplishment the four fingers are capable of without the assistance of their more preaxial colleague is the comparatively minor feat of lifting up a rabbit by his ears.

The theory that the thumb is clumsy and practically useless goes back a long way. The dictionary tells us that the original meaning of the word was probably "big" or "strong." Power the thumb has indeed. But it is also more skillful than the fingers—it is, as I proved to my complete satisfaction, even more skillful than the forefinger, which is commonly regarded as the most adroit of the digits of the hand. That this distinction properly belongs to the thumb is readily demonstrable. Pick up a pin. Observe that, in so doing, the forefinger instantly calls upon the thumb for help. Now try to pick up the pin without using your thumbs: use only your first and second fingers. You will discover, greatly to your amazement I daresay, that the simple little act is practically impossible. If now you again bring the thumb into play you must be convinced by the ease with which the task is accomplished that compared to the thumb the fingers are gropers and bunglers.

The trouble is that one's fingers are, alas, all fingers. If one's fingers were really "all thumbs" one could attain to an exquisite skill now undreamed of in working with fine tools and delicate instruments. The thumb has far greater freedom of movement than the fingers, being apposable to each of them. The fingers cannot touch one another face to face, and therein lies the secret of their comparative inferiority as workmen and as artists. Denied the assistance of the thumb, the forefinger, for all its vaunted deftness, would be reduced to such mean occupations as poking around in a box of buttons, and pointing.

The thumb has been neglected like a stepchild in the family of its slim and admittedly more handsome brothers. Doubtless the man who first fashioned thimbles and thumb-rings for swords, believed he was contriving devices necessary to protect the stupid and blundering member of the hand family from harsh contacts with the world. The truth is that the thumb has most of the courage, and takes all of the initiative for the family. In gripping a sword the fingers merely fall into a clinch, shut their eyes, and hang on like small bulldogs. The thumb advances along the handle, alert, sure of itself, and not only holds the weapon firm but directs the battle.

Pick up a pair of scissors and examine the interesting division of work between the fingers and the thumb. The little finger and the third finger (in the case of some persons, the little finger and the arrogant first finger) have nothing to do and are actually in the way. The thumb plans the campaign and carries it out. It can depend upon only two fingers for help, and that help is unskilled labor (the little finger, by the way, is the least gifted of all). Attempt to cut something with scissors held only by the fingers and see how ridiculous they become. They are as helpless as they would be in trying to roll a cigarette by themselves. That art—the folding of a flimsy rice paper about stubborn flakes of tobacco—is a nice one, and its masters always use their thumbs predominantly throughout the whole operation. Makers of certain cigarette papers emphasize the importance of this in diagrams which go along with the package of papers and illustrate how it should be done: thumbs up, outward, dominant, never paralleling the fingers and working on their level. Show me a man who cannot roll a cigarette and I will show you a fellow who does not have the proper respect for and understanding of his thumbs.

The list in the dictionary of misconceptions regarding the thumb is a long one and stands as a monument to man's curious ignorance of the sweet uses of one of his greatest allies. "To thumb" means to handle clumsily, whereas "to finger" connotes skillfulness or at least ease. Having tried when my thumb was bandaged up to turn a latch-key in a lock, using only my fingers, I read such definitions with amusement marred by a certain fine indignation. Had I not thought of my unimpaired left thumb when I was trying to let myself into my apartment I should have been forced to sleep in a park.

The thumb has received very scant praise. Only in its application to a certain dark spot on each foot of a finely bred black-and-tan terrier does the word "thumb-mark," for example, receive any mention in the dictionary which can be called flattering—and that how faint! Usually "thumb-mark" is applied to ugly and useless things: a disfiguring depression on the side of the comb of a fowl, an unsightly pit on the exterior of a meteorite. One must go to the argot of the machine trades, where men appreciate the excellence of the thumb, to find a real tribute to it. There is a nut called a "thumb-nut" described as "any nut designed to be turned by the thumb and finger"—not a "finger-nut," you will observe. Thus do machinists give the thumb the credit it deserves by naming in its honor, without mention of the subsidiary forefinger, all nuts save those upon which, presumably, a wrench must be used. This appreciation on the part of machinists is natural. Every one of them must, at some time or other, have injured a thumb and discovered that all one can do in a case like that is to go home and lie down or, if the injury be a permanent one, retire to the country and raise rabbits.

Editor's Easy Chair

GUESSING THE FUTURE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

"FORTUNE Tellers Thrive in This City: New Yorkers Pay $25,000,000 Yearly to Gypsy Soothsayers, Seers, and Other Frauds." So ran a headline in the news columns of the *New York Times*.

"Do you believe that, Publius?" said I. "Do you believe that fortune tellers get $25,000,000 a year out of New York City?"

"No! not unless the stockbrokers are included!"

The article thus headed did not include stockbrokers but did include mediums. It quoted one Lindley Cook as deposing that there are more than a quarter of a million fortune tellers in the United States, and John Mulholland, another expert, as saying that New York City spends twenty-five millions a year on inquiries into the future.

New York does spend something, of course, on guessing the future and supports a large number of persons who practice to reveal it, but that they collect twenty-five millions a year out of us seems to an uninformed observer an over-liberal estimate. However, some of the astrologers, and also some of the mediums, are high class in their line and have clients who value their disclosures and are well able to pay for them. Astrology is a very old and tolerably respectable art, and a case can be made out that it really has a basis in fact. And as to mediums, their profession has unquestionably gained in respectability in the last fifty years. Psychical Research societies, of which there is one in New York, one in Boston, and others elsewhere in this country, depend on mediums for their laboratory practice, and the usual complaint about them is not that there are too many but that there are not enough good ones.

People who think all mediums and all traffickers with the invisible are swindlers are apt also to believe that the employment is very profitable. They seem to think that gypsy fortune tellers roll in money. Oh, no! Communicating with the unseen is an ill-paid trade. Some mediums of steady habits can live by it very modestly, but the best of them prefer to live mainly by something that is more profitable and less exacting, and to sit for spirits on the side. A valid trance medium cannot work at that employment all day but only for an hour or two at a time, and the times must not be too close together. Gypsy fortune tellers may not be so much restricted, but if they can tell fortunes all day and to all comers the wonder is that the five-and-ten-cent-stores have not taken them up—five cents for children and ten cents for adults, and all done under sanitary conditions and the eye of the police.

But there does seem to be a fairly large and steady appetite about the future—what is going to happen and especially what is going to happen next. That is an old-time desire. Astrologers ministered to it and do still. Kings were often among their customers, also bankers, and many, many others. Just now the future is especially perplexing. Betters do not know what to bet on. Prudent observers are uncertain which way the cat will jump next. Stock-market forecasters forecast about as usual, it is true, but their conclusions do not carry conviction. Unusual factors are involved in the present consideration of human destinies and incidentally in business. At the opening of Columbia the other day President Butler warned his student body that the world was facing "not ordinary depression" but "one of the most troubled and disturbed periods that history has ever known." He found the present world-wide unemployment a new problem which everybody discusses but for which no one has a solution. He saw in it something very threatening to the existing social order. Two million men unemployed in Great Britain, as many more in Germany, and four million in the United States looked to him very serious. He found uncertainty and questioning of the adequacy of present methods of dealing with the problem of everyday existence, both growing out of the feeling that the world lacks leadership. Nevertheless, he considered that it is not a time for wise men to lose confidence in the social order with a historical background, but rather a time to see how we can make that order more just and more attractive.

Really the world's present predicament is producing a good deal of concern, much more than ordinarily appears in print. Ambassador Dawes, computing from mere terrestrial observations and comparing the present pinch with past ones, thinks matters in business ought to go better in about a year. What the astrologers say can be learned on payment of a fee and may be worth it; who can tell? The British-Israel people have the next four or five years mapped out in red ink. Some of the spiritists get alarming predictions. But on the whole we have to fall back on what we know because it is "in the paper"; and perhaps most of us will do just as well or better to abide by scriptural injunction and put limits to our thoughts about to-morrow. There is still money in circulation hereabouts. The supply of postage stamps is ample. There seems to have been a good yield of potatoes, and one may almost get paid for eating up a little wheat and helping the market. Hereabouts and in most countries the means to support life and embellish it with contemporary comforts (so-called) are superabundant. The trouble is in getting them into circulation. A little more of everything is manufactured than can be sold at a profit; a little more grain is raised than can find a ready market, and that makes a business depression. It is curious to see large-scale suffering from over-supply of commodities. But that is what is going on and, though it is not entirely a novelty, its present scale and magnitude are novelties.

Bad times make for thought. When people are busy getting and spending money most of them think of that to the loss of meditation and reflection on other matters. Perhaps if the world gets poorer it will think more and deeper and better. It certainly needs to.

THE Earl of Birkenhead (F. E. Smith), that extraordinary man, died in London on the last day of September at the age of fifty-eight. In that comparatively short term of

life he seems to have got out of himself what there was in him, and if life is measured by accomplishment it can hardly be said that he died young. Mentally he was a notable force, highly successful as a lawyer, a newspaper writer, and a business man. At forty-three he was Attorney General of England, Lord Chancellor at forty-seven, and later Secretary of State for India. He was untrammelled in speech, a Tory scornful of most of his fellow creatures, enormously industrious, a great money getter and vastly extravagant in spending it. A newspaper says of him that "a brilliant mind and an intensely industrious nature were the bases of his success." Birkenhead would probably have explained it by saying that he had first-class brains. So he had and was constantly deploring the preponderance of second-class brains in the British government. Nevertheless, to say he had a brilliant mind or to say he had first-class brains does not really tell the story. Brains are just the mechanism of the mental machine, and how much their quality varies is a matter for experts to expound to us. Apparently, however, it is not the brains that make so much difference as what their possessor is able to get out of them; and the real case with Birkenhead and men of such prodigious energy may have been that he had by nature the power of getting the jump on his glands, of stimulating them so that they would run at high pressure.

He lived apparently a highly stimulated life in that he smoked many cigars and was fond of brandy. He was of the earth earthy. He liked this life and what it gave. His domestic relations seem to have been good and, in spite of his immense abusiveness, he seems to have been likable, popular, and to have inspired deep affection and warm friendships. At any rate his early death is lamented as the loss of a strong man and an exceedingly able mind at a crisis in England when he could ill be spared. He would not have made a good Methodist, yet he and Bishop Cannon seem to have some qualities in common, though Bishop Cannon is much less developed. He made a distinct impression on law. "He was an orator in an age of the mutterers," said the *Daily Express*. Lloyd George said: "He had an unquenchable courage of a very high order, had loyalty and had also in public matters a superb judgment."

What a character! How very different from anyone of importance in political life at present in the United States! How far from the standards of the W. C. T. U. or even of the Y. M. C. A.! Nevertheless, Daniel Webster was fond of brandy, General Grant smoked a good many cigars, and neither George Washington nor Ben Franklin was an abstainer, though they lived healthy enough lives, far more so than Birkenhead who had used up his physical outfit at the age of fifty-eight. And yet who shall say how far the greatness of Britain has been due to audacious men of his caliber and rudimentary views of life? No public man could have talked in these States as Birkenhead did in England, and yet undoubtedly first or last he said plenty of things that needed saying and which no one but he had the audacity to let out. Alexander died at thirty-three; the younger Pitt at forty-six; Napoleon at fifty-one. Some of the highly stimulated lives have been very notable, but Franklin and Edison at eighty-three, Justice Holmes at eighty-nine, and Hindenburg, far on in the eighties and still invaluable, argue for timely consideration of the perishable nature of the human body.

But this matter of the glands and how they are to be stimulated and why some people are so much better able to do it than others—all that seems to

belong to contemporary knowledge, and people who aspire to be up-to-date will have to inquire into it. Yet whether our powers derive from brains or glands is only something that concerns our bodily apparatus, and the big thing is behind both.

IN INTERESTING and rather amusing contrast to the all-too-short career of Birkenhead is that recorded in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* of a Vermont lawyer, William Brunswick Curry Stickney, "a scholar and wit, leader of the Vermont Bar," who died last July at the ripe age of eighty-five. His father was a clergyman. He entered Harvard in 1861 well fitted in the Boston Latin School, led his class in his freshman year, was rusticated in his sophomore year, again in his junior year, and in his senior year dismissed from college. It was not until 1905 that he got his degree as "of the class of 1865." Meanwhile he had received a couple of LL.D.'s from colleges in Vermont. He read law and became a member of the Massachusetts Bar, but practiced in Vermont, where he had a distinguished success which left him time to serve as a member of the legislature and also as state's attorney for his county. He was also a bank president, a railroad director, and warden and lay reader of his church. For thirty years he was regarded as the leading lawyer in Vermont, and credited also with being one of the most perfectly educated men of his time. He read Latin and Greek in the original text, and habitually on his railroad journeys. "Singularly attractive," his obituarian says, "he never failed to charm his hearers, and young men particularly, on all sorts of occasions, convivial and otherwise, delighted in his company and invariably came under the spell of his fascination."

It is amusing that Mr. Stickney should have attained so successfully to education in spite of the efforts of his preceptors to shut the doors of knowledge in his face. Vermont, that small state, produces interesting men out of proportion to its population. A manner of life seems still possible there that bears an advantageous resemblance to the best life of colonial times.

FATHER PARSONS, of *America*, has kindly pointed out in a radio speech that brief remarks in the Easy Chair for September about Malta and the row there contained inaccuracies as follows: A friar who was the subject of contention was spoken of as a monk; Lord Strickland who was mentioned as the Governor of Malta is not the Governor but the Prime Minister; it was not the Archbishop of Malta who ordered the friar to Sicily but Father Carter, head of the Franciscan Order of Malta.

Perhaps these errors were transplanted from the newspapers to the Easy Chair; perhaps they were home grown. They don't much affect the main contention at Malta where Church and State are at loggerheads, and there exists a very complicated situation in which anyone who takes pleasure in squabbles should be able to find enjoyment. It is set forth in sufficient detail in *Foreign Affairs* for October.

Malta is seventeen miles long and has a population of about two hundred and twenty-seven thousand. One of its troubles is language. Another is the conviction which obtains in certain minds that it should become a part of Italy. But it has belonged to Great Britain since the treaty of Paris in 1814, and is a handy post in the Mediterranean for a ship to tie up to, and the prospect of its going back to Italy does not look very good.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise

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Personal and Otherwise

SELDOM does any magazine have the privilege of printing a group of poems by ***Edna St. Vincent Millay***. It is over two years since her last previous appearance in HARPER'S and the publication of her latest volume of verse, *The Buck in the Snow*. Miss Millay is one of the very few poets of our time whose work has won both wide popularity and the highest critical acclaim. Some of her best-known books are *Renascence and Other Poems*, *A Few Figs from Thistles*, *Second April*, *The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems*, and *The King's Henchman*.

Elmer Davis gives most of his time to fiction nowadays; a volume of his stories entitled *Morals for Moderns* has recently appeared. But three or four times a year he sets down in this Magazine his observations upon the state of the nation, or of religion, or of manners. His most recent article, based largely on the rise and decline of Senator Grundy, appeared in the September number; it was called "Founding Fathers and Straddling Sons."

That ***Lord Dunsany***, the celebrated Irish playwright, is also a gifted writer of short stories has been apparent to readers of "The Electric King" (in our August issue) and "The Queer Island" (September).

Even if, as Mr. Davis says, the American people have the good sense to play miniature golf instead of waging revolution when hard times visit the country, there are a good many Communist demonstrations; and they are accompanied by a good deal of puzzlement in the public mind as to what the demonstrators are really aiming at. Those who are not quite certain what the Communists stand for, or exactly how they differ from Socialists, Anarchists, and other radicals, or how seriously they are to be taken, will find the facts set down clearly by ***Lillian Symes***, who has hitherto written for us on topics of a different sort ("Still a Man's Game," "The New Masculinism," etc.) but is well acquainted with the Communist agitation and its philosophy.

John R. Tunis, tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post*, has shown in previous articles that he is skeptical of the value of such international contests as the Olympic Games and the Davis Cup competitions; but now—after the polo matches and the yacht races—he has a new basis for the argument which he sets forth so frankly.

Those who have enjoyed "The Green Pastures" are aware that Marc Connolly drew many of the ideas for his play from ***Roark Bradford's*** *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*, a book of Biblical tales told as an ignorant darky preacher might tell them. Mr. Bradford, a New Orleans newspaper man whose HARPER story, "Child of God," won the O. Henry Prize some years back, now pictures a colored "Reverend" imparting to his interpretation of Christmas a delightful confusion.

Having stirred Pittsburgh to its depths with his article in our October number (some comments on which appear in later pages of this department), ***R. L. Duffus*** moves on to Detroit. Mr. Duffus, an able New York journalist, has written a number of books, the most recent of which are *The American Renaissance; Books: Their Place in a Democracy;* and a novel, *To-morrow Never Comes*.

Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck is a Baltimorean who has spent several years at high altitudes in the Bolivian Andes, where her husband has been working as a mining engineer. Her articles and stories about mining-camp life have been very popular with HARPER readers, who will find her present account of school-teaching under difficulties as delightful as anything she has written.

"Mistakes of Moralists" is the second of three articles on the Morals of To-morrow by the Reverend ***Ralph W. Sockman***, minister of the Madison Avenue Methodist

(Continued on second page following)

The Giant and the Pygmy

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EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

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Episcopal Church in New York and president of the Greater New York Federation of Churches. The first article was "The Vanishing Sinner"; it appeared last month.

Having been familiar with the life along the Erie Canal since his earliest days, ***Walter D. Edmonds*** has depicted it in his novels, *Rome Haul* and *The Big Barn*, and in his present story as well. Less than five years ago, as a senior at Harvard, Mr. Edmonds won a second prize in a Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest. This, however, is his first appearance as a contributor to the Magazine.

There is no more penetrating critic of contemporary literature and thought than ***Ludwig Lewisohn***, author of *Up-Stream*, *The Island Within*, *Stephen Escott*, *Mid-Channel*, etc., and of a spirited interpretation and defense of the Zionist movement which we published last month.

Three young American writers have been living for some years in the South Seas and writing about the life there. Two of them, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, have written frequently for our pages; the third, ***Robert Dean Frisbie***, makes his first bow to the HARPER audience with "The Sex Taboo in Puka-Puka."

We have published several essays by ***Harold J. Laski***, professor of political science at the University of London; readers may recall, for example, his eloquent portrait of his friend, Mr. Justice Holmes, and his paper on "The Dangers of Obedience." Professor Laski's new book—just published—is entitled *Liberty in the Modern State*.

The occasional subscriber who, on receiving a letter from our circulation department signed A. R. Hyde, addresses his reply to "Mr." Hyde, must now be set right. The full name of his correspondent is ***Agnes Rogers Hyde***; it is she who is the author of "Men in Women's Colleges."

The poets of the month, aside from Miss Millay, are ***Geoffrey Johnson***, an Englishman who contributes verse to periodicals on both sides of the water; ***Charles Hanson Towne***, author of many a fine book of verse and editor of *Harper's Bazar*; ***Josephine Johnson*** of Webster Groves, Missouri, who made her first appearance in this Magazine last month; and ***Margaret Emerson Bailey*** of New Canaan, Connecticut, several of whose poems we have printed during the past year or two.

The pages of the Lion's Mouth are divided between ***Robert Palfrey Utter***, professor of English at the University of California, and ***James Thurber***, of the *New Yorker* staff, who with E. B. White was responsible for that engaging book, *Is Sex Necessary?*

We celebrate the return of winter weather by selecting as the frontispiece of the month a northern scene by ***Kerr Eby***, the distinguished American etcher, some of whose prints of French subjects, made in wartime, will be remembered by those who have been steady subscribers to HARPER'S.

Mr. Duffus's Pittsburgh article has brought forth not only praise but a variety of protests, ranging from some verses in the Pittsburgh *Press* which begin

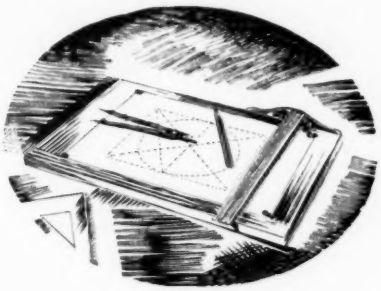
> Now look here, Mr. Duffus,
> Don't think that you can stuff us

to letters which accuse us of "scurrility," "blackguardism," and "childish, spiteful talk." The article has even drawn passing Senatorial fire. In a recent speech Senator Reed of Pennsylvania called the critics of Pittsburgh "croakers," and said:

> I am reminded of articles appearing lately denouncing the supposed lack of civilization in the Pittsburgh district. We ought not to make the mistake of taking them too seriously. They were written to keep the pot boiling, most of them by people who did not know the subject matter of which they wrote. When we speak of Pittsburgh as it was . . . fifty years ago and contrast it with the Pittsburgh of to-day, we have every reason for being proud and being encouraged.

Discussing the article in a sermon, the Rev. Albert E. Day, pastor of the Christ Methodist Episcopal Church of Pittsburgh, agreed with Mr. Duffus that "there is power in Pittsburgh which has no sense of responsibility," and that "there is in some quarters a deference to mere money which

(*Continued on second page following*)



On the Necessity for
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is perilous; a disappointing intellectual indifference which has swamped our religion with conservatism, has engendered an unhealthy illiberalism in politics and industry, and has produced a curious and amazing ignorance of facts which cultured people usually know." Dr. Day, however, took issue with Mr. Duffus's criticism of the Pittsburgh clergy. The *Post-Gazette* quoted him as replying:

That there are some amazingly silent pulpits in the city none would care to deny. But the writer evidently never heard of those ministers who joined with intrepid laymen in the foundation of the Citizens' League, whose operations were such a threat against the unholy alliance between city officials and lawbreakers that the league's agent was hounded and bribed out of town; nor of that committee of fifteen of the city's most eminent clergymen who toiled hard to effect an adjustment between miners and operators which would preserve all the human values threatened by the débâcle of the disastrous coal strike; nor of those other ministers who sought at great expense and risk to put an end to the terrors of the coal and iron police; nor of those other ministers who toiled amid the rancors of the taxi strike; nor of those other ministers who, at the last mayoralty election, put aside their reluctance to become embroiled in politics and lined up behind the vigorous candidacy of the illustrious and early-lamented Judge Martin in an heroic effort to clean up city hall and inaugurate a reign of decency and democracy.

Charles R. Zahniser of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, who used to be secretary of the Council of Churches in Pittsburgh, echoes Dr. Day, adding that "the opposition to certain symphony concerts, in the conferences with the promoters of which I had a part, was because the ministers insisted the proposals did not sufficiently safeguard against commercialization. It was not at all against concerts as such."

What Mr. Duffus said about Presbyterianism and John Calvin draws a broadside from James H. Snowden, editor of the *Presbyterian Banner* of Pittsburgh:

Will you permit a word of protest and rejoinder to the article in your October number by Mr. R. L. Duffus, entitled "Is Pittsburgh Civilized?" It is not civilized according to this New York journalist, nor would any city be if subjected to the same method of criticism. By a disregard of proper proportions and especially by an ill selection and distribution of pigments the picture of Pittsburgh is so distorted and blurred that it bears small resemblance to its supposed original. The article contains an astonishing amount of backstairs gossip, telling "what an old timer said to an ambitious new arrival," what happened to a man who "in a hotel lobby one morning met a woman," and "I asked a lady who knew about such things," and "I was told of one dear old lady." The author has an especial obsession against Presbyterianism, and the "supreme crime" and damnation of the city is the dominance of "the real Presbyterian God who directs the affairs of Pittsburgh." Of course if this New York journalist were to exercise his spirit and spade after this fashion on New York he could unearth much to its discredit and create an obnoxious odor. Yet New York is not to be judged by such methods. Pittsburgh, says this New Yorker, "has no decent night club life." Is the "night club life" of New York his idea of what is "decent"? "Society in Pittsburgh is dull," we are further informed, but society in any city has various layers and levels and cross-sections and cannot be characterized by such a wholesale judgment, just as you "cannot indict a whole nation," as Burke told us. We wonder what may be the brand of the culture of this New Yorker that he does such injustice to Pittsburgh. Culture is "refinement in manners and taste," and applies to the spirit in which a city is judged as well as to the judgment of an individual.

Mr. Duffus says Pittsburgh "needs to bury John Calvin so deep he will never get up again." This throws no gleam of light on the Genevan, but it does throw a shadow on this New Yorker. Such a judgment shows a lamentable lack of acquaintance with the work and worth of Calvin, and indicates little or no knowledge of the evaluation of him by such eminent historians and scholars as James Anthony Froude, Renan, Guizot, and other great thinkers. The latest edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* does not try to bury Calvin, for it devotes to him seven columns in an article that shows true appreciation of him. John Calvin was the real founder of our common school system and Pittsburgh is specially proud of its common and high schools; if it buries Calvin it should build another splendid high school over his grave as an appropriate and worthy monument to him. . . .

Many have been the attempts to bury Calvin, but he still lives and rules multitudes

(*Concluded on second page following*)

Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

BEYOND THE DOLL HOUSE

TUMBLING gaily over a pile of golden sand . . . bobbing wee blond heads above the absurd mane of some dappled hobby horse . . . hurling diminutive bodies valiantly into battle against wash-rags and "sleepy-bye" . . . our babies are pretty much what nature and heredity made them.

But all too soon the shouting, dreaming, reckless little things draw near the time when environment commences to play the major part. Then begin the habits of thought and feeling by which, justly or unjustly, people are bound to judge them. And here their fates are more than ever in our hands. For it is we who must choose and furnish the particular world that inevitably lies beyond their sand-piles and their dolls. Informed parents, faced with this problem, seldom fail to select, as an initial item of cultural equipment, an introduction to the most personal of all the arts, music. . . . And this for generations, in both Europe and America, has meant instruction on the Steinway.

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with the brain that housed the keenest intellect of his century and forged the logical framework of the Reformation. With all his faults and the limitations of his age, Calvin cannot be buried and will live and shed the light of his genius over the world long after his detractors have been buried deep in oblivion. We think this New York journalist might have employed his polished pen to better purpose than misrepresenting Pittsburgh and maligning John Calvin; and when he charges Pittsburgh with a lack of culture, going so far as to say it is "barbaric" and has not "advanced beyond the troglodyte state," his language is extravagant and provokes the retort, "Physician, heal thyself."

Another Presbyterian, Mary E. Henry, speaks up for the churches and their membership:

Mr. Duffus seems to have a positive prejudice against Presbyterians. We Pittsburghers welcome constructive criticism and have to admit it is invited by the political corruption which has disgraced us for some years. And we have many times inveighed against the destruction of fine old landmarks in the name of progress and wished that the city fathers had more civic pride and a keener appreciation of beauty.

But we Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, whose ancestors toiled through mire and over mountains to the place of the three rivers, in their eyes the vision of the city that should be in the wilderness and in their hearts the Word of God, do rather object to having all the ills the city has fallen heir to laid at the door of John Calvin and his followers. If some of those in power are using that power for evil and not for good it is in spite of the fact that they are Presbyterians (if they do adhere to that church) and not because of it—they have evidently "backslid."

Mr. Duffus's view of Pittsburgh must have been rather one-sided, as he mentions Father Coakley's church but entirely ignores the splendid work being done by Trinity Episcopal Cathedral and its next-door neighbor, the First Presbyterian Church. They would both repay investigation.

It is unfortunate, if true, that all the culture has been captured by the Unitarians. They might share it with the barbarians.

The article is very readable and entertaining and if it startles some of us out of our complacency it may do some good. But we refuse absolutely to bury John Calvin.

Let a young Western newspaper man, Joseph Kinsey Howard of Great Falls, Montana, testify concerning "Farewell to Sophistication":

I have not written many letters to magazines, having hoarded my words for years under the delusion so common to newspaper men that some day I might get paid for them. However, your October number gives rise to an unconquerable desire to spend some of these words recklessly. And the feature of that number which is singled out for this extravagance is Mrs. Warrick's "Farewell to Sophistication."

That article has been "crying to be written." For years I have subscribed to three leading magazines, but I have seen only one article in any of the three which accurately plumbed this business of "modern youth." That one is Mrs. Warrick's; and as I am twenty-four and presumably of the generation of whom she speaks, I want to congratulate her and the Magazine.

I want to congratulate her particularly for her discernment in pointing out that the "moderns" we have heard so much about are no longer "modern"; I know but one, and he is nearing forty. However, he has so accustomed himself to his "modernism" that he believes himself to be a youth. Perhaps Mr. Bertrand Russell is thus staying the relentless sweep of the years. . . .

I have not had the contacts with youth that Mrs. Warrick has, and I can speak only for myself and my small group of friends; but I can say that for me those "moderns" are much deader than the Victorians; they are merely unquiet corpses who are given to walking at night, soulless ghouls. There was in their philosophy no place for immortality: why do they snatch at it now, when they are dead?

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

What of the Bond Market?

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IN spite of a good bond market and a disappointing market for stocks the consensus of opinion is that investors still prefer stocks to bonds. In the late lamented bull market, deceased now for more than a year, the public saw what stocks could do, and their appetites were whetted. They feel that nothing but common stocks will ever satisfy them any more. They may not be buying common stocks at the moment, but neither are they buying bonds; their attitude rather is one of waiting, against the time when they feel they can participate in another forward movement of stocks, leaving the purchase of bonds to banks, insurance companies, and various other institutions. Meanwhile it is possible that profitable opportunities for bond investments are being overlooked.

EVERYONE knows that we have been passing through a period of business depression. Evidences of this fact are too readily apparent on all sides, and while the tide may have turned for the better by the time these words appear in print, the majority of good opinion seems to be that though the autumn may bring a seasonal improvement, it will be seasonal only and not permanent. If this should prove to be the case the good market in bonds should continue, and probably continue to be a rising market. There are various reasons why this should be so.

BUSINESS depressions not only put the prices of stocks down, but release capital, and when money cannot be profitably employed in business it is very likely to find its way into the bond market. When the economic situation is clouded with doubt capital is not inclined to take chances, either in business or in stocks, which are delicately attuned to conditions prevailing in the business world. Good bonds, however, are regarded as safe, because strong corporations are not so heavily bonded, nor are their earnings so seriously affected that interest on their fixed obligations is in any real danger. Moreover, when a business depression continues for some time, more and more people become tired of waiting for signs of improvement in the stock market and turn to

bonds. With bonds in demand the price of bonds will certainly rise.

ANOTHER consideration is the fact that during the past year the amount of new bonds sold has been comparatively small. In the first place, bonds are usually issued in order to provide funds for additions and expansion, and business has been cutting down rather than adding, contracting rather than expanding.

IT may be that the people who are buying bonds nowadays regard their investments as temporary, to be exchanged for stocks when conditions improve. If that should prove to be the case, and everybody starts selling bonds and buying stocks, the bond market is not going to be so good and the stock market is going to be much better. When this will happen no one knows. Experience indicates, however, that bond owners in large numbers do not liquidate their holdings until business has shown a revival not only of normal proportions, but of a bit more than normal. In other words, they want to be perfectly safe. At the present moment the hope of the business world is for a normal revival; no one dares to suggest that activity will be better than that for a considerable period of months. Some conservatives say it will be years. In any event there seems to be no immediate outlook for a decline in bonds.

BUSINESS depressions have always been a feature of our industrial life. The term "business cycle" used to be a familiar one, and everyone expected that we should have our regular times of boom business, and periods when business was bad. Many felt that under our new banking system, and with our new

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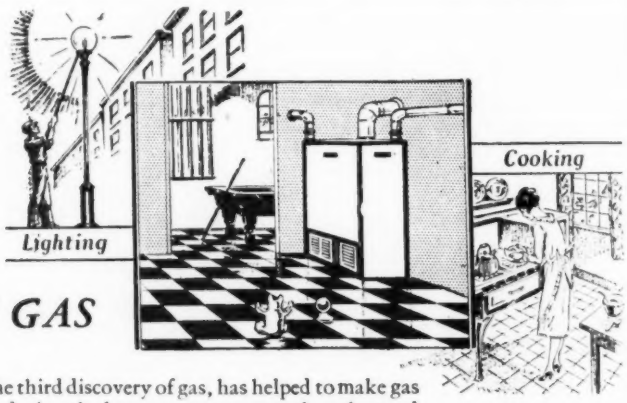

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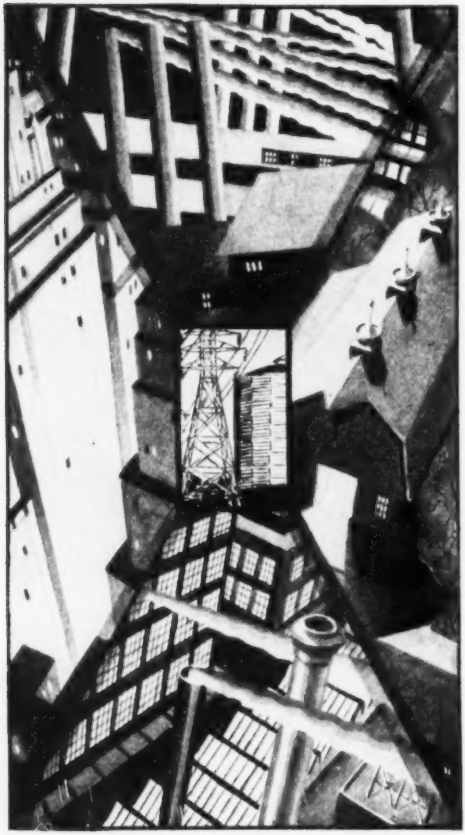

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theories of mass production we had abolished the business cycle forever, but we know now that this utopian dream has not yet been realized. During the past twelve months we have had one of our worst business depressions, and experience again indicates that it takes business activity from eighteen to thirty months to become pronounced enough to lure investment funds away from the bond market into stocks. If history should repeat itself, it looks as if the present strong market for bonds will be with us for a number of months to come.

EVERYONE hopes, of course, that business will revive quickly, and merely because a strong market for bonds obtains does not mean that no stocks are worth buying, or holding. What is meant is that in all probability purchasers of bonds will be free of worry, enjoy the possibility of seeing their holdings appreciate before the bull market in bonds runs its course, and in the meantime be the recipients of a good return on their money. Convertible bonds, as has been pointed out previously in this department, have had a considerable appeal recently, due to their close relationship to stock issues and the resulting possibilities of appreciation. Foreign bonds have many followers, for one reason because their yields will generally average higher than yields on sound domestic issues; a recent study shows that in the years 1919–1929 new foreign bond issues yielded investors about 35% more income than that obtainable on high-grade domestic bonds. Investors who prefer to put their money into obligations of American companies have hundreds of bonds from which to make their selections, and in numerous fields of activity; they may choose between railroad, municipal, and public utility bonds and those of industrial enterprises of all kinds.

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INVESTORS may buy bonds without renouncing any preference they may have for common stocks, and without giving up any plans they may have for investing a majority, or even all, of their funds in common stocks. If they buy bonds they can, if they choose, regard their purchases in the light of a temporary expedient. Good bonds, like good stocks, can always be sold on a moment's notice, and when the time appears ripe for common stock investment once more the change can be made swiftly and easily. Meanwhile the fear of reduced incomes which bothers so many holders of common stocks nowadays need not be shared by the owners of first-class bonds. Business may not be good and dividend requirements in many instances may not be covered for a time, but our best corporations are having no such difficulty in the case of bond interest. Business is by no means as bad as that, nor is it likely to be. And if there are doubts about the present being an opportune time for the purchase of stocks, the present is considered a very good time indeed for the purchase of bonds.

INSTITUTIONS, of course, are always in the market for good bonds. The money which finds its way into savings banks in times like these all goes into the bond market. Competition for good bonds is keen, and the available supply of good issues of all kinds is being steadily depleted. The best grade bonds now return around 4½%, and as the supply is cut down the second-grade issues will naturally come in for their share of attention, while the demand for them will put their prices up and their yield down. If, for example, issues yielding 6% now are bid up so that their yields are reduced to 5% the pres-

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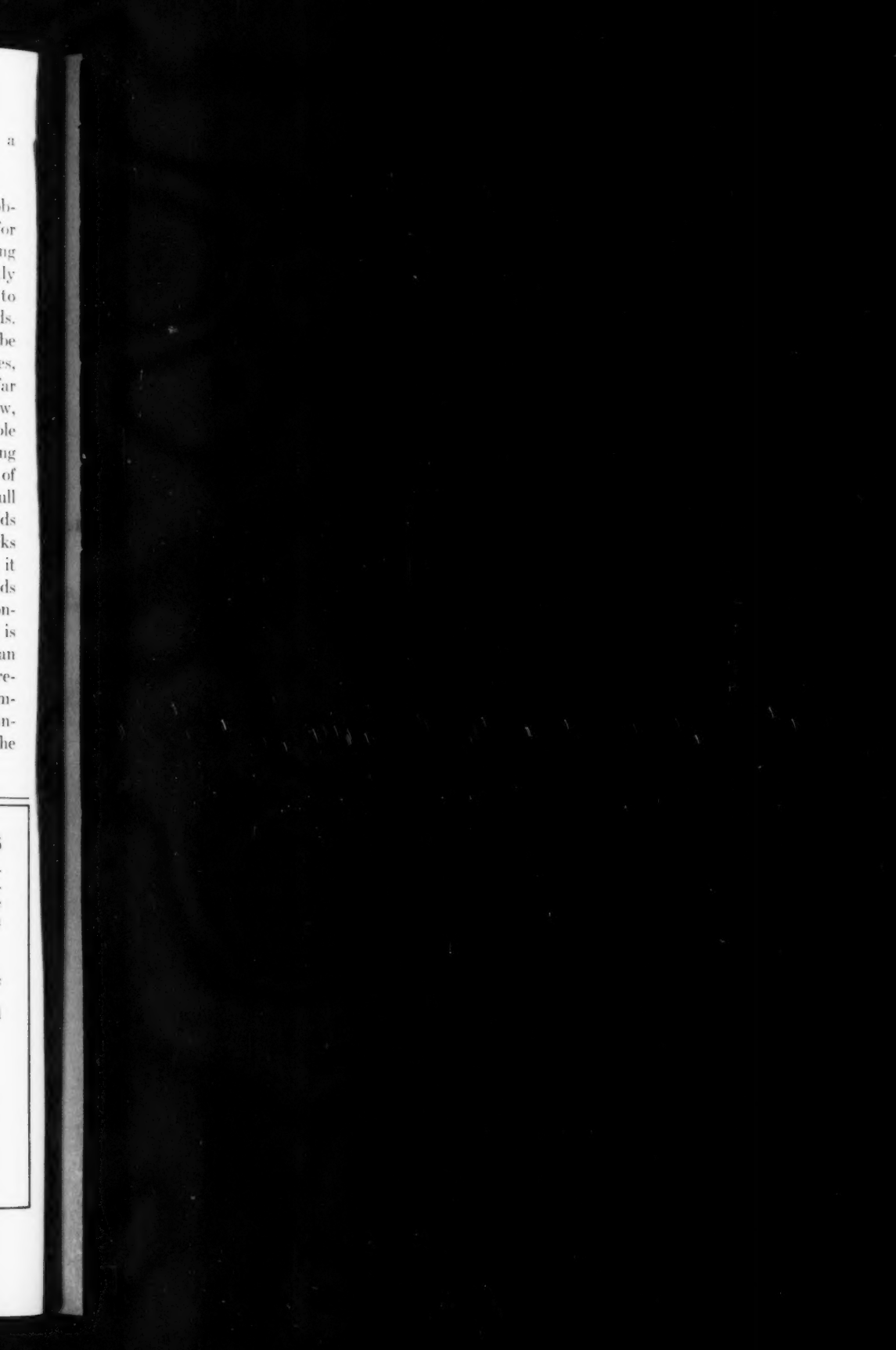
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